

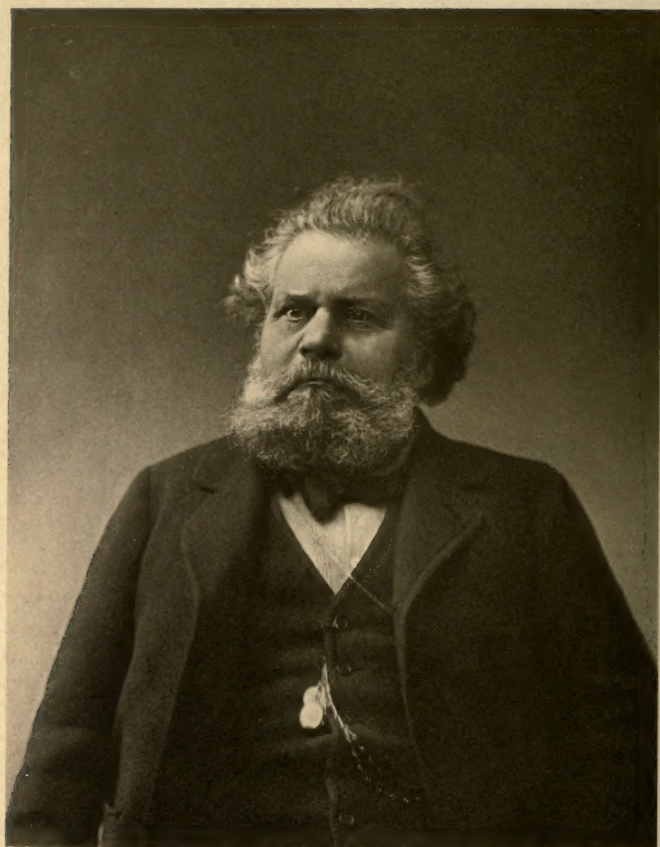






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CARDUCCI



Walter L. Cotto, Sc.

Giosue Carducci.

CARDUCCI

A Selection of his Poems, with Verse Translations
Notes, and Three Introductory Essays

BY

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(CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD)

WITH A PORTRAIT

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CARDUCCI

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TO
MY MOTHER
WHO FIRST ENCOURAGED ME
TO WRITE THIS BOOK

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PREFACE

MY object in writing this book was to introduce to English readers a poet who (with the exception of our own Swinburne) was certainly the greatest alive in Europe at the opening of the twentieth century. As a nation we are proverbially slow to appreciate the literary achievements of foreigners. During the last forty years Italy has more than once rung throughout its length and breadth with the name of Carducci; selections from his poems have been translated into half a dozen European languages; an exhaustive study of his life and work has recently appeared in France; there is, I believe, a Carducci Society in Berlin; and yet it is doubtful whether at the present time as many as five per cent. of our own poetry-reading public are even aware that such a man ever existed. If this be a true statement of the facts, I do not suppose I need apologise for wishing to fill up a gap (surely worth filling up) in the average Englishman's knowledge of modern Italian literature—a literature which, even though Carducci is dead, can still boast that it possesses the most versatile literary genius now living.

I have selected, therefore, just under seventy of such of Carducci's poems as I thought best represented his genius in all its aspects. Personal preference for this rather than for that poem has, of course, to a large extent influenced my choice. As to what were his masterpieces, I have also been guided by the opinion, as expressed in anthologies, of the poet's own countrymen. But several poems—notably the selections from *Giambi ed Epodi*—are included in this book for no other reason than that they serve to illustrate the various stages through which Carducci passed in the long course of his development both as man and poet.

I have provided all the poems in this book with verse translations, about which a word of explanation is necessary.

Any one who ventures to translate Italian poetry must soon become acutely conscious of the truth contained in Dante's well-known warning: 'Nulla cosa per legame musaico armonizzata si può della sua loquela in altra trasmutare senza rompere tutta sua dolcezza e armonia' (*Convito*, i. 7). It is hardly necessary for me to say that I do not put forward the translations in this book as in any sense an *equivalent* of their originals. That they were never so intended the mere fact that I have printed the Italian text *en regard* is sufficient proof. The ideal translator of poetry must not only be a poet himself, but must probably also be capable of writing poetry in the language which he is translating. And unfortunately the Rossettis of literature are few and far between. Translation, however, may be practised as one of the *useful* arts by those who lay no claim to be themselves poets. It constitutes indeed a very valuable addition to the equipment of the critic, besides being a fascinating occupation in itself. My versions of these poems of Carducci were not made for those who can read the Italian at sight. Written in the first place to satisfy myself that I understood the poet's meaning, I publish them now in the hope that they will serve not as a substitute for, but as an *interpretation* of, the original to those unacquainted or only slightly acquainted with the Italian language. So far as my own knowledge and skill went, I have tried to render faithfully at once the substance, the form, and the spirit of the Italian. If my translations enable any reader, who cannot yet appreciate Carducci in the poet's own tongue, to come even a little nearer than he would have done without them to the poetry of the original, if they stimulate him to study the original, then they will be serving the purpose for which they are now published.

The three Introductory Essays are intended to help the reader to understand Carducci's place in the political and literary history of his time, as well as to appreciate the poet's own point of view with regard to the theory and practice of his art. The essay on the metres of the *Barbarian Odes*—a subject which no book professing to deal with Carducci's poetry could wholly omit—need not be read by

those whom the bare technique of poetical composition does not interest. Perhaps I ought to apologise here for attempting to keep so closely in my versions to the metre and rhyme-sequences of the originals. It would need a Tennyson or a Mr. Bridges to treat with convincing success some of the English imitations of classical metres (*e.g.* the Asclepiad) with which I have rather rashly experimented. My only excuse is that I did not know how else to give the English reader any idea of the metrical problems which Carducci himself tackled so successfully.

The Notes to the poems have been made as brief as possible, and are only meant to explain the more obscure of the literary and historical allusions with which Carducci's poetry abounds.

In this volume I do not profess to treat of Carducci in any other light than that of poet. Nothing is said here of Carducci the critic, the scholar, the historian, the archæologist, the greatest Italian prose-writer of his time. Nor have I touched upon the man in his private relationships, a subject upon which his intimate friends alone possess any right to speak with authority. 'Carducci the friend, Carducci in the simplicity of his daily life, is known to few' (so the Italian poetess, Signora Annie Vivanti, told a London audience only last month); 'and those fortunate few to whom were revealed the immense and ingenuous goodness, the strength, the humility and purity, of that great soul, speak of him with broken voices, write of him with trembling fingers, remember him with anguish and tears' (the *Times*, 16th May 1913). But at least the striking portrait which forms the frontispiece of this book will reveal to those who can judge of the character from the features that Carducci, besides being a great poet, must also have been a great man.

Before acknowledging in a short bibliography my more general obligations to previous writers on Carducci, I must here express my very deep sense of gratitude to two friends, Mr. John Bailey and the Rev. W. H. Draper, for the help they have given me. How much I was able to learn from Mr. Bailey, how invaluable to me were the encouragement and sympathy he gave me in my work, can only be

properly appreciated by those who read his brilliant study of Carducci's poetry in the *Edinburgh Review* some three years ago, and the masterly translations from the *Barbarian Odes* which he published in the *Fortnightly* at the end of last year. For all his helpful and kindly criticism (especially of the essay on the metres and of my versions of the *Barbarian Odes*) I cannot be sufficiently grateful. Mr. Draper spared time to read through my proofs. His fine taste as a judge of poetry showed me where I could improve many weak translations, and for his suggestive advice on numerous points I here tender him my most heartfelt thanks.

No translator, I imagine, is ever satisfied with his work, and I can only express regret that so many blemishes still mar what I have done my best to make a worthy interpretation of Carducci to English readers.

I must thank Messrs. Zanichelli of Bologna for arranging to let me print the Italian text of the poems here selected from their copyright edition of Carducci's *Poesie*, and the Editor of the *Spectator* for permission to include in this book one of my translations which appeared in his paper.

G. L. B.

MARLBOROUGH,

June 1913.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

I DO not pretend to have touched more than the fringe of the already vast literature dealing with Carducci. The following are the books of which I have made chief use and to which I should here like to acknowledge my indebtedness :—

1. *Opere di Giosue Carducci* (20 vols.). Zanichelli, Bologna.

(This edition contains the whole of Carducci's literary works complete. It is well printed, but unfortunately contains no general index. In vol. iv. will be found some of his most brilliant prose writings.)

2. *Poesie di Giosue Carducci* (1 vol.). Zanichelli.

(A beautifully printed edition on India paper of the poetical works complete, from which I have taken the text of my selections.)

3. *Prose di Giosue Carducci* (1 vol.). Zanichelli.

(A companion volume to the *Poesie*, containing a selection made by the poet of his best prose works.)

4. *Lettere di Giosue Carducci MDCCCLIII.-MCMVI*. Zanichelli.

(A rather disappointing collection of the poet's correspondence, edited without much discrimination as to what was worth publishing or not. It contains, however, many important letters.)

5. D. FERRARI, *Saggio d'interpretazione di dieci Odi di Giosue Carducci* (2^{da} ediz.). Cremona, Fezzi, 1908.

(I owe much to the learned notes in this volume. The introduction contains a valuable analysis of the metres.)

6. A. FRANZONI, *Le grandi Odi storiche di Giosue Carducci commentate, e Studio storico-critico sul poeta*. Lodi, 1907.

(Six odes are here annotated at immense length. There is a long and interesting introduction.)

7. G. RANZI, *Commento dei Giambi ed Epodi di Giosue Carducci* (Tip. Ed. Alighieri). Ravenna, 1909.

(I have found the notes in this volume useful. The *Iambics and Epodes* are annotated as far as the poem 'Avanti, Avanti.')

8. G. MAZZONI E GA. PICCIOLA, *Antologia Carducciana*. Zanichelli, 1908.

(This excellent book serves as an ideal introduction to Carducci, both as poet and prose-writer. The notes, written by two of the poet's old pupils, are just of the right length. I have found them of great assistance.)

9. G. CHIARINI, *Memorie della vita di Giosue Carducci raccolte da un amico* (2^{da} ediz.). Firenze, Barbèra, 1907.

(This is the authorised life of Carducci, written by his greatest friend. I have relied on it for all my facts. Chapter XI. is a most useful summary and critique of the poet's work. To students of Carducci this book is indispensable.)

10. G. CHIARINI, *Giosue Carducci, Impressioni e Ricordi di G. Chiarini*. Zanichelli, 1901.

(This is a reprinted collection of various articles written in defence of the poet and his work over a period of many years. I have found it, especially the learned articles on the metres of the *Odi Barbare*, of the utmost value in leading to the comprehension of Carducci's poetry and ideals.)

11. A. JEANROY, *Giosue Carducci. L'homme et le poète*. Paris, Champion, 1911.

(This is an exhaustive life of the poet, based on a profound knowledge of his works, and probably contains some of the soberest criticism of him yet published.)

12. GIOVANNI PASCOLI, *Commemorazione di Giosue Carducci nella nativa Pietrasanta*. Zanichelli, 1907.

(Useful for its information about Carducci's early years. Pascoli, now dead, was himself a great poet, and succeeded Carducci at Bologna.)

13. P. TOMMASINI MATTIUCCHI, *Il pensiero di Carlo Cattaneo e di Giuseppe Mazzini nelle Poesie di Giosue Carducci*. S. Lapi, 1907.

(An essay in which the 'Nemesis' idea in Carducci's poetry is interestingly treated.)

14. ENRICO THOVEZ, *Il Pastore, il Gregge, e la Zampogna (dall' Inno a Satana alla Laus Vitae)*. Napoli, Ricciardi, 1910.

(This is a hostile criticism of Carducci's poetry by a former admirer. The shepherd is Carducci; the flock later poets, of whom D'Annunzio is the chief; the pipe the poet's art. It is a most interesting and suggestive book.)

15. MAUD HOLLAND, *Poems of Giosue Carducci*, translated by. Fisher Unwin, 1907.

(Mrs. Holland is, as far as I know, my only English predecessor. The book consists of a selection of about twenty poems with verse translations, and a sympathetic introduction.)

16. B. JACOBSON, *Ausgewählte Gedichte von Giosue Carducci aus dem italienischen übertragen*. Insel Verlag, Leipzig, 1907.

(About fifty poems are here translated, with a good introduction and notes. The Italian text is not given.)

17. B. CROCE, *Studii sul Carducci (anticarduccianismo postumo)*, in the review *La Critica*. Vol. viii., 1910.

(A series of brilliant articles dealing with various criticisms of Carducci, by Professor Croce. I owe much to them.)

18. JOHN BAILEY, *The Poetry of Carducci*. An article in the *Edinburgh Review*. April 1909.

(The best study of the poet which has yet appeared in our language.)

19. G. FUMAGALLI E F. SALVERAGLIO, *Albo Carducciano*. Zanichelli, 1910.

(This is an illustrated account of the poet's life and work. It contains hundreds of photographs of persons, places, and things connected with him, and is full of useful information.)

20. E. LIGUORI E A. PELLI, *Dizionario Carducciano*. Barbèra, Florence, 1913.

(This book unfortunately came out too recently to be of assistance to me, as I had written my notes before its publication. But it helped me in one or two points. It will save the future student of Carducci much labour.)

21. T. CASINI, *Le forme metriche italiane* (2^{da} ediz.). Florence, Sansoni, 1908.

(The best short handbook on the subject. The last chapter deals with classical metres in modern Italian poetry.)

22. G. MARI, *Riassunto e dizionarietto di Ritmica italiana*. Loescher, Florence, 1901.

(A quite admirable summary of the laws of Italian prosody, though Carducci's metres are by no means exhaustively treated.)

23. E. STAMPINI, *Commento metrico a xix liriche di Orazio*. Florence, Loescher, 1890.

(Stampini is one of the great authorities on classical prosody and on the metres of the *Barbarian Odes*. I have found this book simply invaluable, and much regret that, in spite of many attempts, I was not able to procure a copy of the author's *Le Odi barbare di G. Carducci e la metrica latina* (1881), which I suppose is out of print.)

24. W. S. STONE, *Classical Metres in English Verse*. An essay printed at the end of Mr. Bridges' *Miltonic Prosody*. Frowde, Oxford, 1901.

25. R. GARNETT, *Italian Literature*. Heinemann, 1898.

(There is a suggestive criticism of Carducci in the last chapter of this book.)

26. H. MORF, *Die Romanischen Literaturen*. Teubner, Leipzig.

27. W. D. HOWELLS, *Modern Italian Poets*. Douglas, Edinburgh, 1887.

28. B. CROCE, *Letteratura e critica della letteratura contemporanea in Italia*. Laterza, Bari, 1908.

The best commentator on Carducci the poet is Carducci the prose-writer. To those wishing to study Carducci I would recommend of the books above mentioned Nos. 2, 3, 8, 9, and 20.

There is a large Carducci Library (Catalogue No. 44) in the Biblioteca Alessandrina of the University of Rome and in the Casa Carducci at Bologna. A good Carducci Bibliography was published in a special number of the *Università Italiana*, 27th July 1905 (compiled by Messrs. Federzoni and Rossi.)

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INTRODUCTION

I. LIFE OF CARDUCCI

GIOSUE CARDUCCI was born on 27th July 1835 at Val di Castello, a hamlet of the Versilia, lying at the foot of the Apuan Alps in Tuscany, not far from the sea. His father, Michele Carducci, of an old Florentine family which had been settled for some time in the Versilia, was a country doctor by profession; in politics a violent Liberal, having suffered imprisonment for taking an active part in the Romagnol revolt of 1831. Probably owing to political reasons he left Val di Castello, when his son was three years old, and settled at Bolgheri, a village in the Tuscan Maremma, where he remained for eleven years, a period called by the poet his 'triste primavera.'¹ In an essay on Manzoni,² written in later life, Carducci has given us a vivid account of his boyhood and of his father's method of educating him. This was decidedly unconventional, and was responsible for implanting in the boy's mind ideas and passions which characterised him throughout life. Allowed to run wild about the countryside, he learnt to love his Italy with that absorbing devotion which inspired all his finest poetry. When time permitted his father taught him Latin, his mother³ read to him Alfieri. He was further permitted to browse in his father's scanty library, which consisted of translations of the *Æneid* and the *Iliad*, histories of Rome and of the French Revolution, together with Manzoni's *I promessi sposi* and *Morale Cattolica*. Love of the classics

¹ Cp. poem 'Nostalgia' (*Poesie*, p. 597).

² *Op.*, vol. iii. p. 143.

³ Her maiden name was Ildegonda Celli. Her two other sons, Dante and Valfredo, were born in 1837 and 1841 respectively. Chiarini calls her 'una donna di una bontà rara, che si faceva conoscere e apprezzare al primo avvicinarla' (*Mem.*, p. 76).

and love of liberty were thus instilled into his mind from the first; but in the endeavour to make his son as enthusiastic a Manzonian as himself, Michele Carducci was not so successful. He would shut up the boy on summer afternoons with the *Morale Cattolica* and Silvio Pellico's *I doveri dell'uomo*, and order him to study them. 'I hated,' says the poet, 'I hated those books with a Catilinarian hatred. To me they spelt mortification, solitude, loss of liberty, of air, of combat, hunger for great literature, a new Tullian prison.'¹ From this time forward Roman Catholicism and Romanticism, which his boyish imagination conceived to be inseparably united, remained his lifelong foes.

After the struggle of '48, in which the poet's father took an active part, the family settled in Florence, where for the first time it was possible for Carducci to go to school. He was sent to the Scuole Pie in that city, and took the usual course of six years in classics and Italian literature. He did so well that he went to the Scuola Normale at Pisa already with a great reputation as a scholar. Here he prepared himself for the teaching profession. His chief friend and fellow-pupil at Florence was Nencioni, who was as enthusiastic a student of foreign literature as Carducci was of Greek, Latin, and Italian. Nencioni introduced him to Schiller, Scott, Byron, and Leopardi. Even at this early period he had begun to write verse translations of the classics and poems in imitation of Horace, thus learning that command over the technique of his art which he was afterwards to turn to such good account in the *Odi Barbare*. He was, however, developing most quickly his powers of political and literary satire, finding at Pisa abundant material on which to exercise both. The University at that place was paying the penalty for its past Liberalism, and any signs of free-thinking were mercilessly crushed out. All this tended to increase Carducci's animosity against the Church. He had already surrounded himself with a circle of clever friends, of a like mind with himself, among whom Chiarini was the most intimate. A letter to the latter, who had thought of coming to the Scuola Normale at Pisa, is a mixture

¹ Cp. *Op.*, vol. cit., p. 145.

of humour and disgust at the education to be had there, the pedantry, ignorance, and narrow-mindedness of the teachers, 'questi vili oppressori e castratori degli ingeni giovanili,' who refused to allow a man to think. His political opinions are best illustrated by the amusing caricature of an *inno sacro* 'Al beato San Giovanni della Pace,' written at Pisa in 1856, in which occur the verses :—

Libertà, indipendenza
 Paganissima utopia
 Offendevan la decenza
 De la santa teoria,
 Ora stabile e fondata
 Su l'Europa incatenata.

Guarda mo', Castelbriante !
 La tua Francia torna a Dio :
 Bonaparte è novo Atlante
 A la cattedra di Pio :
 Fan da Svizzeri a San Piero
 I nepoti di Voltèro.¹

In 1856 Carducci was nominated Professor of Rhetoric at the Gymnasium of San Miniato al Tedesco. While here he published his first volume of verse, which showed little originality, being chiefly imitations of the classics. Yet much that is specially characteristic of the *Poesia Carducciana* may here be found in the germ, the sense of form, the hatred of emotionalism, the love of action, the fiery patriotism, and above all, the delight in battle. 'I feel it my duty to fight, if I am touched,' wrote Carducci more than twenty years later, when excusing the republication of the *Juvenilia* ; and, while admitting the puerile nature of many of these

¹ Independence and Pagan Love
 Of Liberty ! Oh, hush, the mere
 Words are highly contemptuous of
 The Holy and Catholic Idea
 Of a Church fixed on the firm foundation
 Of servile Europe's humiliation.

Look, Chateaubriand, pluck up heart !
 Your France is as Christian as it can be :
 Like another Atlas, Buonaparte
 Has become the prop of the Papal See :
 And the Swiss that guard St. Peter's chair
 Are mostly the progeny of Voltaire.

youthful verses, he yet adds complacently, 'and these poems prove that I began to fight early.'¹ The book, chiefly on account of its frankly pagan sentiment, caused a mild sensation in the Florentine world of letters. To the criticism it elicited, much of which was very sound, Carducci replied with a series of burlesque sonnets. The principles of himself and his friends at this period he summarises as being 'in politics, Italy above everything: in æsthetics, classical poetry above everything: in action, candour and strength above everything.'² Such principles brought him into direct conflict both with the Government and with the literary tradition of the day. His earliest literary polemic—the first of a long series—was undertaken on behalf of his friend Gargani in defence of classical traditions in Italian poetry against the contemporary poets of the Romantic school, of whom Guerazzi was the chief representative in Florence. With the literary was involved a political quarrel. The Government could hardly continue to overlook one whose persistent and unrepentant attitude to the time was that so pungently expressed in the last line of his sonnet on Metastasio,³ where he had summed up the age as 'Il secoletto vil che cristianeggia.' He himself saw it was impossible for him to retain his professorship at San Miniato, which he quitted, therefore, in 1857.⁴

He was elected to an educational post at Arezzo, but the Government quashed the appointment, having perceived no indication that his views had changed. So he returned to Florence, and plunged into a mass of literary and journalistic work, living in great poverty, haunting the libraries, and reading numberless books, which he loved to discuss with his friends.

In this year his brother Dante committed suicide. How terribly Carducci felt the blow may be gathered from his poem 'Alla memoria di D. C.'⁵ The next year his father died. Two such overwhelming sorrows had their effect

¹ *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 66.

² *Cp. Chiar., Mem.*, p. 80.

³ *Cp. Poesie*, p. 90.

⁴ *Op.*, vol. iv., the article entitled 'Le risorse di San Miniato al Tedesco,' for a spirited account by Carducci himself of his time there.

⁵ *Cp. Poesie*, p. 143.

upon the poet's character. He felt his youth was over, and set himself sternly to the real business of life, which after his brother's death had at first seemed hardly worth living, but to which fresh ties were now soon to attach him.

Ben io vivrò : ché a me l'anima avvinta
Di piú tenace creta ha la natura,
E officio forse e carità il suade.

The love and duty here referred to were owed to a wife ; for after finally establishing himself at Florence he had married the daughter of his friend and connection Menicucci. This made no difference to his manner of living—he worked harder than ever—but it gave him a new personal interest in life at a time when he sorely needed it.

Meanwhile his poetic powers continued to develop, stimulated by frequent meetings with his friends in his own or Menicucci's or Chiarini's house, where they read together the classics and Italian literature, and discussed eagerly not only books but politics. War with Austria, which had been brewing for months, now broke out,¹ and Carducci and his friends followed every detail of it with intense interest. Carducci himself burned to enlist, and would have welcomed the death of a Körner or Mameli. But duty to those who depended upon him for their livelihood kept him in Florence, and he was forced to find vent for his fiery patriotism as usual through his pen.

Though hard at work for his friend the publisher, Barbèra, incidentally laying well and truly the foundation of his vast erudition by editing the *edizione diamante* (reprints of Italian classics, to which he supplied prefaces and notes), he found time to write the poems on contemporary events and persons that were now beginning to make his name known to a much wider circle than that of his immediate acquaintances. Politics had succeeded in awakening the poet's true self. His own personal enthusiasm now gave life and character, if not originality, to poetry, which had before been mere imitation. He and his friends published at this

¹ April 1859. On the 27th of this month the Tuscan dynasty fell ; and owing to Ricasoli's genius and perseverance the province of Tuscany was in 1860 incorporated in the kingdom of Sardinia.

time a literary and political periodical called *Il Poliziano*, where his poems generally appeared. His 'Canzone a Vittorio Emanuele' and his 'Croce di Savoia' (which was set to music) were a great success. In January 1860 he went to Pistoia as Professor of Greek and Latin, a post which had been offered him by Salvagnoli, the Education Minister of the new Liberal Government. It was just after he had settled at Pistoia that all the world heard of Garibaldi's Sicilian Expedition. Carducci wrote 'Sicilia e la Rivoluzione' in Manzonian decasyllables.

Da le vette dell' Etna fumanti
 Ben ti levi, o facella di guerra :
 Su le tombe de' vecchi giganti
 Come bella e terribil sei tu !
 Oh, trasvola ! per l'itala terra
 Corri, ed empi d'incendio ogni lido !
 Uno il core, uno il patto, uno il grido :
 Né stranier né oppressori mai più !¹

Mamiani, who became Minister of Education at Turin, wished to get him to the Turin Lycée, as a stepping-stone to a post in some Italian university. Much as he would have liked the latter, he preferred to remain in Tuscany. He really wished to return to Florence. On the 18th August Mamiani wrote to him offering him the chair of eloquence in the University of Bologna, and Carducci accepted. In Bologna he remained till his death forty-six years later. These forty-six years were an almost unbroken progress to the highest literary fame. In the poet's outward life, however, which is the regular one of a university professor, there is little that calls for special comment. From this time onward the interest of his career entirely consists in tracing the various lines of influence which converged to limit and mould his poetic genius. Though he did not take any active part in the closing scenes of the Italian Risorgimento, yet so intense were his political sympathies that no event, however insignificant, occurred in those exciting times without his being intimately affected by it. For three years after his arrival in Bologna he kept silent. His

¹ Cp. *Poesie*, p. 244.

lectures and all his new work can have left him scanty leisure to write poetry. But though he published little his mind was maturing. It was a more fruitful period than it seemed. It is impossible to understand his development as a poet at this period without grasping what were his political views. In 1859, although his sympathies were republican, he had, like all good Italians, 'accepted the Garibaldine formula—*Italia e Vittorio Emanuele*—without any enthusiasm for the moderate party and its leaders, but loyally.'¹ Constitutional monarchy he considered to be in the abstract logically absurd, in practice immoral. It was a hybrid form of government, but he accepted, if he did not welcome, it as the best possible for the time. The course of events, however, in the next ten years induced him gradually to return to Republicanism with renewed ardour and conviction. The Peace of Villafranca shook his allegiance to the House of Savoy. He was indignant, but kept silent. Aspromonte disgusted him. He wrote 'in a few hours' '*Dopo Aspromonte*,'² with its terrific onslaught upon Napoleon III., which afterwards made even his Liberal publisher, Barbèra, nervous of reprinting it. It became increasingly obvious both to his friends and the Government that he was no longer a Monarchist in anything but name. Yet it was not till after Mentana that he broke entirely for a time with the House of Savoy, and openly denounced it with scorn and hatred scarcely less bitter than that which he had poured forth on the Pope and Napoleon. Literary ambition had its share in this change of the poet's political opinions. While in his own soul he despaired of emulating, as he had once hoped to do, the productions of Leopardi and Monti,³ he began to perceive that he might succeed to the position hitherto enjoyed by Prati and Aleardi, who had been considered the poets of the Liberal party, but were no longer able to satisfy the more fiery patriotism

¹ *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 148. (Preface to *Giambi ed Epodi*.)

² Cp. *Poesie*, p. 340.

³ Cp. *Lettere*, pp. 68, 72. 'Di me che ho a dirti? Che mulino sempre poesie in testa, e non scrivo mai un verso: per verissimo timore anzi disperazione che il fatto non risponda all'idea mia. Pur un giorno qualche cosa scoppierà: e o sarà un fiasco orribile, e allora addio alla poesia, o sarà qualche cosa.' This 'qualche cosa' was the 'Hymn to Satan.'

of the rising generation. This latter lacked all sympathy with the ideas which had animated the writers of Manzoni's school. It cried for stronger meat. If Prati and Aleardi were not rightly to be labelled Romantics, yet they had all the faults of Eclectics, and could no longer voice the nation; while Zanella, popular as he was beginning to be among certain classes, seemed with his 'po' di scienza e po' di religione'¹ of far too gentle and melancholy a temper to suit the young Garibaldines. These hailed with delight Carducci's defection from the Monarchist camp. In 1865 he had written the 'Hymn to Satan,' and republished it in 1869 over the signature 'Enotrio Romano,' when it made him famous in one day. The poem is a pæan of triumph, somewhat incoherent in places, celebrating under the name of Satan the victorious advance of the modernist Liberal spirit against the forces of obscurantism and reaction, represented by the Church and all monarchies.²

Salute, O Satana,
O rebellione
O forza vindice
Della ragione!

Sacra a te salgano
Gl' incensi e i vóti!
Hai vinto il Geova
Dei sacerdoti.

These two concluding verses of the poem became the war-cry of the extreme Republican party, who now claimed the author for their own. These were certainly trying times for all good Italians, and it is not surprising that to Carducci of all men, with his passionate temperament and burning patriotism, the slow methods of diplomacy seemed the betrayal of a great cause. The Government, however, though they might allow for his feelings as a man, felt bound to reprove him as an official. In November 1867 they transferred him from Bologna, where his views were tumultuously acclaimed by the students, to the chair of Latin in Naples. Carducci replied with courtesy that he was not

¹ Cp. *op. cit.*, p. 143.

² *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 89 (*Polemiche Sataniche*), for letter of Carducci to Filopanti explaining and justifying his poem.

qualified to accept a professorship of Latin, and that he preferred therefore to remain at Bologna. A few months later he was suspended from teaching, on the charge of a 'notoriously demagogical spirit' and 'constant opposition to the acts of the Government.' Fortunately for Carducci, who was prepared to defend himself with vigour, a change of ministry caused the whole affair to be dropped.¹ In 1868 he published *Levia Grandia*, the first collection of his poems printed since the San Miniato volume. It contained no political poems, as he probably deemed it tactful at this particular juncture to omit anything that might further irritate the authorities. Consequently the reader finds himself here back again with the old Carducci, the literary imitator, unchanged save that he appears as a more practised versifier and gives some evidence of genuinely feeling the deep melancholy which pervades the book. 'In it,' said Carducci himself many years later, 'may be seen the man who has no faith in poetry or himself: . . . in re-reading myself I judge myself to have been as one dead.'² In the circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that the book fell still-born from the press. Apart from his gift for writing political verse, Carducci was not able as yet to compete with Zanella in public popularity. He was disappointed at the reception given to *Levia Grandia*, and when his friend Barbèra offered to publish a collected edition of all his poetry up to date, he accepted gladly. The book appeared in 1870, divided into three parts, the first of which contained the political poems, under the title *Decennali* (1860-70), in later editions merged under the more general title, *Giambi ed Epodi* (*Iambics and Epodes*). These poems throb with a patriotic sentiment as noble and exalted as any that ever inspired Italians throughout their long struggle for liberty. But as poetry they are too often marred by the savage virulence shown in denouncing those whom the poet considered the arch-tyrants and foes of freedom, Pius IX. and Napoleon III. Many fine poems are spoilt by

¹ Cp. the Preface to *Giambi ed Epodi* (*Op.*, vol. iv. p. 154).

² *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 142. 'Di questo volumetto che do a ristampare veggio e sento la livida screziatura e il freddo, come un pezzo di marmo che aggiungo a murare il sepolchro de' miei sogni di gioventù.'

a frenzy of hatred and blind passion of revenge, 'urli di furore e gridi di rabbia felina' (as one critic called them),¹ which distort facts and alienate the sympathy of the reader. Nor is his regret much diminished when he discovers that many of these extravagancies are not original but copied, sometimes even literally translated, from *Les Châtiments* of Victor Hugo, whose influence was strong upon Carducci at this time.²

It was inevitable that Carducci's genius should outgrow the *Sturm und Drang* period through which he was now passing. He did indeed for many years continue to write political poems in the same vein as before; for he was not satisfied even when Vittorio Emanuele entered Rome, and Italy was at last united around its ancient capital. He had yearned for a glorious conclusion to the long years of struggle, and he was disgusted at the tame, even sordid, ending to the great drama of the Risorgimento. But other influences were beginning to work upon his imagination. Since 1862 he had been studying with industry German literature, especially Goethe and Schiller, Platen and Heine. With the latter especially he conceived himself to have strong affinities, and took to consciously imitating both his prose and verse style. Platen and Klopstock attracted him for the severe beauty of their classical form; while from the lyrics of Goethe, and especially Schiller, he learnt to feel the force, when under proper control, of the subjective element in romantic poetry, and first perceived the literary value of the romantic ballad.

These influences, combined with two great bereavements which he suffered in the year 1870, wrought a gradual change in Carducci's spirit. On 9th November his little son, born in 1867, to whom he was passionately attached, died; and in the same year he lost his mother also. Carducci had idolised this boy: 'All his joys, all his hopes, all his future were wrapped up in the child.' His mother, whom he tenderly loved, had died in old age. He mourned,

¹ Cp. Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 367.

² Carducci was also much influenced by Barbier. Cp. M. Jeanroy's *Giosue Carducci. L'homme et le poète*, pp. 103-13, for an account of the poet's debt to Victor Hugo.

but could not resent, her death. But the loss of his son he felt to be almost too bitter to bear. 'Some seem to think,' he wrote to Chiarini, 'that the death of a little baby three years old should be a tolerable sorrow. This is *not* true. Three parts of one's life depart with it.'¹ Two of his most beautiful poems,² that must have burst from his very heart, were inspired by this great bereavement. Consequently when in 1873 Galeati published a new volume of his poetry, under the title *Nuove Poesie*, the public soon discovered in it a Carducci unknown to them before. 'In the *Nuove Poesie*,' says Chiarini, 'the poet was really himself with a definite and characteristic physiognomy, which could not be confounded or compared with that of any other. And in that physiognomy what various, new, and wholly original features! What a wonderful contrast of sounds, colours, attitudes in that little volume of lyrics!'³ The book made a great impression, and brought its author European fame.⁴ In Italy itself the criticism it excited induced Carducci to write *Critica ed Arte*, perhaps the most brilliant of his prose works, in which he completely reduced to silence those who had accused him of being a mere plagiarist. In 1875 Zanichelli of Bologna, who henceforth became his authorised publisher, was entrusted with a second edition of the *Nuove Poesie*.

Carducci was now at the height of his literary activity, which his amazing industry enabled him to combine with university lectures and constant hard reading. Pupils flocked to him. 'Can the young men of to-day,' says one of the poet's modern critics, 'realise what Carducci was to the generation born between '60 and '70? It is impossible: political and social conditions, intellectual currents, exigencies, life are too much changed. . . . Can the young men of to-day appreciate the peculiarly Italian frankness, the classical serenity, the patriotic ardour, the humane dignity of Carducci's work? They cannot understand how

¹ Cp. Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 181.

² 'Pianto Antico' and 'Funere mersit acerbo.' Cp. pp. 148, 140.

³ Cp. Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 367.

⁴ It was reviewed by C. Hillebrand in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; by L. Étienne in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

at that period he dominated all currents of ideas and seemed to our hearts to embody the very soul of the Fatherland.' ¹

Study of German literature had sent Carducci back with renewed ardour to the Latin and Greek classics, and he was already meditating the *Odi Barbare*. In reading German he had been especially impressed by the value of the short poem in ballad form for presenting a vivid historical picture, and by the possibility of adapting ancient classical metres to modern themes. On 16th December 1873 he sent to Chiarini and Targioni for criticism the ode 'Su l'Adda.' In January 1874 he wrote: 'I wish to compose other odes of the same kind in similar metres—I wish also to compose elegies in hexameters and pentameters like Goethe. I do not see why what he accomplished in stubborn and untractable German could not be done in plastic Italian.' 'I am reading now in leisure hours the conversations of Goethe with Eckermann, and the Roman elegies, and this reading sends me back with my whole heart and soul to the great literature of Greece. When all is said, let us confess it, the world's greatest poetry is Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Theocritus. They are the extreme limits of the beautiful of the highest type, youthful, blooming, serene. After them comes the bent, the twisted, the old. We feel some wintry *frissonnements*, and deem them to be thrills of inspiration.' ² In writing the *Odi Barbare* Carducci wished to create a literary revolution, to rescue poetry from the depths to which he considered it had sunk in the last two generations of foreign romantic influence. He condemned Romanticism as an exotic, imported chiefly from Germany. It had introduced into the poetry of Italy a sickly sentimentalism, which clothed itself in 'lunghi meandri di versi sciolti o cadenzati intrecciamenti di strofe senza una cura al mondo del pensiero.' ³ Essentially foreign to the blithe, pagan, sunny spirit of the Italian, it ought to be banished for ever together with the priest, of whose pernicious doctrines it had been made the vehicle

¹ E. Thovez, *Il Pastore, il Gregge e la Zampogna*, p. 3.

² Cp. Chiar., *Mem.*, pp. 190, 191. Cp. also Chiar., *Impressioni e Ricordi*, p. 237.

³ Card., *Lettere*, p. 181.

by Manzoni and his followers. In leading a classical reaction he pictures himself as a standard-bearer storming the hills of art and planting there 'la bandiera garibaldina' ¹ symbol of the freedom—religious, political, intellectual—which modern Italy had wrested from the Pope and from the foreigner. The *Odi Barbare* were published in 1877, preluded by the exquisite little Sapphic ode 'Odio l'usata poesia,' ² and opened by the noble Alcaic 'Ideale,' ³ wherein he sings of the new Hellenic ideal which was to inspire this literary Renaissance.

Carducci had not expected his book, with its metrical experiments, to be well received by the public. 'Sono cose che devon parer molto brutte'; and he was more than justified in his expectation. Chance had it that Zanichelli published Guerrini's *Postuma* at the same time as the *Odi Barbare*. The contrast between the two was too great not to be seized upon by the critics, who contrasted Guerrini's *felice facilità* with the strange and uncouth metres of the Barbarian Odes.⁴ Carducci was neither surprised nor disappointed. The elegant immorality of the *Postuma* would have ensured Guerrini immediate popularity apart altogether from the high literary merit of his book. Carducci, on the other hand, was well aware that he had to educate up to his level a public which had for long been unaccustomed to read any poetry demanding the least intellectual effort for its comprehension. The *Odi Barbare*, however, steadily gained supporters, and gave rise to a host of interesting questions connected with art, metre, and so on.

As time went on the critics were found to be objecting to them, not so much as poetry, but because they breathed a political spirit so different from that of the *Iambics and*

¹ Card., *Lettere*, p. 182. 'Costui [himself] almeno non fu vile: egli continuò nell' arte quel che i garibaldini fecero con la spada. . . . Costui, che non aveva mai combattuto una battaglia si tolse in mano la gloriosa bandiera del '60 . . . la piantò sur uno dei vertici dell' arte, sur uno dei vertici no, sur un colle.' Cp. also the poem 'Per le nozze di mia figlia,' translated, p. 239.

² Cp. p. 194.

³ Cp. p. 194.

⁴ The critics, however, at first associated Carducci and Guerrini together as 'The Bolognese School.' They were answered by Guerrini in *Polemica* and *Nova Polemica*, and by Carducci in *Novissima Polemica*. Cp. Chiar., *Mem.*, pp. 383-4.

Epodes. In other words, the gradual transformation of Enotrio Romano the politician to Giosue Carducci the poet was anything but appreciated in Republican quarters. Upon the publication in 1878 of the 'Canto d' Amore' and 'L' Ode alla Regina' the democrats broke out in unconcealed wrath against the author whom they had for so long considered their own particular preserve. Even his friends were surprised at his 'Ode to the Queen.' But the explanation to any who had studied Carducci's development during the last decade was not difficult. His political views had long been mellowing. For with the increasing settlement of the country his interest in politics had naturally yielded to his interest in literature. He remained a strong Liberal, but became more and more reconciled to the monarchy, especially as its development along democratic lines was inevitable. In 1877 he had visited the Umbrian plain on educational business, and in that lovely district, over which the spirit of St. Francis still seems to hover,¹ he had felt himself moved to write a song of love.

— Salute, o genti umane affaticate!
 Tutto trapassa e nullo può morir.
 Noi troppo odiammo e sofferimmo. Amate,
 Il mondo è bello e santo è l'avvenir.—

The 'Ode to the Queen' was the outcome of this general state of mind, although his personal feelings towards her, as he himself was at pains to point out,² had not a little to do with the genesis of the poem. She was a Saxon by birth, and acquainted, therefore, with Klopstock and Goethe and German literature generally. She was one of the few persons in the kingdom who had immediately appreciated the *Odi Barbare*.³ She was a beautiful woman, and had been kind to him. He was a gentleman, and thanked her in a manner becoming both to a gentleman and a poet.

¹ Card., *Lettere*, p. 192. 'Fui ad Assisi: è una gran bella cosa, paese, città e santuario, per chi intende la natura e l'arte nei loro accordi con la storia, con la fantasia, con gli affetti degli uomini. Sono tentato di fare due o tre poesie su Assisi e San Francesco.' Cp. his sonnet 'S^{ta} Maria degli Angeli,' translated, p. 141.

² In *Eterno femminino Regale* (*Op.*, vol. iv. p. 335).

³ She is reported to have said: 'Il Carducci è da vero il primo dei nostri poeti viventi' (cp. *op. cit.*, p. 340).

Nor had his political friends any real grounds for dissatisfaction. He had been ready to stand for Parliament in the Democratic interest in 1876, and his speech, 'Per la Poesia e per la Libertà,' may be found among his published works¹—a proof, if any be needed, of the unfitness of a poet for politics. He himself, in the Preface to the 1882 edition of the *Iambics and Epodes*, states clearly enough his views with regard to political poetry in general, his own in particular. 'Poetry,' he says, 'like that of the *Iambics and Epodes* belongs only to a period, and that a brief period, of life when the artist feels and reproduces a fleeting moment in history, with which he is either sympathetic or the reverse.' And he adds that if the poet continues to write poetry in the same vein when the original inspiration has faded, he is simply posing and caricaturing himself.²

Absorbed as Carducci was in his new experiments with ancient metres, he was almost equally interested in developing that kind of lyrical-epic poem with which his name has been particularly associated, but the idea of which had been suggested to him, as has already been mentioned, by the historical ballads³ of Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, and Heine. When disgusted with the course of current events, he had always been accustomed to seek and find consolation in studying the Past. The time came when it almost seems as if he thought that the Past was the only subject worthy the modern poet's attention.⁴ German literature had taught him the possibilities of making the lyric an artistic means of reanimating dry historical facts. As historian and poet he was eminently qualified to try his hand at the

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 319.

² *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 170. His political attitude was well described by himself at a banquet given to him at Volterra in 1882, where he said: 'M'han qui chiamato il poeta del ribellione: ebbene, io devo dire che oggi alla democrazia sono state aperte tutte le vie legali e scientifiche: e ribelle sarebbe chi da qui innanzi tentasse opporsi al suo logico e necessario progresso' (cp. Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 249).

³ Carducci had once included the romantic ballad in his general condemnation of Romanticism, but that was because he was really unacquainted with it. Cp. *Op.*, vol. xx. p. 425.

⁴ Cp. note to 'Alla città di Ferrara' (*Poesie*, p. 1032). 'Il presente è del dramma, del romanzo, del giornale: il futuro è di Dio: il passato, il doloroso e glorioso passato, può essere tuttora della poesia, massime in una storia complessa di tanti elementi com'è l'italiana.'

historical poem, and nowhere have imagination and learning been more happily wedded than in the lyrical epic fragment *Canzone di Legnano*, published in 1879, and the sonnet series, *Ça ira*, printed four years later. The former, though comparable in some respects to Hugo's *Légende des Siècles*, revealed Carducci in quite a new light as a master of dramatic narrative; and it must always remain a matter for regret that he never finished the poem. *Ça ira* was on publication as much misunderstood as the *Odi Barbare*. Critics assumed that political opinions expressed in it were those of the poet; whereas Carducci had been particularly careful to eliminate the personal element, and to represent purely objectively a series of historical events, so selected, arranged, and condensed as to form an artistic whole.¹ For the rest of his life Carducci may be said to have 'specialised' in the historical poem either in ballad form or more usually on the Horatian model, recurring anniversaries of great events in Italian history being a continual stimulus to his pen.²

A new volume of poems, published in 1889 under the title *Rime Nuove*, completely vindicated his continued powers of writing rhymed verse, which the second collection of *Nuove Odi Barbare*, published in 1882, had led some people to doubt. The *Rime Nuove* contained nothing but rhymed poems, and was prefaced by the brilliant lyric 'Alla Rima,' which defends at the same time as it splendidly illustrates the use of rhyme.³ The versatility of talent to which the *Rime Nuove*, taken in connection with the two volumes of *Odi Barbare*, bore witness, won immediate recognition both in Italy and other countries. Carducci henceforth had an assured position among great European poets. His German translators included the novelist, Paul Heyse, and the great Roman historian, Theodore Mommsen.

¹ Carducci answered his critics in what Chiarini calls 'una delle sue prose più belle,' *Ça ira*. Cp. *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 386.

² E.g. on 20th September 1890-1-2 he published respectively 'Piemonte,' 'Bicocca di san Giacomo,' 'Cadore.'

³ The 'Ode to Rhyme' had been published as a 'Congedo' to the first series of *Odi Barbare*. 'Vollí congedarmi,' wrote Carducci, 'da' lettori co'i versi alla rima, proprio per segno che io con queste odi non intesi dare veruna battaglia, grande o piccola, fortunata o no, a quella compagna antica e gloriosa della nuova poesia latina' (Chiar., *Impress. e Ricord.*, p. 262; also Preface to *Odi Barbare*).

The poet's life yearly became fuller and more interesting. Although he had paid his first flying visit to Rome as early as 1874, he had had time to see nothing but the Pantheon, Colosseum, and Baths of Caracalla. 'St. Peter's,' he said, 'I left to the Pope.' His first visit of any duration took place in March 1877, when he was accompanied by a friend who knew Rome well. His sensations were such as the occasion was well calculated to arouse in the heart of a man to whom the Eternal City was a symbol of all the noblest ideas by which his life and poetry had been inspired. He expressed his feelings in the two splendid odes, 'Nell' Annuale della fondazione di Roma' and 'Dinanzi alle Terme di Caracalla.' To him Rome was the mother of Italy, the mother of the nations :—

E tutto che al mondo è civile
Grande, augusto, egli è romano ancora.

After 1877 Carducci returned to Rome every year ; in fact, his election to the 'Consiglio superiore della istruzione' frequently compelled him to go thither on business.

In 1884 he had begun to spend his holidays in the Italian Alps, and from this year onward wrote many poems on the scenery of the districts he had visited, his favourite resort being Madesimo. The last ten years of the century were as busy as any in his lifetime. In 1889 he published the *Terze Odi Barbare*, which was to be the last collection of his poems written only in classical metres. It contained the fine elegiac 'Presso l'urna di P. B. Shelley,' one line of which,

Sol nel passato è il bello, sol nella morte è il vero,

seems to strike the keynote of the poet's final attitude towards art and life. The mood of pensive melancholy which it suggests—natural enough to a man of Carducci's views, who had been deprived by death of many of his dearest friends, and who was now himself entering upon old age—tinges all the poet's latest work.

His political evolution had by 1890 entered upon its final stage, and as usual the change is faithfully indicated in his poetry. Under the influence of his friend, the great statesman, Crispi, and prompted also by his keen hatred of

Socialism, he had completely severed his connection with the extreme Republican party in order to become once more a Monarchist—this time a loyal one. The ode ‘Piemonte,’ published in July 1890, was intended as a public declaration of his renewed allegiance to the House of Savoy. It even contained a defence of Charles Albert, ‘re per tant’ anni bestemmiato e pianto,’ whom the poet calls the Italian Hamlet. In the last month of the same year the Government responded by making Carducci a senator. Those of his public who had obstinately shut their eyes to the gradual emancipation of the poet’s mind from the extreme Radicalism of his early days were furious at this—as they considered it—open defection. To the Romagnol youth, indeed, he always remained the poet of the *Iambics and Epodes*. But Carducci himself was fully contented with the wider Liberalism to which he had fought his way. It enabled him to interpret the history of his country for the last fifty years with a large-hearted charity, which suited well the milder views he was now beginning to entertain concerning other bugbears of his youth.¹ His hatred of Christianity had never been more than a hatred of Roman Catholicism. Even in his youth he had never extended it to the person of Christ. As long ago as the ‘Canto d’Amore’ he had been willing to reconcile himself with the Pope; and now that Pio Nono was dead, Rome the capital of a united Italy, and the Temporal Power destroyed, he could study with a relatively unbiassed mind, and even learn to appreciate, the real services rendered to the world by the Church. It was impossible for him ever to become a Christian in the Churchman’s sense of the word. Hatred of asceticism, with which, rightly or wrongly, he identified the teaching of Christ, was too deeply engrained in his nature.² But he was a lover of great ideas; and just as the study of history had widened his political views, so it taught him the poetic value, if nothing else, of the Christian conception of the

¹ He had begun to revise his sweeping condemnation of Romanticism as early as 1884. Cp. his article on G. Prati, *Op.*, vol. iii. p. 397.

² It seems, therefore, rather special pleading on the part of Mazzoni and Picciola in their *Antologia Carducciana* (p. 125) to suggest that Carducci was a Christian at heart.

Church. This seems an adequate explanation of the reasons which prompted him to write the famous poem on the Church of Polenta, the publication of which caused a greater sensation throughout the whole of Italy than anything he had ever written, except perhaps the 'Hymn to Satan.' Certainly from one who not so very many years before had written 'In a Gothic Cathedral,' and whose life had been one long attack on the Catholic Church, such lines as the following seemed at first sight to come strangely :—

Salve, chiesetta del mio canto ! A questa
Madre vegliarda, o tu rinnovellata
Itala gente da le molte vite,
Rendi la voce

De la preghiera : la campana squilli
Ammonitrice : il campanil risorto
Canti di clivo in clivo a la campagna
Ave Maria.

Ave Maria ! Quando su l'aure corre
L'umil saluto, i piccioli mortali
Scovrono il capo, curvano la fronte
Dante ed Aroldo.

Yet it is quite clear that æsthetic rather than religious considerations prompted Carducci to write this poem, and a careful examination of the verses themselves proves that their beauty is due to the inspiration of historical and literary reminiscence rather than of religious fervour. How unchanged, as a matter of fact, were Carducci's feelings towards the Christian religion may be judged by the unceremonious manner in which, with a brief telegram¹ to the *Secolo*, he put an end to all rumours that he was about to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. The truth is that Carducci throughout his whole life had been such an uncompromising partisan that when in old age he took to expressing his opinions more mildly, people were at first inclined to believe that the opinions themselves had altered.

¹ The actual words of the telegram were : ' Agli scrittori del *Secolo*. Nè preci di cardinali, nè comizi di popolo. Io sono qual fui nel 1867 ; e tale aspetto immutato e imperturbato la grande ora.—Salute, GIOSUE CARDUCCI ' (Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 420). Carducci never believed in the divinity of Christ. He bowed before Him as the ' great human Martyr.'

As a matter of fact, the poet remained true to his creed of 'Italy for the Italians,' which had been the life-blood of all his poetry, until the very end of his career. His last volume of poems, published in 1899 under the title *Rime e Ritmi*, reveals him as a strong advocator of an irredentist national policy, and this in no party spirit, nor simply because he was the friend of Crispi. He honestly believed that so long as she permitted Trent and Trieste to remain in Austrian hands, modern Italy was showing herself incapable of rising to that high ideal of patriotism which had inspired the dead heroes of the Risorgimento. His wrath at Crispi's fall was not resentment at the defeat of a friend so much as grief at the thought that National Idealism was dead.¹ The spirit which animates such lines in 'Cadore' as

Io vo' rapirti, Cadore, l'anima
Di Pietro Calvi; per la penisola
Io voglio su l'ali del canto
Aralda mandarla.—Ahi mal ridesta,

Ahi non son l'Alpi guancial propizio
A sonni e sogni perfidi, adulteri!
Lèvati, finì la gazzara:
Lèvati, il marzìo gallo canta!—

is identical with that which in earlier days had bade him urge on his 'patria vile' to the capture of Rome.

The 'Congedo' of *Rime e Ritmi* seems to show that the poet felt that his poetical career was finished. And yet the sonnets 'In riva al Lys' and 'Sant' Abbondio,' composed just at this period, were, Chiarini thinks, as good as anything he had ever written. During the last years of his life honours flowed in thick upon him. Even his critics were silenced amid the general chorus of homage and applause which any new work from his pen was now sure to elicit. In 1895, on the completion of thirty-five years' work in Bologna, he was given the freedom of that

¹ Cp. the poem 'Alla figlia di Francesco Crispi,' 10th January 1895 especially the lines

Ei nel dolce monile
De le tue braccia al bianco capo intorno
Scordi il momento vile
E della patria il tenebroso giorno.

city and presented with a gold medal. Count Pasolini crowned him with a laurel plucked from Dante's tomb at Ravenna. In 1899 he had a stroke which practically deprived him of the use of his right arm, and Severino Ferrari the poet, his favourite and most brilliant pupil, was permitted to help him in his University work. In 1901 Zanichelli published the well-known one-volume edition of his complete poetical works. In this year, the fortieth anniversary of his coming to Bologna, the students held a celebration in honour of him rather against his wishes. What pleased him far more was that the Queen, while leaving him the use of it, bought his library, and thus ensured its preservation.¹ In 1904 the Government voted him a pension of 12,000 *lire*. In the following year the premature death of Severino Ferrari, whom he had loved as a son, proved to be a shock from which the old poet never recovered. In December 1906 the King of Sweden sent a special deputation to Bologna to present him with the Nobel prize for literature. Two months later, on 16th February 1907, he died from pneumonia, following upon an attack of influenza. All Italy was represented at his funeral.²

II. THE POETRY OF CARDUCCI

When men are engaged in a long struggle for liberty they are apt to allow political prejudices to colour all their judgments, as Italian literature during the last century discovered to its cost. It is perhaps true to say that no Italian poet, from Alfieri to Carducci, has escaped criticism, which, however much it claim to be purely literary in character, is not in reality strongly influenced by political or religious considerations. In Carducci's case it has already been shown how his political evolution affected at once his own development as a poet and the attitude of his public. Now that

¹ After his death she also bought his house, and presented it to the nation. It is now known as the 'Casa Carducci,' and its garden is adorned with statuary symbolical of the various aspects of his poetical works.

² Florence offered him a tomb in Sta Croce, the Italian Pantheon. But his family preferred to bury him in the beautiful cemetery outside Bologna.

he is dead, and the events about which he wrote are already passing into history, it should be easier for the critics to approach their task in a more dispassionate spirit, and endeavour to discover what lasting merits the *Poesia Carducciana*, as poetry pure and simple, really possesses.

Carducci himself recognised, as we have seen, that much of his work, especially his earlier political poetry, was only ephemeral. Yet, on the other hand, several of his poems—‘Il bove,’ ‘Pianto Antico,’ the Roman Ode, and some dozen others—have already won a permanent place in anthologies; and his admirers claim that the vast mass of his later poetry, represented by the *Rime Nuove*, the *Odi Barbare*, and the *Rime e Ritmi*, is destined to form an imperishable part of his country’s literature.¹ Nor can it be denied that, from one point of view at any rate, these confident predictions will prove correct. As a political poet, and as the inventor of a new type of verse, Carducci will undoubtedly always secure for himself the attention of the historian and literary student of the future. Professor Benedetto Croce has, indeed, already distinguished two periods in modern Italian literature, the first extending from 1865 to 1885, and the second from 1885 or 1890 to the present day.² To the earlier of these periods he gives the name Carduccian, the later he calls that of D’Annunzio, Fogazzaro, and Pascoli. In these three poets and their age he discovers the greater finesse and intellectual subtlety; while to Carducci, on the other hand, he attributes the grand quality of sincerity. A man, then, who is big enough to dominate his country’s literature for nearly a quarter of a century, who if he did not, like Manzoni, found a school, is at least the father in the Muses of many poets—among them two so eminent as Severino Ferrari and Giovanni Pascoli—whose historical odes are taught in all Italian schools, who earned for himself the title of ‘Vate d’Italia’

¹ E.g. Mazzoni says: ‘L’eternità d’amore risplenderà su lui finchè la sua poesia sarà sentita, ammirata, amata; e sarà, finchè la lingua di Dante duri strumento di tutto quanto il pensiero e di tutto quanto il sentimento del popolo nostro, dalle Alpi alla Sicilia’ (cp. Chiar., *Mem.* p. 431).

² Cp. B. Croce’s *Letteratura e critica dell’ Letteratura contemporanea in Italia*. Due saggi, p. 11.

in the most supreme moments of modern Italian history, will assuredly never be forgotten. But whether his poetry will be read in the future for the sake of its own intrinsic merit is another question, and one which, to judge from the tone of some modern critics both in his own country and outside it, will not perhaps be answered in the affirmative quite so unanimously as the jealousy of his admirers would desire. An attempt, therefore, to discover the characteristic merits and failings of Carducci's verse may serve to help the reader to form his own opinion as to the poet's true greatness.

Carducci's importance in literature is due to the fact that he introduced a new ideal into Italian poetry. It is essential to define at the outset the nature of this ideal in order to avoid the error, committed by some critics, of blaming him for not performing something which he never set out to achieve. Carducci was one of the most outspoken of poets. He was provocatively frank both in his criticism of contemporary literature and in the statement of his own views. Caring nothing at all for public opinion, he never wrote to catch a public. 'Let a poet express himself, his moral and artistic convictions, as sincerely, straightforwardly, and resolutely as he can : the rest is not then his affair.'¹ Such was his attitude, and it should not be difficult to discover what these convictions were. They are summarised distinctly enough in a letter which he wrote at a time when his disgust with contemporary literature was at its height. After a very acute analysis of the genesis and the progress of Italian Romanticism, he defines the need of the present age in the following terms:—'We must make art realistic : represent what is real, in more natural terms, with truth. We must do away with the ideal, the metaphysical, and represent man, nature, reality, reason, liberty. To that end unite study of the ancients, who are realistic and free, Homer, Aeschylus, Dante, and of the popular poetry with modern sentiment and art.'² If to this statement we add

¹ Cp. *Critica ed Arte* (*Op.*, vol. iv. p. 285), where he quotes these words of his own.

² *Lettere*, p. 143. 'Bisogna fare l'arte realistica : rappresentare quel che è reale, in termini più naturali, con la verità. Bisogna cacciar via

the first three verses of his brilliant lyric 'The Poet' we shall obtain a sufficiently clear conception of what Carducci set before himself as the ideal poetic figure for his time.

Il poeta, o vulgo sciocco
Un pitocco
Non è già, che a l' altrui mensa
Via con lazzi turpi e matti
Porta i piatti
Ed il pan ruba in dispensa.

E né meno è un perdigiorno
Che va intorno
Dando il capo ne' cantoni
E co 'l naso sempre a l' aria
Gli occhi varia
Dietro gli angeli e i rondoni

E né meno è un giardiniero
Che il sentiero
De la vita co 'l letame
Utilizza, e cavolfiori
Pe' signori
E viole ha per le dame.

It is obvious that, on its negative side, Carducci's diagnosis of the literary maladies of his age was defined by that hostility to the Italian Romantics to which we have already referred.¹ Because Romanticism indulged in the mystical and the vague, Carducci loved the real and the matter of fact; because the Romantic school was the school of the neo-Catholics and neo-Guelfs, Carducci stood for intellectual freedom and political independence; because Romanticism was attracted by the eccentric and abnormal, Carducci aimed at sanity of thought and strictness of form. But, on the positive side, Carducci's poetic ideal resulted quite logically from the nature of his own personal character, from his views on the relationship between poetry and

l'ideale, il metafisico, e rappresentare l'uomo, la natura, la realtà, la ragione, la libertà. A ciò accoppiare lo studio degli antichi, che sono realistici e liberi, Omero, Eschilo, Dante, e della poesia popolare, col sentimento moderno e con l'arte.' Cp. also the article 'Di alcune condizioni della presente letteratura' (*Op.*, vol. ii. p. 502), where he sums up the programme for a fresh departure in literature in the two words, 'innoviamo rinnovando'—'Let our innovations be renovations.'

¹ P. 12.

politics, and from the fact that he possessed the true scholar's enthusiasm for classical literature.

His was an essentially practical nature. He was never troubled with doubts or questionings about life, nor did the great problems of modern philosophy interest him at all. He was a Hellenist who, finding this world lovely and good to live in, did not concern himself about the next. He loved life for its own sake, and if in old age he is oppressed by melancholy at the thought of death, it is not the melancholy of Leopardi's 'Shepherd of Asia,' questioning the moon

Che sia questo morir, questo supremo
Scolarar del sembiante,
E perir dalla terra, e venir meno
Ad ogni usata, amante compagnia,

and yearning for an explanation of the secrets of the universe, but rather that of the Greek anthologist,

Oh, tanto
Breve la vita ed è sì bello il mondo !

or of the cultured humanist, for whom the dark entrance to the unseen world is lit up by the calm radiance of Greek poetry :—

A me prima che l'inverno stringa pur l'anima mia
Il tuo riso, O sacra luce, O divina poesia !
Il tuo canto, O padre Omero
Pria che l'ombra avvolgami.

Hence he turns with relief, if not with contempt, from the barren speculations of the metaphysicians and theologians. 'The lazy fool, in hazy day-dreams rapt' is no true poet, or at least not the poet for modern Italy. What the country needed were men who, far from wasting time and energy over the 'questions, the broods that haunt sensation insurgent,' would employ all the resources of their imagination and insight in solving the practical problems of the national life.

When a nation is coming into existence, the most pressing problems that call for solution are political. So far from divorcing politics from poetry, it seemed to Carducci that the poet had a most necessary part to play on the political

stage—a part, moreover, which none but he could play, and which could not be omitted without risk of disaster to the State. The poet, he maintained, when contented to pass with the public either for a *pitocco*, the servile minion of a patron or a party, or for a *giardiniero*, the writer of pretty but shallow, and possibly vulgar, society verse, is miserably failing in the duties of his own high calling. The nature of these duties may be deduced from Carducci's ideal picture of himself as his country's poet-seer. In *Critica ed Arte*, after dividing the history of poetry into clearly defined epochs, he thus describes the one at the close of which he himself was living: 'And lastly there are other ages less glorious, in which, the nation being in a state of transition to new political conditions, the poets whom I will not by an archaism call true *vati* (seers), but who feel instinctively, like certain animals, a nervous uneasiness before the earthquake, begin transforming certain forms of art which are fully developed. These are the critical ages, when poets fight over their work with offensive and defensive weapons: and Alfieri writes the letter to Calsabigi, and Manzoni the letters on the dramatic unities and on Romanticism, and Victor Hugo the preface to *Cromwell*.'¹ Here, then, he defines the poet-seer or *vate* as one who watches the times, who, by the exercise of a sense of intuition possessed by himself alone, perceives earlier than others the direction in which events are tending, and whose duty it is to warn and guide the nation in every crisis through which it may have to pass. It is the practical value of the imaginative faculty upon which Carducci here insists. The poet's function in his capacity of *vate* is moral. Himself anchored fast to some great guiding principle—in Carducci's case the ideal of a united Italy—he must, through good report or ill report, and without respect of person or of party, perform the office of inspired prophet of his people, expressing for them in outbursts of lyrical passion the emotions they feel but cannot utter, and equally prepared with warning or reproach whenever, through ignorance or blindness or pride, they seem to his clear sight in danger of falling short

¹ *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 278.

of their own highest ideals. For these reasons Carducci never feared the charge of being inconsistent in politics. The poet, as he rightly considered, has no concern with political consistency. 'I intend, and have always intended, to express by a process of psychological purgation, with the greatest sincerity and efficacy possible, certain fancies and passions by which my spirit is moved, and to represent them exactly with the momentary shapes and colours in which I myself feel and see them, not with the shapes of yesterday, to-morrow, or some other day, and not with the shapes and colours in which other people wish to make me believe that other people will be better pleased to see them, or in which other people may be able to see and feel something similar.'¹ The poet, in fact, must be absolutely genuine, and if true to himself preserves a fundamental consistency that remains unaffected, however many times he may change sides in the conflict of political parties.

If personal characteristics and political enthusiasm were instrumental in shaping his poetic ideal, this was no less profoundly affected by his instincts as scholar and humanist. His innate hatred of the vague and superficial, not only in thought but in the realms of art and criticism, increased yearly in proportion as the true scholar's attention to accuracy and thoroughness of workmanship grew with him into a habit. The sense of clearly defined form, the lack of which he deplored in poets of the Romantic school, seemed to him to be an absolute essential of the great poet; and he held that it could only be learnt from the Greek. It was their power of treating romantic subjects with 'that great classical art which is of all time'² that caused him to place Goethe and Schiller so high above the German poets of their age. He himself was never tired of applying the principles of Greek art in the composition of his own verse, with the result that probably no poet that ever lived has composed so few slipshod lines or written his own language with greater purity of diction.

But he loved the classics not only for what they taught him about beauty of form. That beauty was to him only

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 286.

² *Lettere*, p. 140.

the outward and visible sign of the life and ideals of the ancient Greek world, to which he was as passionately devoted as the mediæval humanist himself. 'The ancients who are realistic and free'—by this he meant that, in contrast with the prevalent modern opinion, the old Greeks considered life to be something worth living for its own sake, not a mere vestibule of the world to come. Their thought was free because unfettered by dogmatic religions and unclouded by the vague abstractions of mysticism. Theirs was a concrete, not spiritual world, in which love was untinged by sentimentality, the virtues of the cloister unknown, and patriotic pride and manly vigour not yet superseded by the Christian qualities of resignation and humility. Into Carducci's ideal of poetry there entered, therefore, a very definitely pagan element. And herein he differs from other so-called classicists, who have earned the name merely in virtue of their allegiance to certain literary forms and conventions. Carducci wished to make the *content* of his poetry classical also, to regard both man and nature (so far as modern thought permitted) from the same point of view as the ancient Greek poets or as those Latin poets who had modelled themselves on the Greek. By so doing he hoped to knit up again a literary tradition, which the Romantic movement in Italy had interrupted, but which he believed to be as distinctively native to his country as it was sanctioned by its antiquity and eternal youth. It was for these reasons that in his earlier work he employed every device of language and literary reminiscence, not excepting even literal translation, to reproduce as far as possible both the substance and the atmosphere of the Greek, Latin, and Italian classics; while in his later poetry he resorted more and more to his country's past, both in myth and history, as being the fittest of all possible subject-matter to inspire a patriot poet.

So much having been said, it becomes easier to understand why his poetic ideal took just the form it did. We shall expect to find him as a poet banishing from his verse all intellectual vapouring, meaningless abstractions, and vague emotionalism—suppressing, in fact, the subjective

element¹ in poetry, as far as may be, altogether in order to concentrate his efforts on the objective presentation of life as it really is, in its beauty and ugliness, its joy and sorrow. If he is true to his own theories, we shall expect to find him pouring, as it were, the ancient Greek and Italian ideals into moulds of thought and language modelled, as closely as a sympathetic study of the classics can make them, upon those used by the ancient Greek and Italian poets. And, finally, we shall expect to find in him one who, by the true poet's gift of prophetic intuition, knows how to point his countrymen towards the glorious destiny that his ardent patriotism has imagined for them, while guiding, comforting, and exhorting them in their efforts to reach it.

If all this be summed up in his own words as the 'representation of reality with truth,' study of his poetry will reveal the fact that few men have more honestly put their own principles into practice. Carducci's conception of reality, considered from the artistic point of view, controls his treatment of all the chief themes of his poetry, as will at once become apparent if we examine any of these at all closely. Man, Nature, and Liberty, for instance—he held it incumbent upon the poets of his own time to deal mainly with these three, and they constitute accordingly a large portion of the subject-matter of his own verse. How are they treated according to the canons of Carduccian realism?

If we consider first the human element in his poems, it will be found that he eschews all abstract reasoning about mankind as such. Mankind, to Carducci, meant simply individual men and women. These men and women, moreover, are not creations of the poet's own brain, like Browning's 'Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.' We find in Carducci's poetry no long reflective monologues, no dramatic

¹ Carducci considered the most characteristic mark of Romanticism to be the exaltation of the *io*. Cp. *Op.*, vol. x. p. 286. 'La nota più sicura a cui riconoscere il romanticismo quale prevalse dal Rousseau in poi è, non la malinconia, non il ravvivamento del misticismo religioso più o meno cristiano, non l'imitazione del medio evo e generalmente della poesia settentrionale, ma il predominio della personalità, dell' *io* indipendente da qualcosa più che le regole e le consuetudini nella mutevole libertà delle impressioni e delle espressioni, l'esaltazione dell' *io*, la morbosità dell' *io*.'

lyrics, in which the inmost working of the human mind is revealed, and the hidden springs of action are traced to their source. On the contrary, it is the action itself, not the psychological dissection of the mind of the agent, which interests Carducci. Consequently the men and women that move across his pages are not there to illustrate his reading of human nature; they are not types but individuals, considered purely from the outside, objects of his respect, his hatred, or his admiration for something they have done or suffered in real life. They are, as already said, not created by his imagination at all, but contemporaries of himself or persons famous in political or literary history. Life, as lived in his own day or in past ages, teemed with poetic figures, ready to the poet's hand: men like Carlo Alberto, 'the Italian Hamlet'; Garibaldi and Napoleon III.; women like Marguerite of Savoy and Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. To be realistic, according to Carducci, is to take advantage of such historical figures as these, rather than to feed the fancy on the joys and sorrows of beings whom that fancy has itself created. Nor do the demands of realism end with the selection of subject; treatment must be realistic also. At this point Carducci the historian and Carducci the opponent of Romanticism join hands. No veil of romance must be spread by the poet over the personalities with which he deals. Imagination, which tends to idealise men out of all relation to humanity as it really exists, must be strictly controlled by historical fact. Yet Carducci did not believe that a man, simply because historical, is of necessity a good subject for a poem. A man's career or character, to admit of poetic treatment, must be raised by some element of tragedy, beauty, or romance above those of the common herd. It is the duty of the poet as artist to isolate such figures in life or history as are suitable to his purpose from the *milieu* in which they occur, and then present them as graphically and truthfully as he can. For where the romantic element is a matter of historical fact, there is no need for the poet to invent it. On the other hand, it generally happens that the poet alone can disentangle that element from essentially prosaic ones by

which it is obscured. Carducci therefore is realistic, because he insists that if the romance is not there the poet must not imagine it; he is an idealist, in so far as he perceives that though facts (*τὰ γινόμενα*) be his subject-matter, his art must confine itself to those facts only which are in themselves instinct with poetry.¹ What such facts may be it is for the poet alone to say. A poem like 'At the Station on an Autumn Morning' shows, at any rate, that Carducci, without falling away for an instant from his own high standard of poetic form, yet lacked none of the ability—which the modern realist is apt to consider peculiarly his own—to unearth poetry in apparently altogether prosaic material.

Carducci, then, felt that the more realistic, in the sense of truer to history, a poet shows himself to be, the greater will be the appeal of his poetry, just because it *is* true. And this was a consideration which in his character of poet-seer, with a moral function to perform, he could not afford to neglect. Consequently his men and women are not only historical characters, and hence obviously *true* from one point of view, but they are drawn with realistic touches either of person or setting, which serve to bring the man or the scene very vividly before us, and by their truth to fact and locality convince our reason at the same time as they stimulate our emotion. Take, for instance, the picture of Garibaldi retreating from Mentana:—

Il dittatore, solo, a la lugubre
 Schiera d'avanti, ravvolto e tacito
 Cavalca : la terra e il cielo
 Squallidi, plumbei, freddi intorno.
 Del suo cavallo la pésta udivasi
 Guazzar nel fango : dietro s'udivano
 Passi in cadenza e sospiri
 De' petti eroici ne la notte.²

This is realistic, and it is poetry. The poetry consists in the

¹ Cp. Arist., *De art. poet.*, ix. 9. 'Even if he (the poet) chances to take a historical subject, he is none the less a poet; for there is no reason why some events that have actually happened should not conform to the law of the probable or possible, and in virtue of that quality in them he is their poet or maker' (Butcher's translation).

² Cp. p. 220.

historical truth of the picture, both subject and treatment. Garibaldi, the hero of the nation : fighting to win Rome, the ideal of the nation : retiring defeated because unsupported by the Government of the nation ! Here is no figment of the poet's brain but a tragic fact. The poem focuses and embodies for all time the storm of outraged patriotism which swept over Italy after the battle of Mentana. The realism of Carducci's descriptive touches intensifies but does not create the tragedy.

Again, to quote the last two matchless verses of the Alcaic ode ¹ on the death of the Prince Imperial :—

Sta nella notte la còrsa Niobe
Sta sulla porta donde al battesimo
Le usciano i figli, e le braccia
Fiera tende su 'l selvaggio mare :

E chiama, chiama, se da l'Americhe,
Se di Britannia, se da l'arsa Africa
Alcun di sua tragica prole
Spinto da morte le appodi in seno.

Does not the tragedy of this wonderful picture gain immensely in effect from the fact of its *historic* truth ? The mother of the Napoleons mourning for her children ! How much less poignant would have been the haunting pathos of that ' chiama, chiama ' had Letizia never lived but in the imagination of the poet, or had her offspring been just ordinary children and not Napoleons !

If this is what Carducci means by representing reality with truth in his treatment of humanity, we shall find a still clearer instance of his application of the same principle when he deals with Nature. He loved Nature ; but for him the word had no abstract signification. He constructed no religion of Nature like Wordsworth or Meredith ; he made no allegories about her like Shelley ; he had not the naturalist's knowledge of her that Tennyson possessed. Nature for him meant primarily the country as opposed to the artificiality of the town—the mountains, the sea, the sky, and all the beautiful and familiar scenes of country life. But he does not describe the country in general.

¹ Cp. p. 216.

Never having travelled abroad, he identifies Nature with the Italian landscape; nor is it even the Italian landscape in general, but limited in much of his poetry to the scenery of the Maremma and the Versilia, in the midst of which he had been brought up, and which he loved to revisit. When in later life he took to spending his holidays in the Italian Dolomites, this district also comes in for its due share of attention, though his descriptions of it lack the spontaneous charm that breathes from every verse of a poem like 'Davanti San Guido.' The point, however, to be emphasised is that the country he paints in his poetry is always *real*. It actually exists apart from his imagination. Indeed, the accuracy of the descriptions in many of his poems—'Piemonte,' for instance—errs not infrequently on the side of being too photographic, and at times even smacks a little of the guide-book. But Carducci felt that the natural beauty of Italy, like the poetry of such a career as Garibaldi's, needs the adornment of no romantic colouring. His principle was to use his eyes, not to read into Nature what was not there, but to describe what he saw with exactness and sympathy. Just as the reader can never appreciate the true beauty of such a poem as Browning's 'Englishman in Italy' except by visiting Sorrento and Amalfi, so he must have travelled in the Tuscan Maremma, walked through the Versilia, or wandered among the mountains round Cadore to realise how convincingly Carducci has caught and expressed the poetry of his native land. He tends to become conventional, however, the moment he attempts to describe what he has not seen. Thinking of Nature always as she appears in certain localities known to himself, he could not give verisimilitude to a purely ideal landscape.¹ What is particular and matter of fact in Nature appeals to him. He has been called Virgilian in his treatment of Nature, but he has none of Virgil's haunting sense of the mysterious power shadowed forth in natural pheno-

¹ This accounts for the literary atmosphere of the Sicilian landscapes in the 'Primavere Helleniche' (Dorica) (cp. p. 156), which is comparable to the literary landscape of Tennyson's 'Lotus-Eaters' or Virgil's *Eclogues*. Had Carducci visited Sicily we should have had something much more realistic.

mena. He is Virgilian only in his affection and reverence for simple country scenes and rustic pursuits. The figures of man and beast at work in the fields, illustrating what he so happily calls 'La giustizia pia del lavoro,'¹ as opposed to the unnatural conditions under which labour is pursued in great cities, never fail to make instant appeal to his imagination. He loves, like Virgil, to sing

Wheat and woodland,
Tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd.

Over and over again his poems bear convincing testimony to the intimate sympathy he felt with all the homely details of the peasant's life. Characteristic scenes and incidents of the Italian countryside are drawn with such a sure and vivid touch that even a single line or phrase frequently contains a complete picture; while the moral symbolism of toiling cattle or changing season is expressed (as in 'Il bove' and 'Canto di Marzo') with a grave simplicity and power, which recall Millet in painting, but to which it would be hard to find a parallel in the whole range of modern poetry.

It is interesting, further, to observe how characteristically Carducci's attitude towards Nature is affected by his patriotism. Many of his finest descriptions of Italian scenery occur in poems dealing with historical events and personages. He does not, however, simply make use of landscape as the *cadre* or setting for the historical and literary associations which must of necessity attach themselves to almost every square yard of an ancient country like Italy, and which it was his special delight, as a historian and archæologist, to discover. His love of Nature and his love of history are really only two different manifestations of a deeper emotion still, his love of country; and patriotism enables him to combine the two in the description of a *paessaggio storico* in such a way as to give equal effect to both. Thus in the historical ode 'Cadore'² the poet's patriotism forms an emotional bond between the beauty of the mountain scenery and the heroism of Pietro Calvi's

¹ In 'La Madre' (cp. p. 238).

² Translated, p. 267.

deed. Pelmo and Antelao are pictured as sympathising with the band of patriots fighting below them. For the mountains *are* Italy, and Pietro Calvi was fighting for Italy; and it is because Carducci loves Italy that not only the natural beauty but the historical associations of Cadore appeal to him so forcibly. Consequently it is in deference to no mere literary convention that Carducci is led to personify Italy. He feels that she really is his mother, and he adores her with a filial affection. It is she who has given him, as she gave them to Dante before him,

L'abito fiero e lo sdegnoso canto
E il petto ov' odio e amor mai non s'addorme.

She is the bond that unites all the many nations that have ever called themselves Italian; all the poets who have ever sung her praises; all the patriots who 'for her sake have fallen'; all those 'who for her sake shall live.' His love for her makes it easy and natural for him to pass from describing her beauty, as seen in mountain, stream, and sky, to reminiscence of her people and her history. He visits Sirmio,¹ for instance, and the peninsula suggests memories of Catullus, Virgil, and Dante; they are indeed historically connected with the locality, but Carducci's interest in the place is not merely archæological. The real link between the three poets and himself is the common affection which all have cherished for 'Italia bella,' 'Italia madre.' Sirmio, with its lovely scenery, is the outward and visible object by which this common affection is symbolised, and as such has a message for the poet which the archæologist would have missed.

The best example of this intermingling of Nature-description and historical reminiscence is afforded by the 'Alle fonti di Clitumno,'² one of the most characteristically Carduccian (for this reason) of all Carducci's poems. He there exclaims:—

A piè de i monti e de le querce a l'ombra
Co' fiumi, O Italia, è de' tuoi carmi il fonte.

Carducci believed this with his whole soul, just because his

¹ Cp. p. 212.

² Cp. p. 204.

intense patriotism saw in mountains, trees, and rivers not merely beautiful natural objects but his Mother Italy ; and to him they were doubly a source of poetry, since besides their own intrinsic loveliness he looked upon them as links with the Past, beings whom he could compel by sheer force of learned imagination to speak to him of all the wonderful events of which they had been witnesses.

Turning now to Carducci's treatment of Liberty, a theme which for a hundred years had more than any other inspired Italians to be poets, we shall find him as careful as ever not to lose touch with concrete reality.

Of all his earlier poetry Liberty may be said to have been the dominating theme. It never ceased to be one of his main sources of inspiration. But if we are to call him a poet of Liberty, we must use the title in a very different sense to that in which he himself conferred it upon Shelley. The author of the *Prometheus Unbound* pursues Liberty as an abstract ideal, fashioned after a pattern laid up in heaven, and only dreams of it as wholly realisable in some paradise of the poet's imagination. Such a Platonic conception as this Carducci would have speedily banished 'tra le fantasmagorie di un mondo impossibile.' It partook far too much of the romantic and mystical ; whereas his own ideal of the free citizen in the free state presented a practical end, clearly conceived and capable of very definite statement. That practical end was neither the liberation of the human soul nor of the world in general, but the freedom of Italy. As an ideal to be fought for, it calls up visions of the battles and heroes of the Risorgimento, of Pisacane, the brothers Cairoli, and above all, Garibaldi ; as an ideal to be realised, it simply means the Tricolour flying over Rome. Not until Rome is free and the Papacy overthrown does his conception of Liberty at all widen its scope ; and the poet, with the history of ancient Rome in his mind, dreams of a time when the capital of united Italy shall once more become the central source of all principles of freedom and justice throughout the world.¹

¹ Cp. *Op.*, vol. i. p. 23 ('Lo Studio di Bologna'). 'Oggi che l'Italia, per virtù del suo lungo martirio, ha inaugurato l'età nuova degli stati nazio-

E tu dal colle fatal pe' l tacito
 Fòro le braccia porgi marmoree,
 A la figlia liberatrice
 Additando le colonne e gli archi :

Gli archi che nuovi trionfi aspettano
 Non piú di regi, non piú di Cesari,
 E non di catene attorcenti
 Braccia umane su gli eburnei carri ;

Ma il tuo trionfo, popol d'Italia,
 Su l'età nera, su l'età barbara,
 Su i mostri onde tu con serena
 Giustizia farai franche le genti.

O Italia, o Roma ! quel giorno placido
 Tonerà il cielo su 'l Fòro, e cantici
 Di gloria, di gloria, di gloria
 Correran per l'infinito azzuro.¹

Enough has perhaps been said to enable the reader to grasp the chief themes of Carducci's poetry, together with the point of view from which he treats them. It was obviously impossible for him, holding the opinions he did, to be a love-poet in the ordinary sense of the term. Much of modern love-poetry is essentially romantic. It springs from the idealisation of woman. The lover endows his mistress, whether she possesses them or not, with every imaginable grace and virtue, and sets her on a pedestal, from which, like a deity, she is permitted to influence his life for good or bad. Carducci, as Professor Croce has pointed out,² removes Love from this central position in life ; and he does so by rehumanising woman. He brings her down from her pedestal, and transforms her again into a creature of flesh and blood. With a healthy naturalism which is never coarse, he loves, like Walt Whitman, to dwell upon the mere physical attractiveness of a beautiful woman.

nali, perché non potrebbe chiamar questa età a ricevere ne' nuovi ideali politici, dei quali irrequietamente ella va in traccia, quanto del diritto pubblico romano non fu di dispotismo imperiale ? L'Italia nella poesia, nell' arte, nella filosofia fece rivivere all' Europa le idee dell' antichità piú serena delle razze ariane, idee d'armonia, d'ordine, di bellezza, con tale un' efficacia di bene, che è lungi dall' essere indebolita. Perché da quella Roma che seppe cosí gloriosamente riunire le genti non potrebbe l'Italia dedurre ancora i principii che informino e reggano le nuove nazioni e la loro federazione spontanea ?

¹ Translated, p. 199.

² In *La Critica*, vol. viii. (1910), p. 89.

He does not care for ethereal types of female loveliness. The latter, to appeal to him, must be combined with health and strength, because every young girl is potentially a wife and mother, and it is in the due performance of her functions in both these capacities that Carducci finds the truest poetry of womanhood. Thus in the 'Idillio Maremmano' ¹ he plunges into no sentimental rhapsodies about 'la bionda Maria,' whom he had once loved, but merely gives us a realistic sketch of a young *contadina* crossing the corn-fields on a summer afternoon—a girl whose vigorous personal charms, he thinks, must surely very soon have secured for her the joy of husband and children :—

Ché il fianco baldanzoso ed il restio
Seno a i freni del vel prometteam troppa
Gioia d'amplessi al marital desio.
Forti figli pendean da la tua poppa
Certo, ed or baldi un tuo sguardo cercando
Al mal domo caval saltano in groppa.

Again, his poem 'La Madre,' ² one of the most beautiful he ever wrote, paints for us the picture of healthy human motherhood as opposed to the *disutili amori* with which Romanticism loves to coquet.

What, then, is to be said of the Lalages, Lidias, and other ladies with Greek names to whom he addresses so many of his later odes and elegies? We have only to compare any one of these with the 'Maria' of the 'Idillio Maremmano' to perceive that there is in them no more substance than the literary flavour of their names is intended to suggest. They only serve, in fact, as part of the conventional furniture of poems written on classical models. The real motive to lyrical passion in these cases must be sought, not in the poet's love for Lalage or Lidia, but in Patriotism, Liberty, or the purely literary enthusiasm of an ardent Hellenist. ³ The beautiful 'Primavere Helleniche,' for instance, addressed

¹ Cp. p. 166.

² Cp. *infra*, p. 236.

³ Cp. Card., *Lettere*, p. 181. '... di quando in quando bisogna concedermi questi ritorni alla contemplazione serena o quasi idolatrice delle pure forme estetiche della Grecia naturalmente divina: di quando in quando bisogna concedermi che io mi riposi in questi *lavori di cesello*, che mi vi distraiga della realtà, la quale finirebbe per soffocarmi nello sdegno e nel fastidio.'

to Lina, are not love-poems. They only seek, like Alma Tadema's pictures, to reproduce artistically the idyllic charm of ancient Greek life. Their interest is æsthetic and literary, not personal. The same holds true of Lidia in 'In a Gothic Cathedral,'¹ and of Lalage in 'By the Urn of P. B. Shelley'²—in both of which lyrics the writer appears primarily as Hellenist, not lover. Even the Alcaic ode entitled 'At the Station on an Autumn Morning,'³ where personal affection for Lidia seems to play a more important part, is chiefly interesting as a specimen of modern impressionism cast in an ancient classical verse form. Of love-poems proper Carducci wrote none.⁴

This purely artistic use of women's names in his poetry suggests the consideration of Carducci as literary craftsman. From this point of view he himself invented the figure which most aptly describes him when he pictures the poet as a mighty smith,⁵ who hammers into beautiful shapes 'the elements of Thought and Love, and the memories and glories of his fathers and his nation.' It is as a master of style and of metrical composition that Carducci, as some believe, is destined to live longest. 'Carducci,' says Dr. Garnett, 'has solved the problem which baffled the Renaissance, of linking strength of thought to artifice of form.'⁶ The secret of his style, a secret he wrung from the great classical poets after years of loving study, consists in its restrained power and in the precision of its artistic finish. Metaphors from sculpture naturally suggest themselves to describe the massive and noble form in which all his most characteristic poems are cast. Like the statuary's, his art does not rely upon atmospheric charm or vague suggestiveness for securing its effects. He conceived some large and simple thought, and then endeavoured to achieve an equal breadth and simplicity in the form of its

¹ p. 208.

² p. 240.

³ p. 228.

⁴ Unless a poem like 'Ad Annie' (*Poesie*, p. 957) be considered a love-poem. It is addressed to Signorina Annie Vivanti, whose poems and plays he reviewed (cp. *Op.*, vol. x. p. 279), and with whom he corresponded (*Op.*, vol. xi. p. 353). He certainly seemed to have entertained for her a feeling of admiration, amounting to something more than mere friendship.

⁵ *Vide* his poem 'Il Poeta,' p. 186.

⁶ Garnett, *Italian Literature*, p. 398.

expression. His frequent success in accomplishing this is due partly, of course, to his stern practice of eliminating from the verse all words not absolutely essential. But strict economy in language would not in itself wholly account for the firm, smooth surface and clear-cut, definite outline attained by his best poems. These result from clearness and simplicity of thought combined with a complete mastery over his artistic medium—words. His confessed model was Horace, and there are abundant signs that he both studied and practised the precepts of the *Ars poetica*. What particularly attracted him to Horace was the inimitable and inevitable form into which the Augustan poet cast his thought. The Horatian *curiosa felicitas* is a striking characteristic of Carducci himself, and frequently defies translation. No servile imitation of his model, however, could have given him the power thus to manipulate language. It was because he shared with Horace a real love for words and their literary history that he became like him

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis.¹

To compare him with D'Annunzio, the other great artist among modern Italian poets, is to illustrate by contrast Carducci's view concerning the proper function of language in poetry. The charm of D'Annunzio's style² is similar to that described and vindicated in Verlaine's poem 'Art poétique':—

Il faut aussi que tu n'aïles point
Choisir les mots sans quelque méprise :
Rien de plus cher que la chanson grise
Où l'Indécis au Précis se joint.

Car nous voulons la Nuance encore,
Pas la Couleur, rien que la nuance !
Oh ! la nuance seule fiancée
Le rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor !

According to the view here advanced, the literal signification

¹ Horace, *Ars poet.*, l. 46.

² Perhaps it would be fairer to say 'one of D'Annunzio's styles,' for he has many styles, and excels in all. Nevertheless, his love of language for its own sake and of the music of words, as apart altogether from the meaning they convey, is one of his most marked characteristics, wherein he resembles our own Swinburne.

of the words he uses is among the least of a poet's concerns. What the words mean is not so important as the sensuous dreams their mere music and colour are intended to suggest. Conscious art in their selection is deprecated. It is the poet's task by the exercise of a sort of artistic instinct to weave word-magic out of a maze of subtle hints and delicate nuances, and so to create a mood rather than convey an idea. Even if Carducci had not been constitutionally opposed to all that is vague and indefinite, the very fact that he was a philologist as well as a poet would have prevented him from taking this view. He did not regard words as of value in themselves, symbols of emotional states which baffle precise expression, but as units of language, appealing primarily to the intellect, and each intended to possess some perfectly clear and definite connotation. They were the concrete material out of which the poem as a work of art was to be constructed, the means to an end, as is marble or bronze for the sculptor. Consequently Carducci's language is never difficult to understand. If it is obscure, the obscurity arises from over-compression, not because the thought is slovenly or because the poet is seeking to achieve a general emotional effect at the expense of logic.

His profound knowledge of both ancient and modern literature naturally affects his style. He was particularly fond of insisting on the unbroken linguistic ties connecting the Latin and Italian languages. Nothing delights him more than to surprise the reader with cadences and phrases definitely recalling passages of Horace and other Latin poets¹; nor, if occasion demands, does he hesitate to coin words direct from the Latin in proof of the close kinship still existing between the two tongues. For a similar reason it interested him to imitate old Italian verse forms, and sometimes to reinstate words which had fallen into disuse. All this gives a distinctly literary atmosphere to his poetry, which, if it delights some readers for this very reason, will as inevitably fret others who cannot command one tithe of the vast learning which the poet himself had

¹ Instances of this are noticed in the notes to the poems in this volume.

amassed. To quote his own simile, he hammered his verse with immense care, and very few of his best poems give the impression of having been written down hurriedly under the stress of an overmastering inspiration. The 'Hymn to Satan' was indeed composed in a single night, and many of the *Iambics and Epodes* were evidently thrown off in moments of intense emotion. But for the most part, at any rate in later life, he preferred to concentrate thought and feeling into few but telling words, rather than to let them carry him away in a torrent of passionate eloquence. The elaborated intensity of his descriptive word-painting is the outward sign of the conscious art with which he worked; nor could any poet have evolved the metres of the *Barbarian Odes* without spending years of labour on problems of metrical technique.

From what has now been said about Carducci's temperament and theories on poetry may be divined the kind of faults to which as a poet he is most liable. These perhaps will be best brought out by a glance at the criticism which his work as a whole has excited. Apart from the abuse of political opponents, who would have liked him to remain for ever as he was when he wrote the *Iambics and Epodes*, the general complaint of his critics may be summed up in the statement that he ought not really to be called a poet at all in the strict sense of the word, but that he is rather a professor exceptionally skilled in the art of versification. This criticism, serious enough if well-founded, is stated by different critics in various forms. Thus his French biographer, M. Jeanroy, in a final summary of Carducci's whole literary output, remarks: 'Le verbe, grâce à sa profonde culture d'humaniste, était plus riche que l'imagination.'¹ He had too many models, and he reproduced them too faithfully. He is too classical, says another critic, and not sufficiently original; woman, the eternal theme of all poetry, he hardly touches on.² Fortibracci drew attention to the fact that an event or landscape rarely inspires him for its own sake. The event recalls to his memory other historical records, the landscape reminds him of passages

¹ A. Jeanroy, *G. Carducci, l'homme et le poète*, p. 257.

² A. Oriani; so quoted by B. Croce in *La Critica*, vol. viii. p. 4.

in the poets.¹ Enrico Thovez, himself a poet and one of Carducci's acutest critics, in contrasting the latter's *Barbarian Odes* with the *Canti* of Leopardi, complains that 'he hastened to clothe the psychological immodesty of that nakedness [Leopardi's] with rich verbal ornaments fished up from the Greeks and Latins, from the *dugentisti* and *trecentisti*, from the fourteenth and fifteenth century. He indulged in an orgy of literary phraseology, characteristic of professors who write poetry. Just as the substance of his poetry was archaic and historical, so was its medium of expression archaic and historical. He sought by every device to banish every trace of plain, living, contemporary reality. What was the reason of this hatred of present reality—that is, of living Nature? The reason is simple enough: Carducci's inner world was not life, it was a literary organism.'² Even Chiarini, his bosom friend and enthusiastic biographer, admits that the difficulties experienced by many highly cultured men in first reading his poetry arose from the fact that every line was 'so packed with thought and saturated with learning.'³

This is not the place to attempt any detailed defence of Carducci against his critics. Every poet, sooner or later, has to pass through a period of depreciation, which must, in his own interest, be allowed to run its course. And certainly Carducci himself, with his characteristic contempt for 'i pappagalli lusingatori,' would have been the last man to shrink from honest criticism. Moreover, it would be idle to deny that there is at least an element of truth in some of the charges brought against his poetry. It is at times, as Nencioni remarked in an otherwise enthusiastic appreciation of the 'Ode to the Queen,' 'un po' faticosa, ricercata, quasi oscura.'⁴ The main contention of Thovez, however, that Carducci was no poet in the true sense of the

¹ *Gazzetta letteraria di Milano-Torino*, quoted by Croce (*op. cit.*).

² E. Thovez, *Il Pastore, il Gregge e la Zampogna*, p. 70.

³ 'Le poesie del Carducci in generale, e le *Odi Barbare* in particolare vogliono essere lette con molta attenzione nel silenzio tranquillo del proprio studio: vogliono, dirò di più, essere meditate e studiate, come tutta la poesia densa di pensiero e nutrita di dottrina: senza di ciò è impresa disperata il comprenderle' (*Mem.*, p. 381).

⁴ Cp. the review *Acropoli*, vols. vi.-vii. p. 487. Nencioni is here quoted by M. Pelaez in his article on Chiarini's metrical versions of Horace.

word but only a professor writing verse, is obviously a superficial half-truth, based on an absurdly narrow definition of what constitutes poetry. Let it be freely admitted that Carducci had the defects of his own virtues. It is indeed obvious that from a man of his enormous culture, a professor constantly engaged in lecturing and research work, a scholar among scholars, we can hardly expect the native wood-notes wild of an untaught bard of Nature. Examples of tiresome pedantry and of learning unnecessarily paraded may be culled, no doubt, from Carducci's verse, as they may be from that of even so great a poet as Milton. Milton's *Lycidas*—not to mention the *Paradise Lost*—smacks of the scholar's study, if any poem ever did,¹ and contains references which would be unintelligible to the average reader without the assistance of notes. Yet *Lycidas* remains a great poem, and that, too, not in spite of, but because of, its essentially literary charm; and the same may be said of Carducci's Roman Ode, which only a scholar could have written, which perhaps only a scholar can fully appreciate, as well as a score of the other great *Barbarian Odes*. Moreover, it is not necessarily a reproach to a poet that he imitates other poets. Criticism rarely enters upon a more perilous, certainly never upon a more unworthy, enterprise than when it endeavours to undermine a great poet's reputation by denying him originality. Carducci's debt to Heine and Victor Hugo and other contemporaries was no doubt a heavy one. He acknowledged it himself. Equally obvious was his conscious imitation of the classics. But this in itself affords no proof that he could only write poetry at second-hand. The whole question of plagiarism—what constitutes it, and to what extent it is justified—is often misconceived. In one sense all great poets are, and perhaps must be, plagiarists.² Goethe once remarked to Eckermann: 'Shakespeare ist

¹ Edward FitzGerald says of Milton's poetry in one of his letters: 'I never could read ten lines together without stumbling on some pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell, into the schoolroom, worse than either.'

² To borrow or steal from other poets without acknowledgment is, of course, *morally* very reprehensible. From the *artistic* point of view, however, it is no crime, so long as what is borrowed fits in perfectly with its new con-

für aufkeimende Talente gefährlich zu lesen : er nötigt sie, ihn zu reproduciren, und sie bilden sich ein, sich selbst zu reproduciren.' Substitute Horace for Shakespeare and the truth of this dictum might be well illustrated from Carducci's *Juvenilia*. If he had written only the *Juvenilia* those critics who assert that his world was not life but literature would be probably stating little less than the truth, though even then such a stricture could not be accepted without qualification. But it need hardly be pointed out that the instances of imitation in Carducci's later poetry—that is, in all poems written after the *Iambics and Epodes*—must be judged from a new and different standpoint, the justification of which may again be explained by a reference to Goethe. When the latter was asked why he had incorporated a song from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* without alteration into his own *Faust*, he replied : ' Why should I give myself the trouble to invent a song of my own when Shakespeare's was just right and said precisely what was wanted ? ' ¹ From a similar motive Carducci, no doubt, deliberately imitated Heine, simply because Heine so exactly expressed his own sentiments. ' It is impossible,' says Shelley in the Introduction to his *Prometheus*, ' that any one who inhabits the same age with such writers as those who stand in the foremost ranks of our own can conscientiously assure himself that his language and tone of thought may not have been modified by the study of the productions of those extraordinary intellects.' Since, therefore, Carducci desired to be to Italy what Heine and Hugo had been to Germany and France, it was both natural and justifiable that he should imitate, and even deliberately imitate, these two great poets closely. In fact, granted that he was a student of their works, the real affectation would have consisted in not doing so. If it is easy to trace verbal imitations of others in Carducci, that is only because he was great enough not to need, and honest enough not to try, to conceal his obligations.

Again, the air of artificiality about some of Carducci's text. If it does so, the new context gives it new interest, and the plagiarism is artistically justified. It is in this sense that all great artists are plagiarists.

¹ Cp. Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe*, Leipzig, 1909 (Houben), p. 111.

poems admits of both a natural and reasonable explanation. It is the necessary accompaniment of his successful adaptation of the old Italian metres to modern poetry. Metrical experiments formed a necessary stage in the process by which Carducci's art was perfected. In these experiments the poet is bestowing, and we feel that he is bestowing, more attention on the form than on the substance of the verse.¹ But to assert that he never reached a time when he moved with perfect ease in these ancient metres, and made them just as suitable as rhyme for expressing modern ideas, is to deny all but an academic interest to a large body of masterpieces, of which even Thovez himself exclaims that they are 'cose bellissime,'² and which in themselves are more than enough to place their author in the front rank of great European poets of the nineteenth century.

The truth is that the real quarrel which his critics have with Carducci is not that he is sometimes too rhetorical, too learned, too fond of invective—all of which no one need concern himself to deny—but that he is so rationalistic and humane, whereas they think that poetry must be something essentially subjective and sensuous rather than intellectual in its appeal. They find in Carducci no abandon of lyrical passion, no intense personal sympathy with the great elemental emotions of the human heart. Though the vast mass of his work is lyrical, yet the true lyric note, they complain, is wanting. Reason controls feeling at every step; conscious art gives an air of cold and studied correctness even to those national odes which he intended should glow with the fire of his own passionate patriotism. In the supreme poetic product of this self-styled 'Vate d'Italia,' his *Barbarian Odes*, they find neither the 'heat of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming' nor

The immortal thought,
Whose passion still
Makes of the changing
The unchangeable.

In short, Carducci's poetry, greatly as it excites their admira-

¹ These were the 'lavori di cesello' referred to in footnote, p. 38.

² Cp. *Il Pastore, il Gregge e la Zampogna*, p. 79.

tion in virtue of its formal beauties, yet leaves their souls untouched.

Now, even admitting all that these critics complain of to be true—and of its truth the public, not the critics, are after all the only reliable judge—yet nothing more is proved thereby than that Carducci's poetry does not fit in with their preconceived notions of what poetry ought to be. It is as absurd to contrast Dante or Leopardi with Carducci, to the disparagement of the latter, as it would be to condemn Horace for his inability to write the *Æneid* of Virgil or to compose love-lyrics in the manner of Catullus. Any definition of poetry to justify itself should be wide enough to include all types. Nor can hard and fast lines be drawn between different types. If Horace chose to confine himself to didactic verse, his rhetoric was capable of rising to the height of really great poetry when dealing with such a theme as, say, the departure of Regulus from Rome. Although Carducci chose to make his poetry impersonal and objective, he could none the less write, under the stress of strong personal emotion, such cries from the heart as 'Pianto antico' and 'The Guide's Funeral.' He cannot be called, it is true, a poet of the human soul, although this does not mean that he was incapable of appreciating the greatness of such a poet. In one of his many learned contributions to the study of Dante he discovers the secret of the great Florentine's appeal to successive ages in the fact that he is a singer 'of the deepest things in life, the deepest thoughts of men, the deepest secrets of the soul, not of his own soul only, but of all souls.'¹ To greatness of this kind, however, Carducci laid no claim. Insight into the deepest mysteries of divine and human nature, the joys and sorrows of the spiritual life, he neither possessed nor cared to possess. Critics, therefore, who deplore his limitations in this respect are drawing attention to a fact which may be regrettable perhaps, but carries us no further than that Carducci is not so great a poet as Dante, and not the same kind of poet as, let us say, Leopardi or Robert Browning—a conclusion so obvious that it is hardly worth stating.

¹ *L'Opera di Dante* (Op., vol. i. p. 236).

What Carducci might have achieved had his sympathy with Christianity been equal to his hatred of Roman Catholicism, it is idle to speculate. A Christian Carducci, or a philosophical Carducci, might have appealed to a larger public and to a more distant posterity, but would certainly not have accomplished the task set himself by the pagan Carducci. In the accomplishment of this task he deemed it necessary to exclude from his verse many of those very qualities which his critics blame him for not cultivating, as well as to include others they dislike. To repress all merely personal emotion, consciously to control both the substance and form of his poetry by reason, was precisely the end at which he aimed, because he believed that thus alone could he counteract certain unhealthy tendencies in contemporary literature, and at the same time most sincerely express the best both in himself and his age. It may be admitted that his hatred for Romanticism—a hatred arising, as we have shown, by no means entirely from literary causes—made him unnecessarily narrow in his ideals and stunted his genius on one side of its development. Yet he was undoubtedly right in his contention that there are certain characteristics of the Romantics, such as the ‘love of vivid colouring and strongly marked contrasts, the craving for the unfamiliar, the marvellous, the supernatural,’¹ which when transplanted from their native home in the colder north, and allowed to take root as exotics beneath the warmth of ‘Latin suns,’ tend naturally to spring up too rapidly, only then to get out of control and work havoc with the classical traditions of Italian literature. The Italian nature, so open to sensuous appeal, and with passions naturally so near the surface, stands in special need of the controlling force of reason. The Italian language, unless submitted to the strictest formal restraint, degenerates only too quickly into mere fluent prettiness. The way in which Carducci’s own noble Hellenism, reproducing so faithfully the highest ideals, both moral and artistic, of ancient Greece, has been debased by D’Annunzio and his imitators to a decadent æstheticism ‘sweet-smelling, pale with

¹ Vaughan, *The Romantic Revolt*, p. 3.

poison' is proof enough that the instinct which bade Carducci as a poet trust to reason rather than feeling was perfectly sound. 'Alla fin,' he said, to quote his own picturesque epigram, 'il Manzoni trae la gente in sacrestia, il Byron in galera, il Leopardi al ospedale'¹; and he might have added, 'il D'Annunzio al bordello.'

Carducci's critics would be more convincing, therefore, if they could show that their case against him is not based, as it seems to be, on a too narrow definition of what constitutes poetry, or that the undesirable tendencies in Italian literature, against which he sought to create a reaction, either did not exist or, if they did exist, might have been checked by means other than those which he actually employed. If they adopt the latter course they will hardly find the average productions of the Manzonian school very promising material with which to illustrate their argument. Meanwhile his admirers are content to believe that Carducci's transparent sincerity, his Hellenic devotion to severe yet flexible beauty of form, his indifference to what is complex and subtle, his hatred of mere fluent emotionalism, combined with the ability to express deeply felt passions with the most rigorous self-restraint, and, finally, his intense loyalty to the ancient classical traditions of Italian poetry, provided not only the very antidote required against the unhealthy influences of an outworn Romantic school, but also responded, as nothing else could have done, to certain imperious demands of his own age. There have been ages which lacked their sacred bard, and there have been bards, potentially great poets, who lacked a sacred age to draw out their genius. Had Carducci been starting his career now he might perhaps have had to be included in the latter category. It is possible, or at least arguable, that Nature gave him greater powers of artistic expression than of creative imagination. If he had lived in the twentieth century he might only have ranked as one among a host of minor poets, who attain a high standard of technical ability in their art, yet fall short of true greatness for lack of a great theme. But Carducci was fortunate in the age into which

¹ *Op.*, vol. xii. p. 499.

he was born. No country can pass through a 'springtime more holy' than that in which it is acquiring National Liberty and laying the foundations of National Unity. At such a time a nation does not need a great poet to dream great dreams for it. It dreams them of itself. It rather demands one who can express its great ideals for it and save it from forgetting them in the reaction which follows victory. To perform this double function Carducci's genius was admirably fitted. He possessed to the full the necessary sympathy which enabled him to identify himself with the national aspirations. He did not live apart from the world, hidden in the light of his own thought, but was first and foremost an Italian citizen and a very human man.¹

Son cittadino per te d'Italia
Per te poeta, madre de i popoli.

In these words he acknowledges the debt he owed to the age in which he lived, and above all to that unique city which, as the symbol of all that was greatest in Italian life and history, had inspired the inmost spirit of his poetry. And, secondly, his passion for classical models and his complete assimilation of their spirit enabled him, at the right time, to work upon the surging mass of national emotion, when it threatened to overflow its proper limits, in such a way as to separate by a process of strict formal isolation those elements in it which were good from those which were vicious. 'There is an inevitable tendency,' as Carducci himself remarked, 'for a social order, which has brought about a revolution, to recuperate itself after the fasts and heroic self-denials of the struggle by bursting out into an exaltation of victory, power, and life. Then arises the danger lest, drunk with sensualism, it should defile the forms of art, pour out their contents in the gutter for rogues to drink and squander and dogs to lap.'² How could a danger of this kind be more effectually met than by

¹ Cp. G. Pascoli, *Commem. di G. C. nella nativa Pietrasanta*, p. 27. 'Uomo! o cittadini di Pietrasanta, voi mi chiamasti a far l'apoteosi del vostro grande, e io non l'indiamento, s'è ve ne faccio piuttosto l'*umana-mento*.'

² *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 278.

Carducci's poetry, with its noble submission to the strictest laws of form and its unwavering appeal to that which

Dal flutto de le cose emerge
Sola, di luce a secoli affluenti
Faro, l'Idea ?

And so it is that Carducci's greatness seems due not only to what he said but even more to the way in which he said it. Whatever in his poetry makes him truly representative of his age—ideas such as Country, Patriotism, Liberty—would no doubt have found poetic expression for themselves somehow, even if Carducci had never lived. Wherever he admits the intrusion of his own purely personal views—on religion or politics, for instance—the necessary limitations of a man of his particular temperament and bringing up immediately betray themselves. What gives its distinctive value and quality to his work is its form. There exists a relationship between form and substance in art which Carducci was quick to perceive, and certainly intended his own verse to illustrate, as the following lines, prefixed to his *Barbarian Odes*, prove :—

Schlechten gestümperten Versen genügt ein geringer Gehalt schon,
Während die edlere Form tiefe Gedanken bedarf :
Wollte man euer Geschwätz ausprägen zur sapphischen Ode,
Würde die Welt einsehn, dass es ein leeres Geschwätz.¹

These two couplets of Platen summarise Carducci's artistic creed, and suggest his view of the relation of poetry, as an art, to life. Nobility of form demands a corresponding nobility of content. The value of ideas may be tested in their formal expression. From the purely artistic point of view this means no more than that in all really great art form and substance must be so intimately bound up with one another as to be inseparable even in thought. But Carducci is also thinking of the relation of art to life. The life and ideals of a nation are indicated by the forms of its art. If its life be controlled by reason, so will its art be also. Similarly, by a reverse process, form will react on

¹ 'A mean content is enough for bad bungling verses, whereas the nobler form needs profound thoughts. Were your idle chatter to be stamped into a Sapphic ode, the world would perceive its emptiness.'

content, art upon life. 'Es liegen,' said Goethe, 'in den verschiedenen poetischen Formen geheimnissvolle grosse Wirkungen.' It is the privilege of the great artist to elevate, as it is in his power to debase, the ideals of his countrymen. We have already referred to the moral implication involved in the title *vate* to which Carducci aspired. Realising that the restraint of Greek art resulted from the same controlling intellect as governed Greek life, and since restraint was the note he desired to introduce not only into the poetry, but through poetry into the ideals, of his own age, he deliberately adopted classical forms into Italian verse. By so doing he hoped to introduce the classical spirit also. Idealise Liberty in an Alcaic ode, he argued, and if the art be good—that is, if form and content correspond—the idea itself will of necessity assume the severe yet majestic proportions of the verse which expresses it. On the other hand, the qualities that belong to the sensuous language and loose or rhymed metres of modern poetry envelop the thought in an enervating atmosphere highly charged with emotion, which, be it good or bad, is apt sometimes to burst in a storm of passion beyond all the bounds of reason, and in any case favours the growth of an unwholesome æstheticism, ending often in undisguised sensuality.¹ 'To our mind,' says Carlyle somewhere of Goethe's *Helene*, 'there is everywhere a strange, piquant, quite peculiar charm in these imitations of the whole Greek style . . . often so graphic in the delineation we could almost feel as if a vista were opened through the long gloomy distance of the ages, and we with our modern eyes and modern levity beheld afar off in clear light the very figures of that grave old time.' 'Modern levity,' which tends to 'debase the forms of art,' was the foe against which Carducci fought. As a spiritual descendant of Goethe, he fought it with weapons from the Olympian's armoury, only using the lyric instead of the

¹ Cp. *Op.*, vol. xi. p. 237. (Preface to *Od. Barb.*) 'La lirica . . . può durare ancora qualche poco, a condizione per altro che si serbi arte: se ella si riduce ad essere la secrezione della sensibilità o della sensualità del tale e del tale altro, se ella si abbandona a tutte le rilassatezze e le licenze innaturali che la sensibilità e la sensualità si concedono, allora, povera lirica, anche lei la vedo e non la vedo.' Cp. also his attack on 'Poetry of the Heart' in *Intermezzo*.

drama. He did not, however, try to make the present fit the past, as initiators of classical reactions have sometimes done, seeking to impose the outworn forms of 'a grave old time' upon new material unfitted to receive them. On the contrary, he forced the past to acknowledge its oneness with the present by endeavouring to show that the same principles of formal beauty which had produced the *antichità serena* of old Greece and Rome were still those in obedience to which modern Italy could best develop and control the nascent powers wherewith her Risorgimento had endowed her. His was not, indeed, the mental *Allgemeinheit*, which knows how to interpret man and nature in verse that appeals to all nations and all ages. But in his poetry the third Italy saw herself reflected in her purest and serenest aspect, and her ideals linked on to many, if not all, the most cherished traditions of her past.

III. THE METRES OF THE 'BARBARIAN ODES'

In order to understand the nature of the problem which confronted Carducci in adapting the old Greek and Latin metres to Italian verse, it is important to realise quite clearly at the outset the main metrical distinction between ancient and modern poetry. This distinction lies in the fact that the rhythmical basis of ancient verse is quantitative, while that of modern is accentual.

Rhythm simply means measured movement, and in language is marked by the stress of the voice, which, in a succession of syllables, raises at definite intervals one syllable to greater prominence than the others. If the intervals between the stressed syllables are fixed and systematised, we have *metre* (measure). The stress given by the voice is called *ictus* (or beat). When rhythm unites with language it does not, however, find unconnected syllables to deal with. A syllable is always part of a word, and cannot stand by itself except as a monosyllabic word. Consequently in poetry rhythm has to use words, not

syllables, as its raw material, and a word is not like a musical note,

In itself naught
Everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said ;

but, being itself a combination of syllables, already exists as a little accentual or quantitative unity on its own account even before it is taken up into the larger unity of a grammatical sentence or a line of poetry. It is this characteristic of words that makes possible the difference in rhythmical basis between ancient and modern verse already alluded to. A word forms a *quantitative* group when it is thought of as consisting of a combination of long and short syllables. The long syllable is so called because it takes a longer time for the voice to pronounce it than the short syllable. Whether the short syllable be stressed or not is immaterial. It is length, not loudness, that counts. On the other hand, a word is thought of as an *accentual* group when one of its syllables is pronounced with more force or stress than the others. This stress (which is the ictus of the word-unit) is called the *accent*; and to differentiate it from the tonic accent¹ is called the *speech-accent*, because no word can be spoken intelligibly without it.

Now, in ancient poetry the word, for purposes of poetical rhythm, was considered as a *quantitative* group—that is, the

¹ The tonic accent is properly an accent of *pitch*. The syllable upon which it falls is differentiated from the other syllables in the same word by being pronounced on a higher note (acute accent) or lower note (grave accent) than they are. The tonic accent very often coincides with speech-accent, because the voice tends naturally to accompany extra strength of tone by extra height of tone. But the two accents are quite distinct, and should not be confused. In French poetry the tonic accent performs the function of the speech-accent in English and Italian poetry—*i.e.* it marks the rhythm. In English and Italian poetry the tonic accent is free, speech-accent is fixed: at least the tonic accent varies considerably according to the individuality of the reader; whereas in French poetry (as in ancient Greek) tonic accent is fixed, and such speech-accent as there is, is free. In music alone (as in ancient Greek dramatic chorus) can both strength, height, and length of tone be all given their true value simultaneously. The words 'accent' and 'stress' are often confused. In this essay the word 'accent' signifies the added *height* or *loudness* of tone given to one fixed syllable in a word when that word is pronounced aloud. *Stress* is used to express the added strength of tone given to *any* syllable in a word when, and only when, that word happens to form part of a line of poetry: *stress* is a matter of (poetic) rhythm, *accent* of pronunciation, and it may be either tonic (as in French and perhaps Latin) or of strength (as in English and German).

long syllable in it was held to be that which gave it its unity, and the rhythmical beat or ictus was closely connected with the long syllable. In modern poetry the word is looked upon as an *accentual* group, and the ictus of the poetic rhythm is made to coincide with the speech-accent of the word-unit.

The reason for this is that ancient poetry was originally closely connected with music. Poetical rhythm had to be made to work in with musical rhythm and dance-rhythm. This was a question of 'time,' and words had therefore to be scanned by the quantity or time-value of their syllables. The Greeks accordingly considered a line of poetry in the same way as we do a musical phrase. They divided a verse into a fixed number of feet, every foot into a fixed number of syllables, foot and syllables corresponding respectively to the bars and notes in a line of modern music. By a recognised convention—necessary in view of the fact that syllables, as spoken, betray so many varying shades of quantity—every syllable was given, for metrical purposes, a fixed quantity of either short, long, or doubtful. The short syllable was the unit of measure (denoted by \cup), and its time-value was that of a quaver or $\frac{1}{8}$ note in music. Two short syllables took theoretically as long to pronounce as one long syllable (denoted by $-$), which thus had the time-value of a $\frac{1}{4}$ note or crotchet. The syllable of doubtful quantity could be made short or long according to metrical requirement. The ictus or rhythmical beat fell almost always on one long syllable in every metrical foot, that syllable being called the *arsis* of the foot, the unstressed syllable or syllables the *thesis*.¹ All the complications of time-values copied from musical notation and imposed upon syllables by the Greek metrists need not be entered into here, because, Italian being derived from Latin and Carducci's chief model being Horace, it is really Latin metre which chiefly concerns us.

¹ The words *arsis* ($\delta\rho\iota\varsigma$, sublatio) and *thesis* ($\theta\acute{\epsilon}\sigma\iota\varsigma$, positio) were used by Greek metrists with a signification exactly contrary to that given above. *Arsis* was equivalent to the upward beat in music, *thesis* to the downward. Hence the stressed syllable was in *thesis*. Romans, taking the words to refer to the lowering (*thesis*) and raising (*arsis*) of the voice, talked of the stressed syllable (*i.e.* accented syllable) as being in *arsis*. Later writers on prosody have generally followed the Roman use of the words.

The laws of Latin prosody were borrowed from the Greek. They were artificially imposed upon a language which, like modern Italian, was naturally suited rather for accentual than quantitative metres.¹ The Roman poets had gradually to cultivate—what was probably second nature to the musically trained Greek—an ear for quantity, and it took them some time to do so.² But by the period when Virgil and Horace had finished writing, the laws of Latin prosody were stereotyped on Greek models, and the brief sketch just given of the latter may be illustrated by the first line of the *Æneid*, which runs thus:—

Arma virumque cano Troiae qui primus ab oris.

This is a hexameter or metre composed of six feet—*i.e.* of six beats—the scheme for which is:—

—¹— | —²— | —³— | —⁴— | —⁵— | —⁶— ||

The syllables on which the ictus falls are marked '. The dotted line represents the *cesura*.³ The verse quoted, when broken up into feet according to this scheme, will then be scanned thus:—

Árma vīr | ūm̄que cān | ō Trō | iāe qūi | p̄m̄us āb | ōris. ||

The first or long syllable in every foot is in arsis (*e.g.* in the first foot the syllable *arm-*) and all the rest are in thesis (*e.g.* in the first foot the syllables *-a* and *vir-*). As may be seen, the rhythm results from the regular alternation of arsis and thesis. Every foot has the same time-value, and the interval between every syllable in arsis is the same in time, the long syllable in thesis in the third and fourth feet being each equivalent to two short syllables. It is

¹ The earliest Latin poetry was written in the Saturnian metre. Though there are several theories as to how this metre should be scanned, the greatest authorities seem now to be agreed on the fundamental question that the Saturnian is a pure accentual measure.

² *I.e.* about two hundred years, the period separating Ennius (239-169 B.C.) from Virgil (70-19 B.C.).

³ *Cesura* (or incision) is a pause in the verse produced by the end of a word occurring in the middle of a foot. The *cesura* was either *strong* or *weak*—*strong* if the end of the word fell on the *arsis*, *weak* if it fell on the *thesis* of the foot. The *strong* was also called the *masculine*, the *weak* the *feminine*, *cesura*. The *cesura* was named after the number of the foot in which it occurred—*e.g.* if it occurred (as was most common) in the third foot, it was called *semiquinaria* or *penthemimeral* (=after the fifth half-foot).

extremely important to notice that the speech-accent of the words composing the verse are not necessarily in arsis. Written with the speech-accents marked, the verse runs thus :—

Arma¹ vir | úmque cá | no² Tró | iae³ qui | prímus ab | óris.⁴ |

If this be compared with the metrical scheme, it will be seen that in feet two and three the speech-accent falls in thesis, and combats the ictus, while in foot four there is no speech-accent at all. This was done purposely to avoid monotony of rhythm. Only in the fifth foot of a hexameter was it necessary to make ictus and speech-accent coincide. For a combative speech-accent in *every* foot would have entirely destroyed the rhythm, which was, of course, not desired unless to produce a special effect.¹ From this use of the speech-accent as a combative accent—*i.e.* an accent clashing with the ictus or, to use a musical term, counter-pointed on the rhythmical accent—it follows that the educated Roman possessed an ear for quantity so fine that while reading the words according to their ordinary pronunciation, he could yet simultaneously detect all the time the beat of the ictus giving rhythmical unity to every verse.

In the course of ages this sense for recognising the quantity or time-value of syllables has disappeared. In Italy it is perhaps doubtful if the uneducated classes, even in classical times, ever possessed it. It might perhaps be cultivated again. Enthusiasts like Mr. Robert Bridges and the late Mr. Stone,² among English metrists, would have us believe

¹ *E.g.* in Virgil's well-known line :—

Sternitur exanimisque trémens procumbit húmi bós,
where in all except the first two feet speech-accent combats ictus. Compare with the rhythm of this hexameter one of Mr. Bridges' quantitative English hexameters, *e.g.* :—

Rēvisiting thē rāvished lily-cūps, ; while āll thē mēadōw hūms,
where, unless one had a fine ear for quantity, one would never recognise the line as a hexameter apart from its context, and not even in its context if there were many other verses with a similar rhythm.

² Cp. the former's *Miltonic Prosody*, at the end of which is printed Mr. Stone's essay on quantitative English metre, followed by rules for deciding the quantity of syllables in English. These rules have been put into practice by Mr. Bridges in his 'Poems in Classical Prosody' (cp. Bridges, *Poetical Works*, Clar. Press, 1912, p. 409 foll.). See also my translation of Carducci's 'Alla mensa dell' amico' (p. 233), where I have tried to use Stone's rules (except that I have not considered 'h' a consonant).

that it could be, and they are very likely right. But at present the fact remains that in modern Italian poetry, as in English and German, words are held to be not quantitative but accentual groups, and consequently the ictus is made to coincide with speech-accent, the regular recurrence of which produces the rhythm, while all syllables, so far as quantity is concerned, are considered common. Italian verses are classified, not by time-value of feet, but by the number of syllables they normally contain, and are divided into two classes called *versi brevi* (short verses) and *versi lunghi* (long verses). To the class of *versi brevi* or *versicoli*, as they are also named, belong lines of three, four, five, six and seven syllables, which in Italian are called the *ternario*, *quaternario*, *quinario*, *senario* and *settenario* respectively. In all these verses the rule is (1) that the final speech-accent in the line must fall on the penultimate syllable, (2) that the chief ictus or rhythmical stress must coincide with this final speech accent, all other stresses being considered secondary, and, as regards position, undetermined. Any extra syllables in the body of the verse must be accounted for by elision,¹ which takes place when vowel meets vowel at the end and beginning of a word. A normal verse, accented in this way on the penultimate, is called *piano* (soft). If the final accent falls on the antepenultimate this means that to the final unaccented syllable an extra unaccented syllable has been added (the two counting as one), and the verse becomes *sdrucchiolo* (tripping). If the final accent falls on the last syllable of the line, the unaccented syllable at the end is held to have dropped out, being represented by a pause, and the verse becomes *tronco* (truncated, catalectic). Thus any *verso breve* may be found in three forms, *piano*, *sdrucchiolo*, *tronco*: and though when *sdrucchiolo* it appears to have an extra syllable, and when *tronco*, to be one syllable short, it still theoretically contains the same number of syllables as it does when *piano*. The following example will illustrate what

¹ Sometimes both vowels are pronounced, but pronounced as a diphthong. This is generally the case when the ictus falls on the second vowel. In elision proper the first vowel falls out and is not pronounced when scanning the verse.

has just been said, the *settenario* being taken as typical of all *versi brevi* :—

Ógni áнно, allór che lúgubre
L'óra dé la sconfíttá
Di Mentána su' mémori
Cólli volándo vá.

In these four lines the first and third are *settenari sdrucchioli*, the second a *settenario piano*, the fourth a *settenario tronco*. It will be noticed that the secondary accents are not determined either with regard to their position or number. The unity of rhythm results from the fact that each line has the same number of syllables and that the ictus coincides with the final speech-accent.

To the class of *versi lunghi* belong lines of eight, nine, ten and eleven syllables, called in Italian *ottonario*, *novenario*, *decasillabo* and *endecasillabo* respectively. These verses are sometimes called *versi composti*, because metrically they are composed of two *versi brevi* combined. The cesura marks the point of junction, and in the process of welding the two together one syllable drops out. It will be obvious therefore that a *verso lungo* has two main rhythmical accents—those namely of the two *versicoli* of which it is composed—one of these occurring just before the cesura, the other on the penultimate when the verse is *piano*, on the antepenultimate when it is *sdrucchiolo*, on the ultimate when it is *tronco*. The position of the first ictus varies according as to whether of the two *versi brevi* composing the line, the longer comes first or second. This may be illustrated from the *endecasillabo*. The line

Nel mézzo del cammín | di nóstra víta

is composed of the two *versicoli* :—

Nel mézzo del cammíno (*settenario piano*)

and

Di nóstra víta (*quinario piano*).

It is composed then of seven plus five syllables and is called an *endecasillabo a maiori*, because the longer *versicolo* precedes the shorter. When the verses are combined, the two main rhythmical accents of course retain their position, but

the final syllable of *cammíno* drops out in order to solder, so to speak, the two verses into one, and the cesura coming after *camмін* marks the point of junction. But in the line

Mi rítrovái | per úna sélva oscúra

the quinario precedes the settenario (five plus seven), *i.e.* the shorter precedes the longer, hence this type of endecasillabo is called *a minori*. When the two are combined the quinario loses a syllable through scanning the final *-ai* of *ritrovai* (by syneresis) as one syllable instead of two. If two short verses (or as is sometimes the case a long and a short or two long verses) are combined by simply writing one down after the other without fusing them in the way just described, they are called *versi accoppiati* (coupled verses), and though they may be printed as one verse and form one grammatical whole, they yet remain in reality two. An example of this is provided by the sonnet 'Visione' (p. 156), which begins:—

Il sóle tárdo | ne l'invernále
Ciél le calígini | sciálbe vincéa,

These two lines could be equally well written as four, thus:—

Il sóle tárdo (*quinario piano*).
Ne l'invernále (*quinario piano*).
Ciél le calígini (*quinario sdrucchiolo*).
Sciálbe vincéa (*quinario piano*).

If properly dovetailed into one another they would lose a syllable in the process and become novenari.

Just as the rhythm of the ancient verse could be saved from monotony by breaking the ictus with a combative speech-accent, by shifting the position of the cesura, by introducing pauses, by resolving long syllables into short, and other devices, so can the rhythm of the modern Italian verse be varied by writing it now *a maiori* now *a minori*, by altering the incidence of the secondary ictus, by substituting *versi sdrucchioli* or *tronchi* for *versi piani*, by interrupting the rhythmical period with grammatical clauses and so on.¹

The main characteristics of ancient Greek and Latin and

¹ Those who wish to get a clear idea of the main principles of Italian prosody could not do better than read the lucid little dictionary of *Ritmica italiana*, by G. Mari (Loescher; Turin, 1901).

modern Italian metres have now been roughly sketched, and it will be obvious that as the differences between them are so fundamental, to reproduce the former in terms of the latter is no easy task. Attempts to do so date from the time of the Renaissance when enthusiastic scholars of many nations were rediscovering the beauties of Greek and Latin poetry, and showed themselves only too anxious to devise some means whereby their own language might be subjected to the laws of ancient prosody. Unfortunately, these scholars were for the most part not poets, and consequently their experiments were, as poetry, doomed to failure. The problem is such that it cannot be solved by the mere metrical theorist, and if Carducci solved it at all—which some of his critics are disposed to doubt—he only succeeded in virtue of the fact that he was a poet first and a student of metre afterwards.

Speaking generally it may be said that all attempts to reproduce the rhythms of the ancient metres in modern Italian poetry fall into three classes, which, without going into the history of the subject, can be defined as follows:—

(1) Quantity is made the basis of the rhythm in strict imitation of ancient verse, and speech-accent is allowed to shift for itself.

(2) Speech-accent is made the basis of the rhythm in conformity with the demands of modern prosody, and the rhythm of the ancient metres is produced by making the speech-accent always coincide with the *arsis* of the ancient foot, quantity not being considered at all.¹

(3) Speech-accent is made the basis of the rhythm, and the rhythm of the ancient verse, *as it sounds when read according to the speech-accent only*, is reproduced by verses or combinations of verses of modern Italian poetry.² The *Odi Barbare* come under the third of these classes.

The first represents the method employed by the Renaissance poets, of whom Tolomei may be said to be typical. It is a method that fails for two reasons. First, it takes no

¹ This is what is commonly called the *accentual* method.

² According to this method quantity is not strictly observed, but only so far, to quote Chiarini, as 'evitare tutte quelle aspre combinazioni di suoni che allungano in certo modo la quantità di una sillaba, la quale non essendo accentata si considera come breve' (cp. Chiar., *G. Card. Imp. e Ricord.*, p. 163).

account of the fact that the modern reader has, as already remarked, lost all sense of the quantity of syllables, and will consequently refuse to recognise as metrical at all verse which can only be scanned by reference to quantity. Thus, to take some of Tolomei's hexameters, the following :—

Sulla sinistra riva, non lungi al ponte famoso
Che 'l sacro Aventino monte al bel Tósco legava,
Là dove franca mano d'un sol Roma tutta difese
Da gli inimici sui, vedesi un caro luogo remoto,

which are supposed to be quantitatively correct,¹ do not appear to the Italian ear to possess any rhythmical unity whatever, since they break all the rules of modern Italian prosody. The reader does not know where the cesura is meant to occur, and the lines sound to him like a jumble of unconnected *versicoli* thrown together haphazard.

This method fails secondly, because it forgets that speech-accent had a great deal to do with the rhythm of ancient metres as read out loud, and that consequently if speech-accent be altogether neglected, the result will be something totally different from the ancient verse imitated. This may be illustrated from the following verses of Antonio Renieri da Colle, quoted by Chiarini in this connection.² They are intended to reproduce the lesser Latin Asclepiad, the scheme for which is

---uu--|---uu---

Passa ogn' altra vaga donna di gratia
Et beltade rãra, questo mio bel sole.

The poet meant these two lines to be quantitatively correct, as correct at any rate as the Italian language would permit; and according to rhythm based on quantity they must be scanned with the following accents (dotted line representing cesura) :—

Pássa ogn' áltra vagá : dónna di grátia
Ét beltáde rará : quéstó mio bél sole.

In the first line *vaga* must be accented on the last syllable : in the second line *et* must be given a strong accent, and *rara*

¹ 'La nuova poesia toscana,' as Tolomei and his friends called their productions, was composed according to rules for the quantity of syllables in the Italian language, which they had made up to suit themselves. These, as the above verses show, were not at all the same as the rules of Latin prosody.

² Cp. Chiar., *G. Card. Imp. e Ricord.*, p. 142, from whom I take the above illustration.

must be accented on the last syllable, and *bel sole* must be read as one word, *belsole*, with the accent on the first syllable. It is certain, however, that the poet never intended his lines to be read like this. He meant them to be read with the following speech-accents :—

Pássa ogn' áltra vága dónna di grátia
Et beltáde rára quésto mio bél sóle.

But if they are thus read, they ought to correspond in rhythm with the Latin Asclepiad as it too sounds when read by the speech-accent, *e.g.* Horace's

Diánam ténerae dícite vírgines
Intónsum púeri dícite Cýnthium

Here accent combats ictus in the first half of the verse and coincides with it in the second, while the rhythm of each verse is that of two Italian *quinari sdrucchioli accoppiati*. It is obvious, however, that Renieri's lines not only do not bear any resemblance whatever to the Latin as thus read, but also lack all unity of rhythm within themselves. The result is therefore that if scanned by quantity they do not sound metrical to the Italian ear, if scanned by speech-accent they would not sound metrical to the Latin ear, and still fail to do so to the Italian.

The same failure to appreciate the proper function of the speech-accent in Latin verse accounts for the weak points in the second class of experiment mentioned above. The poets who have adopted the method there described do indeed write verse which appeals to modern readers as metrical, since its rhythmical basis is accentual not quantitative. They only succeed in doing this, however, by making two assumptions, for neither of which have they any justification. They assume (1) that the Latin ear for the quantity of syllables was as weak as their own, and hence (2) that the Roman in order to feel the rhythm of his verse must have read it by emphasising quantity—must have read it, that is, according to the metrical stress only. Consequently in their experiments they make speech-accents always coincide with the syllable which would be in *arsis* in the ancient foot, and imagine they are thereby reproducing the rhythm of the original. This system, which hails from Germany and

England,¹ is that of the following hexameters by Mazzoni, Carducci's friend and pupil :—

Gli uómini Cnídí al ré Nicoméde. ' La díva Afrodíte
cúi Prassitéle scúlse vivénte nel mármo di Páro
nói reverénti in mézzo ponémmo a la nóstra cittáde
ín un tempiétto apérto su vénti colónne a l'amóre
dí chi lo véda, o vénga da lúngi o sia náto fra nói.'

An hexameter of this kind is generally composed of a settenario piano followed by a novenario, or by a settenario tronco followed by a Manzonian decasillabo, each of them always accented in exactly the same way. Though the lines may be pretty and certainly have plenty of movement, they suffer from monotony due to the fact that the ictus is made superior both to sense and quantity. The rhythm indeed is stereotyped and becomes a mere jingle—if quantity is not respected, too often an ugly jingle. Mazzoni and Pascoli have, however, written some beautiful poems in the accentual hexameter. Carducci tried it also in his short elegiac *Nevicata* (p. 246) not without success: but that even he failed in adapting the pentameter may be seen by an examination of the first couplet of this poem which runs :—

Lénta fiócca la néve pel ciélo cinéreo, grídi
Suóni di víta piú nón salgon dálla città.

Here the hexameter scans satisfactorily. The pentameter he originally wrote :—

suóni di víta non sálgono dálla città,

where the cesura had to occur after the word *non*. The grammatical sense, however, demanded that *non* and *salgono* should be read closely together. Hence he interpolated *piú* after *vita*, and by cutting off a syllable from *salgono* made it metrically possible to take *non* with the

¹ In Germany it may be said to have become naturalised to the poetic rhythms of the literature, because the great poets have used it, above all Goethe in his *Hermann u. Dorothea*. In England and America, though popularised by Longfellow in 'Evangeline,' Clough in 'The Bothie,' and Kingsley in 'Andromeda,' it still remains an exotic, and except in a short poem always suffers from the defects mentioned above. Perhaps it has been most successfully practised by Clough, because he is most unconventional, and Kingsley or Ellis (in his translation of 'Catullus'), because they respect quantity very carefully. If Tennyson had taken it seriously he might have done wonders, but he only played with it.

verb. This change, however, did not really improve the line, for grammar now demands that *piú* should be taken with *non*, and *non salgon* as a dactyl is a very poor substitute for *salgono*. Moreover, from a purely metrical point of view the sharp division of the line into two parts, involved by accenting *piú* and the second syllable of *città* is very ugly, and if regularly repeated in a long poem would become intolerable ; for to end on an accented syllable is not natural to the Italian language as it is to the English.

We now come to the third method of reproducing ancient metres in modern Italian poetry, that adopted, although not invented, by Carducci. This method is based on the principle that, though the rhythm of classical poetry had a quantitative foundation, the verse itself was meant to be read in such a way as to give due emphasis to the speech-accent of the words composing it.¹ As far back as the fifteenth century Italian metrists had observed, for instance, that the Latin Sapphic (minor) verse, the metre of which is:—

— u | — | — | : u u | — u | — u |

if read with due emphasis of the speech-accent had the same rhythm as an Italian endecasillabo piano (*a minori*)² that is an endecasillabo composed of a quinario followed by a settenario, the cesura after the arsis of the third foot in Latin being quite naturally reproduced by the cesura after the quinario in the Italian verse. Thus the rhythm of Horace's

Pérsicos ódi, púer, ápparátus,
Dísplicent néxæ phýlra corónæ :
Mítte sectári, rósa quo locórum
Séra morétur.

¹ The nearest approach to this system in English is that of Stone and Mr. Bridges, whose verses, however, are much closer to the Latin because the quantity of syllables is strictly observed, and speech-accent is used, as in ancient metres, only to break, not to mark, the rhythm.

² Mr. Bridges 'confidently guesses that the five-foot metres of our [English] blank verse, etc., came from the Sapphic line' (*Musical Antiquary*, Oct. 1909, p. 27). Many well-known English poems are written in the Sapphic rhythm, e.g. Myers's *St. Paul*, the alternate lines being catalectic, for instance:—

What can we do o'er whom the unbeholden
Hangs in a night with which we cannot cope ?
What but look sunward and with faces golden
Speak to each other softly of a hope ?

is perfectly rendered by this Sapphic stanza of Angelo di Costanzo :—

Tánte bellézze il ciélo ha in té cospárte
Chè non è al móndo ménte si malígna
Chè non conósca chè tu déi chiamárte
Nóva Ciprígna.

It will be noticed that these lines are rhymed, as though the poet had not had quite sufficient faith in his venture to break away entirely from the traditional methods of Italian versification. In the succeeding century, however, unrhymed Sapphics were written on this system, although it was not till the seventeenth century, and under the stimulus of a classical reaction against the rhyming verbosity of Marini, that a poet was found bold enough to apply the principles he found exemplified in this Italian Sapphic to the reproduction of many other ancient lyric-metres besides, and to discard rhyme entirely in all of them. This poet was Chiabrera,¹ and it was his methods that Carducci adopted and in certain respects improved.

Chiabrera's great triumph was to have evolved an Italian Alcaic. This metre, the most beautiful lyrical invention of the Greeks, and very cleverly and successfully adapted with slight alterations to Latin poetry by Horace, is a carefully balanced composition with no less than three different rhythms in one stanza of four short lines. Its scheme is as follows, according to the Horatian model :—

- (1) $\bar{\cup} \bar{\cup} | \cup \bar{\cup} | - : \bar{\cup} \cup | \bar{\cup} \cup | \bar{\cup}$
 (2) $\bar{\cup} \bar{\cup} | \cup \bar{\cup} | - : \bar{\cup} \cup | \bar{\cup} \cup | \bar{\cup}$
 (3) $\bar{\cup} | \bar{\cup} \cup - \bar{\cup} | \bar{\cup} \cup - \cup |$
 (4) $\bar{\cup} \cup | \bar{\cup} \cup | \bar{\cup} \cup | \bar{\cup} \bar{\cup} |$

which may be illustrated by the following stanza of Horace, the fall of the ictus being marked in each line :—

- (1) Velóx amóenum saépe Lucrétilém
 (2) Mutát Lycáeo Fáunus et ígneám
 (3) Deféndit aestatém capéllis
 (4) Úsque méis pluviósque véntos.

¹ Chiabrera (Gabriello) was born at Savona, 1552, died 1637. He wrote *sermões* modelled on those of Horace and lyrics in imitation of Pindar and Anacreon.

Chiabrera in reading these lines pronounced each word with its proper speech-accent, and would thus get out of them the following rhythm :—

- (1) Vélox amóenum saépe Lucrétilem
- (2) Mútat Lycáeo Faúnus et ígneam
- (3) Deféndit aestátem capéllis
- (4) Úsque méis plúviósque véntos.

The accentual scheme of which might be thus written :—

- (1) '---'-|'----'--- (twice)
- (3) -'----'-|---'
- (4) '---'-'-'-'-'-'-'

For lines (1) and (3) he had no difficulty in finding a corresponding Italian rhythm: (1) forms a *quinario piano* followed by a *quinario sdrucchiolo*, (3) a *novenario piano a maiori* (i.e. six plus four syllables). Of (4), however, which is a ten-syllable line, he found no Italian equivalent, for though it seemed to have the same rhythm as an *endecasillabo* it was a syllable short. So he invented the *decasillabo a minori* (four plus seven), which has the same rhythm as an *endecasillabo* without the anacrusis. The following is an example of Chiabrera's *Alcaic stanza*, composed according to the method just described, taken from his *Alcaic ode* for the anniversary of the election of Pope Urban VIII. :—

- (1) Sésto d'agósto, | dólci lucíferi (5+5)
- (2) Sésto d'agósto, | dolcíssimi éspéri (5+5)
- (3) Sorgéte dal chiúso orizzónte (*novenario piano*)
- (4) Tútti spársi dí favílle d'óro (*decasillabo piano*).

Chiabrera applied the same principles in reproducing other Latin lyrical metres. As a metrist Carducci follows Chiabrera¹ closely except in certain important details as, for

¹ It must be added that Carducci was also greatly influenced by the work of Giovanni Fantoni (born 1755), who had imitated Horatian metres with great success 'sostituendo a' metri oraziani ch' egli intese di imitare quei tali versi nostri la cui misura e armonia piú a quelli si approssimasse, rappresentando in qualche modo le lunghe con le sillabe accentate e le brevi con gli sdrucchioli, e molto aiutandosi di quelle cesure e di quelle appoggiature che meglio rendessero un' eco del suono latino' (Card., *Op.*, vol. xix. p. 164 foll.).

Fantoni, however, wrote his imitations, of which the *Sapphic* was the most successful, in rhyme.

instance, his treatment of the fourth line of the Alcaic stanza. A short examination of this fourth line as written by Carducci will illustrate the one really serious objection to which his whole method of reproducing ancient rhythms is exposed. This objection can be stated briefly as follows. Although it may be true that Latin verse was read with due emphasis of the speech-accent, yet as a rhythm it was none the less based on a *quantitative* foundation. This quantitative foundation was that alone which gave rhythmical unity to the verse, since it always remained the same however much the speech-accents when clashing with the ictus might appear to change the rhythm. Once discard the quantitative foundation therefore—as Chiabrera and Carducci do—and unity of rhythm must disappear with it, because only speech-accent will be left, and it was not ictus coinciding with speech-accent, but ictus coinciding with quantity, that gave rhythmical unity to the ancient verse. The fourth line of the Horatian Alcaic as imitated by Carducci will illustrate what is meant.

Carducci noticed that the fourth line of the Horatian Alcaic, if read according to the speech-accent, did not always give the same rhythm as Chiabrera's reproduction (*i.e.* a decasillabo piano *a minori*). Take, for instance, the following lines :—

- (1) O Tháliárche mérum dióta (Hor., i. 9).
- (2) Sustúlerat nisi Faúnus íctum (Hor., i. 9).
- (3) Lévia personuére sáxa (Hor., i. 17).

These are all different from Chiabrera's model :—

- (4) Gránde décus cóluménque rérum.

But what is it that gives rhythmical unity to all four in spite of the fact that when read they appear to sound so different? The answer is simply that they are all based on the same *quantitative* scheme, which, read them how you will, never alters.

Now turning to Carducci we find that to Chiabrera's reproduction of this line he adds three others (1) a combination of two quinari piani, (2) a combination of a quinario

sdrucchiolo and a quadernario piano, (3) a Manzonian decasillabo of which the following are illustrations :—

- (1) i páppagáli lusíngatóri
- (2) su l'áia il flórido gállo cánta
- (3) aspettánti con l'áste protése.

And to these may be added a line like :—

- (4) ágli occási dí novémbré mésti,

in which he copies Chiabrera. Each of these lines is supposed to be a reproduction of one and the same Latin metre, although it is clear that all differ from one another in rhythm. But when we seek in them that underlying *unity* of rhythm which in the Latin lines is provided by the invariable quantitative basis, we are seeking in vain for something which is not there. Beyond the fact that each verse contains the same number of syllables nothing in the lines themselves indicates that they are supposed to be merely variations of one single rhythm. This fact not only affects them when considered as imitations of the Latin, but also constitutes a serious criticism of them as Italian verse (that is, if all the varieties occur in the limits of a single poem). For in modern poetry, though it is legitimate and indeed essential to avoid monotony by varying rhythm, yet this should only be done on condition that there is a fundamental type, a standard measure of the rhythm of the particular metre in question, for which the ear is always listening, and which it must (if needful) be enabled to catch, through all and under all divergences. Such a standard rhythm is in the above lines obviously lacking.

If this is the case in lines intended to reproduce Latin metres of a fixed number of syllables, it becomes even more apparent in lines imitating such metres as the hexameter and pentameter, where the number of the syllables is variable. When the first half of a hexameter is reproduced in the same poem by now a quinario, now a senario, now a settenario, the modern Italian ear, accustomed as it is to find the same number of syllables in every verse, refuses to distinguish any common rhythm in lines of such different length. This fact was realised by Carducci himself, who,

in his later poems, generally took care to write both hexameter and pentameter in such a way as to preserve as far as possible the same number of syllables in every verse in any one poem.

The more serious criticism of the *Barbarian Odes*, however—namely that as imitations of classical metres they lack the unity of rhythm of their originals—is unanswerable. By following speech-accent not ictus, Carducci sacrificed that uniformity of metre which is both the strength and weakness of the hexameters of Mazzoni quoted above. But in so doing he gained on the whole more than he lost. If his metres are irrational, they are infinitely more poetical. Moreover, he did not entirely neglect the rhythmical accent of the ancient metres he imitated. In Latin poetry, as already pointed out (p. 57), the combative speech-accent was only used within certain limits. As often as not it coincided with metrical ictus. Consequently Carducci could safely count on the fact that though following speech-accent, not ictus, he was necessarily reproducing a good deal of the ictus too—enough, at any rate, to give his imitations an appearance of preserving the same sort of rhythmical unity as that possessed by their quantitative originals. Within the limits of any one poem he almost always confines himself strictly to certain definite verse-forms, combines these according to certain fixed rules, and, by never or only very rarely taking liberties, eventually creates in the mind of the reader acquainted with classical poetry and the Italian way of reading it, the illusion that the basis of the rhythm is really the same as that of the Greek and Latin metres with which it apparently harmonises so closely.

To the reader unacquainted with Latin there was of course no question of creating any illusion. Not knowing the originals, such a reader was not in a position to decide, whether, as imitations, they were good or bad. All he could do was to judge of the *Barbarian Odes* on their merits as Italian verse: and it is precisely in this connection that we see the skill of Carducci's method. Granted, as even the severest critic must grant, that the rhythms of the *Barbarian Odes* are on the whole successful

adaptations of their originals, granted further that the modern ear has no sense for the quantity of syllables, then there could have been no means of leading a reader unacquainted with the classics to a proper appreciation of the beauties of Greek and Latin metres more likely to meet with success, than to reproduce these metres in modern Italian rhythms which the reader did understand and with which he was already familiar. Consequently, as a metrist, Carducci cannot be said so much to have imitated as to have re-created. The metres of the *Barbarian Odes*, while reproducing almost the same cadences as those of the Greek and Latin, at the same time met almost all the requirements of modern Italian prosody. To the distinction of this achievement—for achievement it was—Chiabrera perhaps has more right to lay claim than Carducci. But the merit of one discovery—and that the chief—is at least all Carducci's own. The real novelty, the supreme merit of the *Barbarian Odes* as compared with the metrical experiments of Tolomei or Chiabrera, consists, as Chiarini remarks, 'in Carducci's having perceived that what their experiments lacked was a thought and feeling powerful enough to animate those noble forces: it consists in his having animated them with this thought and this feeling.'¹ In other words Carducci was a poet, and his Odes are poetry, whereas all previous experiments of the same kind have been metrical experiments and nothing more.

Whether or not Carducci in the metres of the *Barbarian Odes* has permanently enriched the rhythms of Italian poetry is a question upon which no foreigner can, of course, be competent to judge. The poet himself, according to D'Ovidio, was towards the end of his life doubtful as to the success of his experiment:² and it is certainly true that where this great 'inventor of harmonies' led the way, few at present have dared to follow.³ This, however, is no

¹ Cp. Chiar., *G. Card. Imp. e Ricord.*, p. 173.

² Cp. D'Ovidio, *Versificazione italiana e Arte poetica medioevale* (Milan, 1909), p. 353, note.

³ Carducci's chief imitators are D'Annunzio, Pascoli and Mazzoni. The former in his *Primo Vere* writes barbarian odes with complete mastery of the metres, but his poems lack the stately moral grandeur which distinguishes Carducci's.

proof that Carducci himself failed, for the same might be said of Swinburne as a metrist, and no one will deny that Swinburne in this respect succeeded. If the *Barbarian Odes* have had few imitators, may it not be that later poets have hesitated to employ Carducci's metres because conscious that they lacked his genius?

The classical metres imitated by Carducci and the Italian verses by which he reproduced them may be tabulated shortly as follows ¹ :—

I. *Hexameter* ² (heroic) consisted of six feet (two dactylic tripodies) of which the last was a spondee or trochee, the rest dactyls. A spondee might be substituted for the dactyl in the first four feet (rarely in the fifth). The cesura

¹ The following definitions will elucidate such technical phraseology as had to be used in describing the metres.

Names of the metrical feet here mentioned are :—

Trochee	— ∪	} feet of 3 times.
Iambus	∪ —	
Tribrach	∪ ∪ ∪	
Dactyl	— ∪ ∪	} feet of 4 times.
Spondee	— —	

A metrical unit consisted of either one foot or two feet (dipody). The metrical unit was called *monometer*. In trochaic and iambic verse the monometer contains *two* feet (*i.e.* one trochee or iambus by itself is not enough to form a unit), a dimeter four, a trimeter six, a tetrameter eight. In dactylic verse a monometer contains *one* foot (*i.e.* one dactyl or spondee is enough to form a unit), a dimeter two, a trimeter three, a tetrameter four, a pentameter five, an hexameter six.

A rhythm is called *ascending* when the *arsis* follows the *thesis*, *descending* when the *thesis* follows the *arsis*.

An *irrational* syllable is a syllable whose length is not an exact multiple of ∪, which, as explained on p. 55, is the unit of time.

When a verse begins with a syllable or syllables in *thesis*, these are called the syllable or syllables in *anacrusis*. If the iambic trimeter, for instance, is considered to have an anacrusis, in scanning it the first unaccented syllable is not counted, and the rhythm becomes trochaic, *i.e.* descending instead of ascending.

Catalectic feet or verses are feet or verses in which one or two syllables are lacking at the end, their place being represented by a pause.

² In discussing each metre the accent (·) marks the *ictus* or *rhythmical beat* in each metrical scheme, the *speech-accent* in each of the examples. I have not distinguished between primary or secondary accents as I wished to avoid complications. I have taken some trouble to select Latin examples accented (by speech-accent) *as nearly as possible* on the same syllables as the Italian. Whether the Latin accent was an accent of tone or stress is immaterial for my purpose, so long as it was fixed. In each example the dividing line represents the cesura, the figures in brackets after the Italian examples show the two *versicoli* or *versi lunghi* (*composti* or *accoppiati* as the case may be) of which the verse is composed.

usually came after the *arsis* either of the third or fourth foot.

Scheme :—

— ∞ | — ∞ | — ∞ | — ∞ | — ∞ | — ∞ |

The longest hexameters had seventeen, the shortest thirteen syllables. Owing to its variety in length, there was immense range in the rhythm of hexameters.

For purposes of imitation Carducci divided the hexameter at the cesura in the third foot. The first of the two divisions thus obtained he imitated in four ways, by a quinario, senario, settenario, ottonario. The second division he generally rendered by a novenario, sometimes by an ottonario or decasillabo, *e.g.* (only a few examples can be given) :—

- (1) e l'óra soáve | che il sól moritúro salúta (5+9)
(Junóni ante ómnes | cui víncla iugália cúrae. Virg.)
- (2) Quí 'l frésco, quí 'l sónno | qui músiche léni ed i córi (6+9)
i tórri i cui mérli | tant' ála di sécolo lámbe (6+9)
(Cum clamóre rúit | mágno manicísque iacéntem. Virg.)
(attónitus tánto | mónitu ímperióque deórum. Virg.)
- (3) Cádde l'arco su l'érbé : | e Lélapo immóbil con érto (7+9)
Ma chí da gli ócchi tuói | che lúnghe inténtano guérre (7+8)
(Árma, víri, ferte árma : | vócat lúx última víctos. Virg.)
(implicúitque cóma | laévam dextráque corúscum. Virg.)
- (4) E tútto e fiámma ed azzúrro. | Da l'álpe di giú di Veróna (8+9)
(implicúit sequitúrque : pátre[m] | non pássibus aéquis. Virg.).

Chiarini considered the last combination (8+9) the best, because the cesura is more clearly marked. In Italian, owing to exigencies of language the cesura is almost always weak, while in Latin it is strong.

Carducci also wrote accentual hexameters, *e.g.* the following from *Mors* :—

Quándo alle nóstre cásé la díva sevéra discénde,

which is a settenario+a novenario.

II. *Elegiac* distich (*i.e.* heroic hexameter with the pentameter as clausula). The *Pentameter* consisted of five feet (two catalectic trimeters). In the first two feet spondees

were admitted. There was a fixed pause (diæresis) in the middle of the verse.¹

Scheme :—

— ∞ | — ∞ | — || — ∞ | — ∞ | — ||

Carducci reproduced the pentameter by combining either a settenario piano or a senario (piano or sdrucchiolo) or a quinario (piano or sdrucchiolo) in the first half-verse with a settenario piano (accented generally on the first, fourth, and sixth syllables) or a senario sdrucchiolo in the second, *e.g.* :—

- (1) Da lúngi il rómbó | délla volánte s'óde (5+7)
(et mīles saévas | áptat ad árma mánus. Ovid.)
- (2) Báci di mármorēi | témpli le fósche címe (7+7)
(iúntaque sémper érant | nómina nóstra tús. Ovid.)
- (3) E sólo il rívo | róco s'óde gémere (5+6)
(haesúra in nóstro | téla gérít látere. Tibullus.)

In the accentual pentameter of 'Nevicata' (cp. p. 64) he rendered the first half by a settenario tronco or an ottonario tronco, the second by a novenario tronco without the anacrusis, *e.g.* :—

Spíriti réduci són | guárdano e chiámáno a mé (8+9).

III. *Alcaic* strophe. The Alcaic rhythm as used by the Greeks was logœedic—*i.e.* trochaic in movement. The stanza consisted of four lines, the first two of which were (greater) Alcaic hendecasyllables, the third an Alcaic enneasyllable, the fourth a (lesser) Alcaic decasyllable. As written by Horace, the hendecasyllable lost its purely trochaic character : he always had a diæresis as cesura after the fifth syllable, and lengthened the fifth syllable from short to (irrational) long. Thus altered, the line may be analysed as a combination of the iambic tripody catalectic and a logœedic tripody catalectic (a cyclic dactyl in the first foot). So written, the rhythm of the first half was ascending, of the second half descending. Carducci followed Horace.²

¹ It should be noticed that in Ovid the pentameter always ended with a dissyllable, and that, as in Carducci, the speech-accent always fell on the penultimate in order to combat the ictus. When Carducci writes a senario sdrucchiolo in the second half of the pentameter he is following Catullus, Propertius and Tibullus, not Ovid.

² The Greeks considered the Alcaic hendecasyllable as purely logœedic.

(3) By combining a quinario sdrucchiolo with a quadernario piano, *e.g.* :—

De' pétti eróici | nélla nótte (5+4)
(Sustúlerat nisi Faúnus íctum. Hor.)

(4) By a Manzonian ¹ decasyllable, *e.g.* :—

Aspettánti con l'áste protése.

For this rhythm I can find no Latin equivalent. Carducci himself preferred (2).

IV. *Sapphic* strophe. The Sapphic, like the Alcaic, was a logœdic rhythm. The stanza consisted of four verses, three lesser Sapphics and an Adonic. The lesser Sapphic had five feet (a logœdic pentapody), the first a trochee, the second an (irrational) spondee, the third a (cyclic) dactyl, the fourth and fifth trochees. In Horace the cesura is generally strong, and always breaks the dactyl.² The Adonic was a (cyclic) dactyl followed by a trochee or (irrational) spondee (*i.e.* a logœdic dipody).³

Scheme :—

— — | — — | — : — — | — — | — — | (thrice)
— — — | — — |

Carducci reproduced the lesser Sapphic by an endecasillabo, almost always with a pause after the fifth syllable—*i.e.* at the point where the strong cesura occurred in Latin. The first five syllables thus formed a quinario piano, more often than not with an ascending rhythm, *e.g.* :—

- (1) Ancór dal mónte : ché di fóschi ondéggia.
(iam sátis térris : nívis átque dírae. Hor.)
- (2) Frássini al vénto mórmoránti, e lúnge
(vósque veráces : cécinísse Párcae. Hor.)
- (3) Scéndon nel véspero úmido, ó Clitúmno.
(iam Scýthae respónsa pétunt supérbi. Hor.)

¹ The verse takes its name from Manzoni, who used it with great effect in the famous choruses of his plays.

² In Greek the cesura was very often weak, because the third foot was strictly a cyclic dactyl, — — —, the long and first short going closely together. In Catullus and in Horace also the cesura is often weak.

³ The Adonic might also be considered (though wrongly) a dactylic dimeter catalectic.

The Adonic he rendered by a quinario piano, accented as often on the second as on the first syllable, *e.g.* :—

- (1) Immérge méntre
(et Jóvis aúrae. Hor.)
(2) Sálvie e di tími
(sóspite cúrsu. Hor.)

V. *Asclepiad* strophe. This rhythm is also logœdic. Of the five Asclepiad stanzas used by Horace, Carducci imitated three (*viz.* the second, third, and fourth).

(1) Horace's second Asclepiad stanza consisted of a Glyconic and lesser Asclepiad verse, alternating in stanzas of four lines. The Glyconic had four feet, the first an (irrational) spondee, the second a (cyclic) dactyl, the third a trochee, the fourth a trochee catalectic.

Scheme :—

— — | — — — | — — | —

Carducci reproduced the Glyconic by a settenario sdrucciolo, *e.g.* :—

- (1) Ór che le névi prémono
(návis quae tibi crédito. Hor.)

The lesser Asclepiad was really a composite verse, its two parts being separated by a diæresis. The first part had three feet, an (irrational) spondee, a (cyclic) dactyl, a trochee catalectic; the second part three feet, a (cyclic) dactyl, a trochee, a trochee catalectic.

Scheme :—

— — | — — — | — || — — — | — — | —

Carducci rendered the lesser Asclepiad in two ways, either by an endecasillabo sdrucciolo (7+5) or by combining two quinari sdruccioli, *e.g.* :—

- (1) Nel sónno dé l'invéрно | sótto il cándido (7+5)
(subdúctum mácies et nóva fébrium. Hor.)
(2) Tórna Perséphone | da gli ócchi céruli (5+5)
(prímus nec tímuit praecipítem Áfricum. Hor.)

(2) Horace's third Asclepiad stanza consisted of three lesser Asclepiad verses followed by a Glyconic. Carducci reproduced these two verses in the way just described.

(3) Horace's fourth Asclepiad stanza consisted of four lines, two lesser Asclepiad verses followed by a Pherecratèan and a Glyconic. The lesser Asclepiad and Glyconic have already been analysed. The Pherecratèan consisted of four feet, an (irrational) spondee, a (cyclic) dactyl, a (syncopated) ¹ trochee, a trochee catalectic.

Scheme :—

—|—|—|—|

Carducci reproduced the Pherecratèan by a *settenario piano*, *e.g.* :—

- (1) Con múrmure solénne
(fídit. Tu nísi véntis. Hor.)
(2) Ácque il nítrico fúmo
(quámvis Póntica pínus. Hor.)

VI. *Iambic* trimeter, dimeter, and strophe.

The *Iambic* trimeter consisted (in Greek and as imitated for the most part by Horace) of three *iambic* dipodies (six *iambic* feet). In the first foot of each dipody a long (irrational) syllable might be substituted for the short. In every foot of each, except the last, dipody two short syllables might be substituted for the long. The last foot must always be a pure *iambic*. The *cesura* occurs after the thesis of the third foot.

Scheme :—

—|—|—|—|—|—|—|

The *Iambic* dimeter consisted of two *iambic* dipodies. An (irrational) long might be substituted for the short syllable in the first foot of each dipody.

Scheme :—

—|—|—|—|—|

The *Iambic* strophe consisted of an *iambic* trimeter followed by an *iambic* dimeter as *clausula*, forming a couplet.

Carducci reproduced the *Iambic* trimeter by an *endecasillabo sdrucchiolo* accented on the even syllables, *e.g.* :—

- (1) O sáliénti dá' maríni páscoli.
(refíxa caélo devocáre sídera. Hor.)

¹ A *syncopated* syllable is a syllable made half as long again, or twice as long, as it ought to be, owing to the fact that the syllable or syllables in thesis have dropped out, their omission being called *syncopè*. Its sign is —.

He rendered the Iambic dimeter by a *settenario sdrucchiolo* accented in the same way, *e.g.* :—

- (1) Triónfa amóre e sbéndasi.
(aptántur énses cónditi. Hor.)

N.B.—Carducci here keeps very close to the rhythmical stress of his originals. He writes what are practically accentual iambics.

VII. *Archilochæan* strophe. Of the four kinds used by Horace, Carducci reproduces only the third. This was a couplet consisting of an Iambic trimeter followed by an Elegiambus. The Elegiambus was a composite verse made up of a dactylic trimeter catalectic followed by an Iambic dimeter, the *cesura* between the two.

Scheme (of Elegiambus; for Iambic trimeter see above):—

˘ ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ ˘ | ˘ || ˘ ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ ˘ ||

Carducci treated the Elegiambus as two verses, and reproduced it by combining two *settenari*, the first *piano*, the second *sdrucchiolo*, *e.g.* :—

- (1) Winckelman guárda, aráldo | de l'árti e délla glória (7+7)
(fábula quánta fúi | convíviorum et paénitet. Hor.)
(2) Voláte col nuóvo áнно antíchi vérsi itálici.
(fervidióre méro | arcána prómorat lóco. Hor.)

VIII. *Pythiambic* strophe. Horace wrote two, both imitated by Carducci :—

- (1) Consisted of a dactylic hexameter followed by an Iambic dimeter in couplets.
(2) Consisted of a dactylic hexameter followed by an Iambic trimeter in couplets.

See above for the method by which Carducci produced these verses.

This completes the list of ancient metres used by Carducci, save that in 'Colli toscani,' which is written in elegiacs, he substitutes an Iambic trimeter (*endecasillabo sdrucchiolo*) for the pentameter in alternate couplets, thus making the poem half *Archilochæan*.

We might add that in reading the *Odi Barbare* aloud the

voice should follow grammar and make the pauses demanded by sense, not try to beat out the lines by metrical stress.

The following is a list of the *Barbarian Odes* selected for this volume, classified according to the metre in which they are written. Those marked with an asterisk have been translated into a corresponding English rhythm.¹

Alcaic. Ideale.

Nell' annuale della fondazione di Roma.

*Per la morte di Napoleone Eugenio.

*A Giuseppe Garibaldi.

*Scoglio di Quarto.

Alla regina d'Italia.

*Alla Stazione.

*Alla mensa dell' amico.

*La Madre.

Per le nozze di mia figlia.

*Cadore (Pts. I. and III.).

Sapphic. Preludio.

*Alle fonti di Clitumno.

Congedo.

Piemonte.

La chiesa di Polenta.

Elegiac. *Egle.

Presso l'urna di Percy Bysshe Shelley.

*Nevicata.

*Alle Valchirie.

Pythiambic (I). *Sirmione.

*Cadore (Pt. II.).

Asclepiad (2). *In una chiesa gotica.

Iambic. *Canto di marzo.

¹ By corresponding English rhythm I mean the accentual Alcaic, the accentual Sapphic, etc., except in 'Alla mensa dell' amico,' which I have translated into quantitative English Alcaics with combative speech-accent.

In the other translations I experimented with English rhymed metres which seemed suitable for rendering the rhythms of the original—*e.g.* for the Alcaic I have tried the metre of (1) Marvell's 'Horatian Ode'; (2) Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' metre, recommended as an English equivalent to the Alcaic by Conington and Calverley; (3) Tennyson's 'Daisy,' which Tennyson himself thought closely resembled the Alcaic in rhythm. For the Sapphic I have adopted either (1) the 'In Memoriam' metre, (2) an ordinary four-foot trochaic rhythm in a four-line stanza of alternate rhymes, or (3) (in 'Piedmont') a four-foot iambic rhythm with a short fourth line. For the Elegiac I tried the metre of Swinburne's poem 'Hesperia,' which closely resembles the elegiac rhythm except that the anacrusis gives it an anapaestic movement.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF
GIOSUE CARDUCCI

THE HYMN TO SATAN

A SATANA

A TE, de l' essere
Principio immenso,
Materia e spirito,
Ragione e senso ;

Mentre ne' calici
Il vin scintilla
Sì come l' anima
Ne la pupilla ;

Mentre sorridono
La terra e il sole
E si ricambiano
D' amor parole,

E corre un fremito
D'imene arcano
Da' monti e palpita
Fecondo il piano ;

A te disfrenasi
Il verso ardito,
Te invoco, o Satana,
Re del convito.

Via l' aspersione
Prete, e il tuo metro !
No, prete, Satana
Non torna in dietro !

Vedi : la ruggine
Rode a Michele
Il brando mistico,
Ed il fedele

TO SATAN

THOU first cause, whence all things
Their being inherit,
Who art Reason and Sense,
Who art Matter and Spirit :

While a sparkle and perfume
In wine-cups arise,
Like the soul of a man
Flashing forth from his eyes,

While earth smiles below
And the sun shines above,
While soft voices murmur
The first words of love,

While hills hymn the secret
Glad nuptials of earth,
While the rich plain is throbbing
In pangs of new birth,

For thee my bold fancy
From bonds is released,
I invoke thee, O Satan,
Our lord of the feast.

Priest, chanting and sprinkling
No succour shall find thee,
For never shall Satan
Get him behind thee.

See, red rust doth darken
The mystical blade
Of the Archangel Michael ;
Unwinged and dismayed

Spennato arcangelo
Cade nel vano.
Ghiacciato è il fulmine
A Geova in mano.

Meteore pallide,
Pianeti spenti,
Piovono gli angeli
Da i firmamenti.

Ne la materia
Che mai non dorme,
Re de i fenomeni,
Re de le forme,

Sol vive Satana.
Ei tien l' impero
Nel lampo tremulo
D' un occhio nero,

O ver che languido
Sfugga e resista,
Od acre ed umido
Pròvochi, insista.

Brilla de' grappoli
Nel lieto sangue,
Per cui la rapida
Gioia non langue,

Che la fuggevole
Vita ristora,
Che il dolor proroga,
Che amor ne incora.

Tu spiri, o Satana,
Nel verso mio,
Se dal sen rompemi
Sfidando il dio

De' rei pontefici,
De' re crüenti ;
E come fulmine
Scuoti le menti.

He is hurled in the void
Heaven's battlements over.
The thunder lies frozen
In the hand of Jehovah.

Like meteors and planets
Whose light is all spent,
The angels rain down
From the domed firmament.

In all Matter existent
For ever awake,
King of all that eye sees,
King of all that hands make,

Alone lives great Satan.
He holds his Empire
In the dark eye, where flickers
A tremulous fire,

Which now smoulders low,
And all wooers resists,
Now tearfully flashes,
Entices, insists.

With gladness he gleams
In the juice of the grape,
Holds fast fickle joy
When it longs to escape,

He e'en restores life
On the eve to depart,
Puts sorrow at bay,
And sows love in the heart.

Thou makest, O Satan,
My verse thine abode
An thou burst from my bosom
To challenge the God,

Whom base Popes adore
And Kings cruel as they,
If like thunder thou smitest
Their souls with dismay.

A te, Agramainio,
Adone, Astarte,
E marmi vissero
E tele e carte,

Quando le ioniche
Aure serene
Beò la Venere
Anadiomene.

A te del Libano
Fremea le piante,
De l' alma Cipride
Risorto amante :

A te ferveano
Le danze e i cori,
A te i virginei
Candidi amori,

Tra le odorifere
Palme d' Idume,
Dove biancheggiano
Le ciprie spume.

Che val se barbaro
Il nazareno
Furor de l' agapi
Dal rito osceno

Con sacra fiaccola
I templi t' arse
E i segni argolici
A terra sparse ?

Te accolse profugo
Tra gli dèi lari
La plebe memore
Ne i casolari.

Quindi un femineo
Sen palpitante
Empiendo, fervido
Nume ed amante,

For thee Agramainio,
Astartë, Adon
Lived in poem and picture
And breathed from the stone.

When Ionian zephyrs
Blew soft o'er the sea
'Neath the blessing of Venus
Anadyomene.

For thee on Mount Lebanon's
High cedar grove
Fair Cypris established
Tribunals of love :

For thee was the frenzy
Of dance and of choir,
For thee were chaste virgins
Enflamed with love's fire,

Where the palm-woods of Edom
Make fragrant the breeze,
Where Cyprus gleams white
In the foam of her seas.

What avails him the wrath
Of the fierce Nazarene,
Tho' with barbarous rites
Of his love-feast obscene,

With the torch of the priest,
He demolished thy shrine
And cast on the earth
All that Greece held divine ?

Tho' exiled, of helpers
Thou feltest no dearth,
For the people enthroned thee
As God of the hearth.

Then the breast of a woman
Thou mad'st thine abode ;
It throbbed with thy presence,
Her lover and God ;

La strega pallida
D' eterna cura
Volgi a soccorrere
L' egra natura.

Tu a l' occhio immobile
De l' alchimista,
Tu de l' indocile
Mago a la vista,

Del chiostro torpido
Oltre i cancelli,
Riveli i fulgidi
Cieli novelli.

A la Tebaide
Te ne le cose
Fuggendo, il monaco
Triste s'ascose.

O dal tuo tramite
Alma divisa,
Benigno è Satana ;
Ecco Eloisa.

In van ti maceri
Ne l' aspro sacco :
Il verso ei mormora
Di Maro e Flacco

Tra la davidica
Nenia ed il pianto ;
E, forme delfiche,
A te da canto,

Rosee ne l' orrida
Compagnia nera,
Mena Licoride,
Mena Glicera.

Ma d' altre immagini
D' età piú bella
Talor si popola
L' insonne cella.

The sorceress pallid
With unending woe
Thou bad'st to the succour
Of weak nature go.

By thee was the alchemist's
Dull eye unsealed,
Through thee the magician
At length saw revealed

Beyond the dim cloister's
Enclosure a new
World of beauty, undreamed of,
Bright heavens of blue.

To escape thee, whose power
Thro' all things is spread,
The hermit forlorn
To the Thebaid fled.

O soul, that forsak'st all
Thou lovest most well,
Of the mercies of Satan
Let Heloise tell.

Self-starvèd, in sackcloth
Thou groanest in vain :
'Mid the dirge of the Psalmist
He mingles the strain

Of the Virgil and Horace
Thou sought'st to forget :
'Mid the black nuns beside thee
Strange forms doth he set,

Greek women ; than rose-coloured
Morning e'en fairer,
He bringeth Lycoris,
He bringeth Glicera.

In the cell, too, thy sleepless
Eyes often behold
More phantoms he sends thee
From brave days of old.

Ei, da le pagine
Di Livio, ardenti
Tribuni, consoli,
Turbe frementi

Sveglia ; e fantastico
D' italo orgoglio
Te spinge, o monaco,
Su 'l Campidoglio.

E voi, che il rabido
Rogo non strusse,
Voci fatidiche,
Wicleff ed Husse,

A l' aura il vigile
Grido mandate :
S' innova il secolo
Piena è l' etate.

E già già tremano
Mitre e corone :
Dal chiostro brontola
La ribellione,

E pugna e prèdica
Sotto la stola
Di fra' Girolamo
Savonarola.

Gittò la tonaca
Martin Lutero :
Gitta i tuoi vincoli,
Uman pensiero,

E splendi e folgora
Di fiamme cinto ;
Materia, inalzati :
Satana ha vinto.

Un bello e orribile
Mostro si sferra,
Corre gli oceani
Corre la terra :

From the pages of Livy
He wakes to new life
Bold tribunes and consuls,
The forum's fierce strife.

And his spirit impels thee,
O Monk, with strange pride
In thy country, to mount up
The Capitol's side.

And ye whom the fierce flames
Knew not to consume,
Huss and Wicliffe, your voices,
With accent of doom,

Are borne down the breeze
As ye watch night and day :
' A new age is dawning,
The old fades away.'

Now mitre and crown dread
The hot thunderbolt :
From the cloister there mutters
The sound of Revolt :

With voice as of tempest
No yoke may confine
Cries Savonarola,
Our great Florentine.

And Luther his cassock
Casts off in disdain ;
O Man, let thy mind too
Cast off its old chain !

Shine now in bright spendour
With flame girded on !
Blaze, World, in white glory !
Great Satan hath won.

A monster, a terror
On earth is set free,
It runs o'er the forest,
It runs o'er the sea.

Corusco e fumido
Come i vulcani,
I monti supera,
Divora i piani ;

Sorvola i baratri,
Poi si nasconde
Per antri incogniti,
Per vie profonde ;

Ed esce ; e indomito
Di lido in lido
Come di turbine
Manda il suo grido,

Come di turbine
L' alito spande :
Ei passa, o popoli,
Satana il grande.

Passa benefico
Di loco in loco
Su l' infrenabile
Carro del foco.

Salute, o Satana,
O ribellione,
O forza vindice
De la ragione !

Sacri a te salgano
Gl' incensi e i vóti !
Hai vinto il Geova
De i sacerdoti.

Volcano-like towering
With smoke and with fire,
More vast than the plains,
Than the high mountains higher ;

It soars o'er abysses
And downward doth sweep
To hide in black caverns
And plunge in the deep.

It bursts forth unfettered :
From shore unto shore
With noise as of whirlwind
In tyrannous roar,

With breath as of whirlwind
Is thundered the cry :
' Ye peoples, great Satan
In might passeth by,

' In benison passeth
From land unto land
On his chariot of fire
No man may withstand.'

All hail then, O Satan,
Revolt too ! All hail !
And Reason predestined
O'er all to prevail.

Lo, here on thine altar
Our offerings are spread !
The priest thou hast conquered,
Jehovah is dead.

FROM 'LEVIA GRANDIA'

PER LE NOZZE DI UN GEOLOGO

(PROF. G. C.)

O SCRUTATOR del sotterraneo mondo,
Cui mal pugna natura e mal si cela,
Che a gli amor tuoi nel talamo profondo
Sua virginal bellezza arrende e svela ;

In questo de' viventi aër giocondo
Leva gli occhi una volta e l' alma anela :
Qui sorriderti vedi un verecondo
Viso, e la madre a te l'adorna e vela.

E qui saprai se piú potente insegni
Amore il varco a' chiusi incendi etnei
O piú soave in cuor di donna regni.

Riconfortato poi, dal sen di lei
Torna a giungere ancor, né se ne sdegni,
Con la sacra natura altri imenei.

FOR THE MARRIAGE OF A GEOLOGIST

(PROF. G. C.)

EXPLORER of the underworld, from whom
Shy Nature, shrinking, hides in vain distress,
For to thy love in her deep bridal room
She must unveil her virgin loveliness,

Lift up thine eyes ! This once forsake thy gloom
And breathe the air that living men doth bless !
Here smiles on thee a maiden in the bloom
Of youth, decked by her mother in bridal dress.

Here shalt thou learn if Love prove stronger, when
He shows where Etna's secret fires reside,
Or sweeter in a woman's heart may reign.

So with fresh courage—for she will not chide—
From her soft bosom turning shalt thou then
In holy Nature seek thy other bride.

FROM 'GIAMBI ED EPODI'

MEMINISSE HORRET

SBARRATE la soglia, chiudete ogni varco,
 Gittatemi intorno densissimo un vel !
 D' orribile sogno mi preme l'incarco :
 Ho visto di giallo rifulgere il ciel.

Un lezzo nefando d'avello e di fogna
 Uscía dal palagio che a fronte ci sta :
 Le vecchie campane sonavano a gogna
 Di Piero Capponi per l'ampia città,

E giú da' bei colli che a' dí del cemento
 Tonavan la morte su'l fulvo stranier
 Un suon di letane scendea lento lento
 E pallide torme dicean—Miserer—.

Con giunte le mani prostrato il Ferruccio
 Al reo Maramaldo chiedeva mercè,
 E Gian de la Bella levato il cappuccio
 Mostrava lo schiaffo che Berto gli diè.

E Dante Allighieri vestito da zanni
 Laggiú in Santa Croce facea 'l ciceron
 Diceva—Signori, badatevi a' panni,
 Entrate, signori : voi siete i padron.

Che importa se l' onta piú, meno, ci frutti ?
 Io sono poeta, né so mercantar.
 Il ghetto d' Italia dischiuso è per tutti.
 Al popol d' Italia chi un calcio vuol dar ?—

E dietro una tomba vid' io Machiavello
 De gli occhi ammiccare con un che passò
 E dir sotto voce—Crin morbido e bello,
 Sen largo ha mia madre ; né dice mai no.

Son fòri fulgenti di dorie colonne
 I talami aperti di sue voluttà :
 Su 'l gran Campidoglio si scigne le gonne
 E nuda su l' urna di Scipio si dà—.

Firenze, nei primi giorni di Nov. del 1867.

MEMINISSE HORRET

MAKE fast every door, from all exit withhold me,
And wrap ye the thickest of veils round my head !
The shades of a horrible nightmare enfold me :
With yellow I 've witnessed the skies overspread.

A foul stench of sewers and corpses was stealing
From the ancient Palazzo which faces us there :
' To the gallows with Piero Capponi ' were pealing
The Bargello's bells over city and square.

And from the fair hills, which, when danger impended,
Roared death to the German invader, a loud
Sound of litanies slowly came down to me blended
With the *Misereres* of a fear-stricken crowd.

Ferruccio with hands humbly clasped lay prostrated
And begged of the wretch Maramaldo his life :
And Gian della Bella, his hood raised, related
How Berto had threatened his nose with the knife.

And Dante tricked out as a clown I saw playing
Within Santa Croce the rôle of a guide :
' Oh, sirs, don't be nervous of us,' he kept saying ;
' Come in, sirs : our patrons are ye, and our pride.

' What matter if shame more or less pay our gentry ?
I 'm a poet : of haggling I don't know the trick.
To the Ghetto of Italy all men have entry,
The people of Italy who 'd deign to kick ? '

By a tombstone crouched Machiavel : to another
Who passed him he slyly winked, whispering low
(For I heard him) : ' A breast fair and broad has my mother
And soft, flowing tresses : she never says no.

' To the forums her paramours flock without payment,
Their Dorian halls are the scene of her lust :
On the Capitol's height she ungirdles her raiment,
And yields herself naked, o'er Scipio's dust.'

PER GIUSEPPE MONTI E GAETANO TOGNETTI

MARTIRI DEL DIRITTO ITALIANO

I

TORPIDO fra la nebbia ed increscioso
Esce su Roma il giorno :
Fiochi i suon de la vita, un pauroso
Silenzio è d' ogn' intorno.

Novembre sta del Vatican su gli orti
Come di piombo un velo :
Senza canti gli augei da' tronchi morti
Fuggon pe 'l morto cielo.

Fioccano d' un cader lento le fronde
Gialle, cineree, bianche ;
E sotto il fioccar tristo che le asconde
Paion di vita stanche

Fin quelle, che d' etadi e genti sparte
Mirâr tanta ruina
In calma gioventú, forme de l' arte
Argolica e latina.

Il gran prete quel dí svegliossi allegro,
Guardò pe' vaticani
Vetri dorati il cielo umido e negro,
E si fregò le mani.

Natura par che di deforme orrore
Tremi innanzi a la morte :
Ei sente de le piume anco il tepore
E dice—Ecco, io son forte.

Antecessor mio santo, anni parecchi
Corser da la tua gesta ;
A te, Piero, bastarono gli orecchi ;
Io taglierò la testa.

FOR GIUSEPPE MONTI AND GAETANO TOGNETTI

MARTYRS OF ITALIAN JUSTICE

I

STRUGGLING through fog and gloom the dreary light
Of day dawns over Rome :
Life faintly stirs : but silence dread as night
Still broods o'er hearth and home.

Upon the gardens of the Vatican
Weighs like a pall of lead
November : no birds sing, the sky is wan
And pale, the trees are dead.

Yellow and white and grey the drifting leaves
Drop softly to the ground—
A mournful shower, that ever deeper weaves
A winding-sheet around

The statues, youthful gods of Grecian art
Who, in the times gone by,
Have watched the glories of the world depart
And now seem fain to die.

That day the High Priest woke in cheerful mood :
Naught but grey skies to see,
Framed in the gilded casement, was right good :
He rubbed his hands with glee.

Though the fair face of Nature seemed deformed
In horror of coming death,
Feeling his limbs still by the soft sheets warmed,
' Yea, I am strong,' he saith.

' My Sainted Predecessor, many a year
Since thy brave deed hath fled.
Thou, Peter, wert contented with an ear,
I shall cut off the head.

A questa volta son con noi le squadre,
Né Gesù ci scompiglia :
Egli è in collegio al Sacro Cuore, e il padre
Curci lo tiene in briglia.

Un forte vecchio io son ; l'ardor de i belli
Anni in cuor mi ritrovo :
La scure che aprí 'l cielo al Locatelli
Arrotatela a novo.

Sottil, lucida, acuta, in alto splenda
Ella come un' idea :
Bello il patibol sia : l' oro si spenda
Che mandò il Menabrea.

I francesi, posato il *Maometto*
Del Voltèr da l'un canto,
Diano una man, per compiere il gibetto,
Al tribunal mio santo.

Si esponga il sacramento a San Niccola
Con le indulgenze usate,
Ed in faccia a l' Italia mia figliuola
Due teste insanguinate—.

II

E pur tu sei canuto : e pur la vita
Ti rifugge dal corpo inerte al cuor,
E dal cuore al cervel, come smarrita
Nube per l'alpi solvesi in vapor.

Deh, perdona a la vita ! A l' un vent' anni
Schiudon, superbi araldi, l' avvenir ;
E in sen, del carcer tuo pur tra gli affanni,
La speme gli fiorisce et il desir.

Crescean tre fanciulletti a l' altro intorno,
Come novelli del castagno al piè ;
Or giaccion tristi, e nel morente giorno
La madre lor pensa tremando a te.

Oh, allor che del Giordano a i freschi rivi
Traea le turbe una gentil virtù
E ascese a le città liete d' olivi
Giovin messia del popolo Gesù,

' This time upon *our* side the legions gather,
Of Jesus take no reck !
For He, shut up in Sacro Cuore, by Father
Curci is held in check.

' I am a strong old man : to heart and head
I feel fresh life-blood given :
Put a new edge upon the axe which sped
Locatelli to heaven.

' Let it be brandished flashing bright and bold,
Subtle like thought and swift :
Erect a goodly gibbet : spend the gold
Of Menabrea's gift.

' Frenchmen, put by Voltaire's *Mahomet* ; in short,
Come show a just repentance,
And, as my assessors in the Sacred Court,
Help ratify our sentence.

' In San Niccola grant indulgences !
Expose the Body of God,
And before Italy my daughter these
Two heads that drip with blood ! '

II

And yet thy hair is white : yet flow the fountains
Of life more sluggish in thee day by day,
Dwindling in heart and brain as in the mountains
A cloud is lost and slowly melts away.

O grant them now their lives ! To one his twenty
Years are proud heralds of nobler years in store,
And in his breast spring youthful hopes in plenty
E'en though he languish on thy dungeon floor.

The other sees three children grow about him
Like chestnut shoots beneath the parent tree :
But now they droop, and their sad mother without him
At sunset trembles, when she thinks of thee.

Ah, long ago, when by the Jordan river,
By cities glad with olive, the gentle soul
Of Christ, the young Prince, mighty to deliver,
Drew all men unto Him to make them whole,

Non tremavan le madri : e Naim in festa
Vide la morte a un suo cenno fuggir
E la piangente vedovella onesta
Tra il figlio e Cristo i baci suoi partir.

Sorridean da i cilestri occhi profondi
I pargoletti al bel profeta umil ;
Ei lacrimando entro i lor ricci biondi
La mano ravvolgea pura e sottil.

Ma tu co 'l pugno di peccati onusto
Calchi a terra quei capi, empio signor,
E sotto al sangue del paterno busto
De le tenere vite affoghi il fior.

Tu su gli occhi de i miseri parenti
(E son tremuli vegli al par di te)
Scavi le fosse a i figli ancor viventi,
Chierico sanguinoso e imbelle re.

Deh, prete, non sia ver che dal tuo nero
Antro niun salvo a l'aure pure uscì ;
Polifemo cristian, deh non sia vero
Che tu nudri la morte in trenta dí.

Stringilo al petto, grida—Io del ciel messo
Sono a portar la pace, a benedir—.
E sentirai dal giovanile amplesso
Nuovo sangue a le tue vene fluir. . . .

In sua mente crudel (volgonsi inani
Le lacrime ed i prieghi) egli si sta :
Come un fallo gittò gli affetti umani
Ei solitario ne l' antica età.

III

Meglio così ! Sangue de i morti, affretta
I rivi tuoi vermigli
E i fati ; al ciel vapora, e di vendetta
Inebria i nostri figli.

Essi, nati a l' amore, a cui l' aurora
De l' avvenir sorride
Ne le limpide fronti, odiino ancora,
Come chi molto vide.

No mothers trembled : nay, from death He frees us :
For did not Nain see Him death's power destroy ?
And whether more to kiss her son or Jesus
The weeping widow knew not in her joy.

The little blue-eyed children sought His blessing
Lovely He was and meek—they trusted Him.
And, while He stood their golden curls caressing
With sinless hands, His eyes with tears were dim.

But thou, in whose vile soul no love of God is,
Smitest with crime-stained fist these heads to earth,
In blood, that streams from their dead fathers' bodies,
Stifling the tender blossoms at their birth.

Thou in the sight of parents in their anguish
(Whose limbs like thine are old and tottering)
Diggest graves for their sons, while yet they languish
In prison, O bloody cleric, unwarlike king.

Priest, prove them false who say that thou dost glory
None e'er from thy black den safe issueth.
Come, Christian Polyphemus, deny the story
That thou in thirty days canst nurture death.

Oh, clasp him to thy bosom, crying : ' Heaven
Bids peace and blessing flow from the Papal Throne,'
And thou shalt feel new life-blood to thee given
By that young heart that beats against thine own. . . .

Fixed in his cruel purpose he remaineth
(Our prayers are vain, he scoffs at our distress) :
Mercy and love as weakness he disdaineth,
In him alone old age was pitiless.

III

'Tis better so ! Blood of the slain rise up
To heaven ! Hasten fate !
Be as red wine of vengeance in the cup
Our sons to inebriate—

Our sons, whom we had taught to love, to whom
The Future now appears
So bright, let Hate thus early with its gloom
O'er cast their boyhood's years !

Mirate, udite, o avversi continenti,
O monti al ciel ribelli,
Isole e voi ne l' ocean fiorenti
Di boschi e di vascelli ;

E tu che inciampi, faticosa ancella,
Europa, in su la via ;
E tu che segui pe' i gran mar la stella
Che al Penn si scopría ;

E voi che sotto i furiosi raggi
Serpenti e re nutrite,
Africa ed Asia, immani, e voi selvaggi,
Voi, pelli colorite ;

E tu, sole divino : ecco l' onesto
Voglio, rosso le mani
Di sangue e 'l viso di salute : è questo
L' angel de gli Sciuani.

Ei, prima che il fatale esecutore
Lo spazzo abbia lavato,
Esce raggianti a delibar l' orrore
Del popolo indignato.

Ei, di dimenza orribile percosso,
Com' ebbro il capo scuote,
E vorría pur vedere un po' di rosso
Ne l' òr de le sue ruote.

Voglio ! son pompe di ferocie vane
In che il tuo cor si esala,
E in van t' afforza a troncar teste umane
Quei che salvò i La Gala.

Due tu spegnesti : e a la chiamata pronti
Son mille, ancor piú mille.
I nostri padiglion splendon su i monti
Ne' piani e per le ville,

Dovunque s' apre un' alta vita umana
A la luce a l' amore :
Noi siam la sacra legïon tebana,
Voglio, che mai non muore.

Look, listen, opposed continents, ye mountains
 Rebellious 'gainst the sky,
 Isles of the ocean fair with woods and fountains,
 And ships that travel by ;

And thou, O Europe, wayworn Handmaid, who
 Dost fall and rise again ;
 And thou, who 'cross the Atlantic dost pursue
 The star of William Penn ;

And ye, whom shafts of tropic sunlight pierce,
 Who snakes and tyrants feed,
 Vast Africa and Asia, and ye fierce,
 Ye coloured tribes, give heed !

And thou, O Sun divine, see this old man's
 Bland, honest features, see
 His bloodstained hands and healthy countenance !
 The Chouans' angel he !

He, ere the executioner hath washed
 The fatal scaffold, drives out
 To gloat on people's horror, unabashed
 Their righteous grief to flout.

He, struck with ghastly madness, wags his head
 Like a drunk man, and feels
 A bestial desire to see the red
 Drops splash his gilded wheels.

Old man, the cruel pageants, that with glee
 Thou plannest, we disdain.
 He who the two La Galas saved bids thee
 Cut off men's heads in vain.

Two thou hast quenched : but thousands wait the call,
 Yea, and more thousands still.
 Our white tents gleam by every city wall,
 They gleam on plain and hill,

Where'er spring love and light, in every region
 That noble hearts can cherish :
 Old man, we are the sacred Theban legion,
 And we can never perish.

Sparsa è la via di tombe, ma com' ara
 Ogni tomba si mostra :
 La memoria de i morti arde e rischiara
 La grande opera nostra.

Savi, guerrier, poeti ed operai,
 Tutti ci diam la mano :
 Duro lavor ne gli anni, e lieve omai ;
 Minammo il Vaticano.

Splende la face, e il sangue pio l' avviva ;
 Splende siccome un sole :
 Sospiri il vento, e su l' antica riva
 Cadrà l' orrenda mole.

E tra i ruderi in fior la tiberina
 Vergin di nere chiome
 Al peregrin dirà : Son la ruina
 D' un' onta senza nome.

30 Nov. 1868.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

QUAL da gli aridi scogli erma su 'l mare
 Genova sta, marmoreo gigante,
 Tal, surto in bassi dí, su 'l fluttuante
 Secolo, ei grande, austero, immoto appare.

Da quelli scogli, onde Colombo infante
 Nuovi pe 'l mar vedea monti spuntare,
 Egli vide nel ciel crepuscolare
 Co 'l cuor di Gracco ed il pensier di Dante

La terza Italia ; e con le luci fise
 A lei trasse per mezzo un cimitero,
 E un popol morto dietro a lui si mise.

Esule antico, al ciel mite e severo
 Leva ora il volto che giammai non rise,
 —Tu sol—pensando—o idëal, sei vero.—

Our way is strewn with graves, but like an altar
Each grave is decked with flowers :
The memory of the dead burns : shall we falter
In this great work of ours ?

Nay, see us all join hands, the sage, the bard,
Warrior and artisan :
Easy is now that which was once so hard—
We threatened the Vatican.

Fed by the martyr's blood, bright torches quiver
Fanned by the breeze awhile,
Until at length, above the ancient river,
Shall fall th' accursed pile.

Thereafter Tiber's dark-haired nymph shall rove
'Mid moss-grown stones, and tell
The pilgrim how ' these are the ruins of
A shame unspeakable.'

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

A MARBLE giant, high o'er the sea that cowers
'Neath her bare cliffs, stands Genoa proud and fair :
Even thus, unmoved by days of dark despair,
Grand o'er the restless century he towers.

From cliffs, whence young Columbus used to stare
Across the waves to a new land, with powers
Of vision as keen, he saw a time that dowers
With Freedom the third Italy :—he, the heir

Of Gracchus' lion-heart and Dante's mind,
His eyes fixed on that goal, moved onward through
A graveyard, with a nation dead behind.

Exiled for long, long years, his face, that knew
No smile, he lifts to Heaven severe yet kind,
Musing : ' Thou only, O Ideal, art true.'

PER IL QUINTO ANNIVERSARIO
DELLA BATTAGLIA DI MENTANA

Ogni anno, allor che lugubre
L' ora de la sconfitta
Di Mentana su' memori
Colli volando va,
I colli e i pian trasalgono
E fieramente dritta
Su i nomentani tumuli
La morta schiera sta.

Non son nefandi scheletri ;
Sono alte forme e belle,
Cui roseo dal crepuscolo
Ondeggia intorno un vel :
Per le ferite ridono
Pie le virginee stelle,
Lievi a le chiome avvolgonsi
Le nuvole del ciel.

—Or che le madri gemono
Sovra gl' insonni letti,
Or che le spose sognano
Il nostro spento amor,
Noi rileviam dal Tartaro
I bianchi infranti petti,
Per salutarti, o Italia,
Per rivederti ancor.

Qual ne l' incerto tramite
Gittava il cavaliere
Il verde manto serico
De la sua donna al piè,
Per te gittammo l'anima
Ridenti al fato nero ;
E tu pur vivi immemore
Di chi moria per te.

ON THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BATTLE OF MENTANA

EACH year, when thy anniversary,
Mentana, like a sighing
Voice o'er the hills, goes mournfully
Reproaching our neglect,
O'er hill and plain in companies
The noble dead come flying,
And at Nomentum haughtily
Stand on the mounds erect.

They are spirits tall and beautiful,
Not skeletons unsightly ;
The rosy mists of evening
Veil them as they float by :
Thro' their red wounds shine radiantly
The virgin stars, and lightly
With their long locks are mingled
The clouds that sweep the sky.

' Now that on beds unvisited
By sleep are mothers mourning,
Now that young brides are dreaming of
Love that was ours in vain,
We that were wounded, slain for thee,
From Tartarus are returning,
To greet thee, O our Italy,
To see thee once again.

' As a knight would cast his mantle on
A muddy path, defiling
The gay green silk right gallantly
That his lady thereon might tread,
For thee we cast down fearlessly
Our lives, at black Fate smiling ;
Yet thou can'st live forgetful of
Those who for thee lie dead.

Ad altri, o dolce Italia,
 Doni i sorrisi tuoi ;
 Ma i morti non obliano
 Ciò che piú in vita amâr ;
 Ma Roma è nostra, i vindici
 Del nome suo siam noi :
 Voliam su 'l Campidoglio,
 Voliamo a trionfar.—

Va come fósco nuvola
 La morta compagnia,
 E al suo passare un fremito
 Gl' itali petti assal ;
 Ne le auree veglie tacciono
 La luce e l' armonia,
 E sordo il tuon rimormora
 Su l' alto Quirinal.

Ma i cavalier d' industria,
 Che a la città di Gracco
 Trasser le pance nitide
 E l' inclita viltà,
 Dicon—Se il tempo brontola,
 Finiam d' empire il sacco ;
 Poi venga anche il diluvio ;
 Sarà quel che sarà.—

IL CANTO DELL' AMORE

OH bella a' suoi be' dí Rocca Paolina
 Co' baluardi lunghi e i sproni a sghembo !
 La pensò Paol terzo una mattina
 Tra il latin del messale e quel del Bembo.

—Quel gregge perugino in tra i burroni
 Troppo volentier—disse—mi si svia.
 Per ammonire, il padre eterno ha i tuoni,
 Io suo vicario avrò l' artiglieria.

Coelo tonantem canta Orazio, e Dio
 Parla tra i nemi sovra l' aquilon,
 Io dirò co i cannoni : O gregge mio,
 Torna a i paschi d' Engaddi e di Saron.

' To other men, sweet Italy,
Thy smiles and gifts are given ;
But the dead of what was dear to them
In life are forgetful ne'er.

Yet Rome is ours : as champions
Of her great name we have striven ;
Let us fly on to the Capitol,
Let us fly to triumph there.'

On like dark clouds those companies
Of dead o'er heaven go streaming :
A nameless awe on Italian
Breasts, as they pass, doth fall :

Hushed are the gilded galleries
Where music and lights are gleaming :
Men hear the thunder muttering
On the lofty Quirinal.

Meanwhile below to the city of
Gracchus ever more thickly
Troop in, sleek-bellied and infamous,
The ' Chevaliers d'industrie ' ;

They say : ' If skies be thundery,
Let 's fill our pockets quickly ;
Then come the flood, we welcome it :
For what will be, will be.'

THE SONG OF LOVE

FAIR in her fair days rose Rocca Paolina :
With cannon did her buttressed ramparts bristle !
Pope Paul the third planned her one morn between a
Text of Bembo and his Latin Missal.

' Too freely do my sheep who pasture under
Perugia's precipices stray from me :
For chastening, God the Father hath the thunder,
And I, His vicar, will use artillery.

' *Coelo tonantem* Horace sings, and louder
Than the stormwind God speaketh in His rage :
" Return, my sheep," I 'll cry with shot and powder,
" To Sharon's and Engaddi's pasturage."

Ma, poi che noi rinnovelliamo Augusto,
Odi, Sangallo ; fammi tu un lavoro
Degno di Roma, degno del tuo gusto,
E del ponteficato nostro d' oro.—

Disse : e il Sangallo a la fortezza i fianchi
Arrotondò qual di fiorente sposa :
Gitolle attorno un vel di marmi bianchi,
Cinse di torri un serto a l' orgogliosa.

La cantò il Molza in distici latini ;
E il paracleto ne la sua virtù
Con piú che sette doni a i perugini
In bombe e da' mortai pioveva giù.

Ma il popolo è, ben lo sapete, un cane,
E i sassi addenta che non può scagliare,
E specialmente le sue ferree zane
Gode ne le fortezze esercitare ;

E le sgretola ; e poi lieto si stende
Latrando su le pietre ruinate,
Fin che si leva e a correr via riprende
Verso altri sassi ed altre bastonate.

Cosí fece in Perugia. Ove l' altera
Mole ingombrava di vasta ombra il suol
Or ride amore e ride primavera,
Ciancian le donne ed i fanciulli al sol.

E il sol nel radiante azzurro immenso
Fin de gli Abruzzi al biancheggiar lontano
Folgora, e con desio d' amor piú intenso
Ride a' monti de l' Umbria e al verde piano.

Nel roseo lume placidi sorgenti
I monti si rincorrono tra loro,
Sin che sfumano in dolci ondeggiamenti
Entro vapori di viola e d' oro.

Forse, Italia, è la tua chioma fragrante
Nel talamo, tra' due mari, seren,
Che sotto i baci de l' eterno amante
Ti freme effusa in lunghe anella al sen ?

' Yet hearken, since the Augustan age, Sangallo,
With us renews its glories, consummate,
Worthy of Rome and thee, a work to hallow
The golden years of our Pontificate.'

He spoke, and to defend her maiden honour
Sangallo arched her round on every side,
And cast a veil of snow-white marble on her
And girdled her with towers for her pride.

In Latin distichs she was celebrated
By Molza : and the Paraclete rained down
In bombs and from the mortars unabated
His more than sevenfold gifts upon the town.

And yet the people are a dog, which biteth
The stones it cannot hurl, as well ye know,
And specially on fortresses delighteth
To exercise its iron fangs, and so

To shatter them, then lies with joyous barking
Stretched on the ruined walls, till up it springs
And rushes off, some novel quarry marking,
To other stones and other cudgellings.

So in Perugia it befell. Where dim in
The shade of that stern pile the city lay,
Love laugheth now, and merrily the women
And children prattle in the sun of May.

And through the spacious azure ever higher
The bright sun mounts, till far Abruzzi's snows
Glisten, and yet with more intense desire
Of Love on Umbrian hill and pasture glows.

Where in the rosy light serenely rising
The mountains interweave their perfect lines,
Until each tender contour melts and dies in
The golden violet haze that o'er them shines.

Is 't, Italy, thy fragrant hair strewn over
Thy nuptial bed, 'twixt seas to east and west,
Which 'neath the kisses of th' eternal lover
Trembles in scattered ringlets to thy breast ?

Io non so che si sia, ma di zaffiro
Sento ch' ogni pensiero oggi mi splende,
Sento per ogni vena irmi il sospiro
Che fra la terra e il ciel sale e discende.

Ogni aspetto novel con una scossa
D' antico affetto mi saluta il core,
E la mia lingua per sé stessa mossa
Dice a la terra e al cielo, Amore, Amore.

Son io che il cielo abbraccio, o da l' interno
Mi riassorbe l' universo in sé ? . . .
Ahi, fu una nota del poema eterno
Quel ch' io sentiva e picciol verso or è.

Da i vichi umbri che fóschi tra le gole
De l' Apennino s' amano appiattare ;
Da le tirrene acròpoli che sole
Stan su i fioriti clivi a contemplare ;

Da i campi onde tra l' armi e l' ossa arate
La sventura di Roma ancor minaccia ;
Da le ròcche tedesche appollaiate
Sí come falchi a meditar la caccia ;

Da i palagi del popol che sfidando
Surgon neri e turriti incontro a lor ;
Da le chiese che al ciel lunghe levando
Marmoree braccia pregano il Signor ;

Da i borghi che s' affrettan di salire
Allegri verso la cittade oscura,
Come villani c' hanno da partire
Un buon raccolto dopo mietitura ;

Da i conventi fra i borghi e le cittadi
Cupi sedenti al suon de le campane,
Come cucúli tra gli alberi radi
Cantanti noie ed allegrezze strane ;

Da le vie, da le piazze gloriose,
Ove, come del maggio ilare a i dí
Boschi di querce e cespiti di rose,
La libera de' padri arte fiorí ;

What'er it be, I feel Spring with me blending,
And all my thoughts a sapphire radiance stains ;
I feel the sighs, ascending and descending
'Twixt earth and heaven, throb through all my veins.

Each novel sight mine eager eye descrieth
Awakes some old affection in my heart ;
' Love, Love ! ' my tongue to earth and heaven crieth
In words that from my lips unbidden start.

Do I embrace the heavens, or doth the ocean
Of Being absorb me in its timeless calm ? . . .
Ah, this poor verse expressing my emotion
Is but one note of the Eternal Psalm.

From Umbrian villages, which love to bury
Themselves in dark rifts of the Apennine ;
From Tyrrhene castles standing solitary
Above the green hills rich in corn and wine ;

From plains, whence 'mid the ploughed-up bones and armour
Dread Rome still threatens in defeat's black day ;
From German forts, which watched the ancient farmer,
Like nesting falcons brooding o'er their prey ;

From gloomy-towered palaces the nation
Built that she might her foreign lords defy ;
From churches which, as if in supplication,
Stretch forth long marble arms unto the sky ;

From happy suburbs up the hillside creeping
Towards the city, old and dark and hoar,
Like villeins hasting homeward after reaping
To share the grain that fills the threshing-floor ;

From convents, nestled in the valleys, ringing
Their bells o'er suburb and o'er city-street,
Like cuckoos in the leafless branches singing
Two notes, where joy and pain so strangely meet ;

From roads and from piazzas rich in story,
Where, e'en as one blithe morn of May attires
The oaks and rose-trees in their summer glory,
Burst into bloom the Free Art of our sires ;

Per le tenere verdi mèssi al piano,
 Pe' vigneti su l' erte arrampicati,
 Pe' laghi e' fiumi argentei lontano,
 Pe' boschi sopra i vertici nevati,

Pe' casolari al sol lieti fumanti
 Tra stridor di mulini e di gualchiere,
 Sale un cantico solo in mille canti,
 Un inno in voce di mille preghiere :

—Salute, o genti umane affaticate !
 Tutto trapassa e nulla può morir.
 Noi troppo odiammo e sofferimmo. Amate.
 Il mondo è bello e santo è l' avvenir.—

Che è che splende su da' monti e in faccia
 Al sole appar come novella aurora ?
 Di questi monti per la rosea traccia
 Passeggian dunque le madonne ancora ?

Le madonne che vide il Perugino
 Scender ne' puri occasi de l' aprile,
 E le braccia, adorando, in su' l bambino
 Aprir con deità così gentile ?

Ell' è un' altra madonna, ell' è un' idea
 Fulgente di giustizia e di pietà :
 Io benedico chi per lei cadea,
 Io benedico chi per lei vivrà.

Che m' importa di preti e di tiranni ?
 Ei son piú vecchi de' lor vecchi dèi.
 Io maledissi al papa or son dieci anni,
 Oggi co 'l papa mi concilierei.

Povero vecchio, chi sa non l' assaglia
 Una deserta volontà d' amare !
 Forse ei ripensa la sua Sinigaglia
 Sí bella a specchio de l' adriaco mare.

Aprite il Vaticano. Io piglio a braccio
 Quel di sé stesso antico prigionier.
 Vieni : a la libertà brindisi io faccio :
 Cittadino Mastai, bevi un bicchier !

O'er fields where now the tender green blades quiver,
O'er vineyards clinging to the steep hillside,
O'er lakes and many a far-off shining river,
O'er woods and snow-clad summits far and wide ;

From sunny cots, o'er which the blue smoke lingers,
'Mid all the noisy mills and thundering weirs,
Leaps up one song sung by a thousand singers,
One hymn wherein are blent a thousand prayers :

' Greeting, ye human races bowed with sorrow !
All passes, naught can die : too much we dare
To hate and suffer. Learn to love ! The morrow
Shall thus be holier and the world more fair.'

What is that radiance, like some new Aurora's
Greeting the sun, on yonder mountain height ?
Do then Madonnas as of old pass o'er us,
Treading these hills on paths of rosy light ?

Madonnas Perugino saw descending,
Thro' pearly April sunsets pure and mild,
With outstretched arms, in adoration bending
Divinely meek before the Holy Child ?

Nay, 'tis a new Madonna whom we call on,
Justice and Love, the Ideal for which we strive !
Blessèd be those who for her sake have fallen,
Blessèd be those who for her sake shall live !

For Priests and Tyrants naught care I ! Unsteady,
Infirm, and old as their old Gods are they.
I cursed the Pope ten years ago, I'm ready
To reconcile myself with him to-day.

The poor old man ! Who knows if he is yearning
In vain for love ? E'en now his thoughts may be
To his own Sinigaglia fondly turning
Where it lies mirrored in the Adrian sea.

Open the Vatican ! I would embrace thee,
Who ne'er from out thy self-made prison wilt pass.
Come, Citizen Mastai, 'twill not disgrace thee ;
The toast is ' Freedom,' drain with me one glass !

FROM 'INTERMEZZO'

INTERMEZZO

9

NON contro te suoni maligno il verso,
Terra a cui non risposi
Amor già mai, cui sol vidi traverso
I sogni lacrimosi

De l' infanzia. O sedente al tirren lido,
Poggiata il fianco a i monti,
A dio, Versilia mia, ligure lido
Di longobardi conti !

Se dalle donne tue maschia dolcezza
Tenne il mio tósco accento,
Io non voglio i tuoi marmi, o Serravezza,
Per il mio monumento.

Pe 'l monumento che vo' farmi vivo,
Lungi da la mia culla
Cerco altri marmi mentre penso e scrivo,
Che non costano nulla.

Altrui le glorie. O diámante bianco
Entro gli azzurri egei,
Paro gentil dal cui marpesio fianco
Uscían d' Ellas gli dèi,

Tu, che tra Nasso ove Arianna giacque
In seno al bello iddio,
E Delo errante dove Febo nacque
Nume de' greci e mio,

Archiloco vedesti a i giambi ardenti
Sciôr fra i tuoi nembi il freno
E de' tristi alcïoni in fra i lamenti
Ir l' elegia d' Eveno,

INTERLUDE

9

NOT against thee shall my Muse vent her spleen,
O Land, to which my love
Ne'er paid its debt, which I have only seen
Through tearful dreams, where move

Ghosts of my childhood. Oh, on the mountain-side
By the Etruscan sea,
Farewell, Versilia mine, Ligurian pride
Of Counts of Lombardy!

If from thy women my Tuscan accent got
Its strength with sweetness blent,
Thy marbles, Serravezza, I ask not
To build my monument.

Lest in the past my name forgotten sink,
Far from my cradle I've sought
For other marbles, while I write and think—
Marbles which cost me naught.

Other the glories. O like diamond white
Amid the Ægean blue,
Paros, from whose Marpesian side the bright
Pure Gods of Hellas grew,

Thou, who 'twixt Naxos, where Ariadne slept
Upon a breast divine,
And wandering Delos, whence Apollo leapt,
The Grecian's god and mine,

Sawest Archilochus uncurb his pent
Iambics 'neath thy skies,
And heardest, 'mid the halcyon's lament,
Evenus' elegies,

A me d' Italia Archiloco omai lasso
Ed Eveno migliore
Dona, Paro gentil, tanto di sasso
Ch' io v' intombi il mio cuore.

Questo cuore che amor mai non richiese
Se non forse a le idee
E che ferito tra le sue contese
Ora morir si dee,

Vo sotterrarlo, e mi fia dolce pena
Ne l' opra affaticarmi :
O Paro, o Grecia, antichità serena,
Datemi i marmi e i carmi.

To me th' Archilochus of Italy
Who play Evenus' part,
But better, give so much stone as may be
Tomb for my weary heart.

This heart, which ne'er asked love, but only cares
After ideals to strain,
And which, hard stricken in the fray, prepares
To die : lo, I would fain

Now bury it : sweet may the labour be
Which to that work belongs !
O Paros, Greece, ancient serene, give me
Thy marbles and thy songs.

FROM 'RIME NUOVE'

ALLA RIMA

A VE, o rima ! Con bell' arte
Su le carte
Te persegue il trovadore ;
Ma tu brilli, tu scintilli,
Tu zampilli,
Su del popolo dal cuore.

O scoccata tra due baci
Ne i rapaci
Volgimenti de la danza,
Come accordi ne' due giri
Due sospiri,
Di memoria e di speranza !

Come lieta risonasti
Su da i vasti
Petti al vespero sereno,
Quando il piè de' mietitori
In tre cori
Con tre note urtò il terreno !

Come orribile su' vènti
De' vincenti
Tu ruggisti le virtùdi,
Mentre l' aste sanguinose
Fragorose
Percotcano i ferrei scudi !

Sgretolar sott' esso il brando
Di Rolando
Tu sentisti Roncisvalle,
E soffiando nel gran corno
Notte e giorno
Del gran nome empi la valle.

Poi t' afferri a la criniera
Irta e nera
Di Babieca che galoppa,
E del Cid tra i gonfaloni
Balda intoni
La romanza in su la groppa.

TO RHYME

HAIL thee, Rhyme, to bonds committed
By quick-witted
Troubadours with careful art :
But thou sprightly, rushest lightly,
Gushest brightly
Sparkling from the people's heart.

Oh, 'twixt kiss and kiss how gladly,
Where most madly
Whirl the dancers, lips let fly
Thee, who in two turns at latest
Deftly matest
Hope with Memory, sigh with sigh !

Oh, how gaily wert thou floated
By full-throated
Voices after hours of toil,
As the triple reaper-chorus
With sonorous
Triple note stamped on the soil !

Dreadful down the breeze, when shouted
O'er the routed,
Roared thy voice on stricken fields,
While the blood-stained javelins rattle
Hurled in battle
'Gainst the serried iron shields.

Roland's sword thou heardest shatter
Rocks and batter
Roncival : come night, come morn,
Highland echoes unto lowland
' Roland, Roland '
When thou windest his great horn.

Then of black Bavioca singing
Rod'st thou, clinging
To his rough mane, gallant, free ;
Where the Cid's gay pennon glances,
All Romance is
Mounted on his horse with thee.

Poi del Rodano a la bella
Onda snella
Dài la chioma polverosa,
E disfidi i rusignoli
Dolci e soli
Ne i verzieri di Tolosa.

Ecco, in poppa del battello
Di Rudello
Tu d' amor la vela hai messa,
Ed il bacio del morente
Rechi ardente
Su le labbra a la contessa.

Torna, torna : ad altri liti
Altri inviti
Ti fa Dante austero e pio ;
Ei con te scende a l' inferno
E l' eterno
Monte gira e vola a Dio.

Ave, o bella imperatrice,
O felice
Del latin metro reina !
Un ribelle ti saluta
Combattuta,
E a te libero s' inchina.

Cura e onor de' padri miei,
Tu mi sei
Come lor sacra e diletta.
Ave, o rima : e dammi un fiore
Per l' amore,
E per l' odio una saetta.

Then in Rhone's swift torrent plunging,
There expunging
From thy hair its dust-stained hues,
Thou, sweet nightingales outvying,
Flittest sighing
Through the orchards of Toulouse.

Thou Love's pilot wast in feudal
Times, when Rudel
Sailed forth in his ship of ships :
Bearer of the burning kisses,
Which he presses,
Dying, on his lady's lips.

Turn, return : grave Dante calls thee
And installs thee
By his side : with thee he trod
Other paths through realms infernal,
Clomb th' eternal
Mountain and thence soared to God.

Empress, who o'er metre bearest
Rule, O fairest
Queen of Latin poetry,
Lo, a rebel, long disloyal,
Craves thy royal
Grace and pays thee homage free.

Rhyme, among our sires renownèd,
Courtèd, crownèd,
Thee I too will venerate.
Fare thee well : with flowers salute my
Friends, but shoot thy
Arrows against those I hate.

IL SONETTO

DANTE il mover gli diè del cherubino
 E d' aere azzurro e d' òr lo confuse :
 Petrarca il pianto del suo cor, divino
 Rio che pe' versì mormora, gl' infuse.

La mantuana ambrosia e' l venosino
 Miel gl' impetrò da le tiburti muse
 Torquato : e come strale adamantino
 Contro i servi e' tiranni Alfier lo schiuse.

La nota Ugo gli diè de' rusignoli
 Sotto i ionii cipressi, e de l' acanto
 Cinsel fiorito a' suoi materni soli.

Sesto io no, ma postremo, estasi e pianto
 E profumo, ira ed arte, a' miei dí soli
 Memore innovo ed a i sepolcri canto.

COLLOQUI CON GLI ALBERI

TE che solinghe balze e mesti piani
 Ombri, o quercia pensosa, io piú non amo,
 Poi che cedesti al capo de gl' insani
 Eversor di cittadi il mite ramo.

Né te, lauro infecondo, ammiro o bramo,
 Che mènti e insulti, o che i tuoi verdi e strani
 Orgogli accampi in mezzo al verno gramo
 O in fronte a calvi imperador romani.

Amo te, vite, che tra bruni sassi
 Pampinea ridi, ed a me pia maturi
 Il sapiente de la vita oblio.

Ma piú onoro l'abete : ei fra quattr' assi,
 Nitida bara, chiuda al fin li oscuri
 Del mio pensier tumulti e il van desio.

THE SONNET

DANTE gave it the Cherubim's swift wing,
Pouring around it azure air and gold :
To Petrarch 'twas a channel divine to hold
The tears that through his verse run murmuring :

Tasso for it bade Tibur's Muses bring
The honey and ambrosia that of old
Horace and Virgil ate : Alfieri rolled
It thunderlike 'gainst slave and cruel king :

Ugo breathed into it the nightingales'
Music beneath Ionian cypresses,
And girt it with his own acanthus blooms.

Sixth am I not, but last—those ecstasies,
Tears, perfumes, passion, art, like twice-told tales
I, solitary, sing unto the tombs.

CONVERSATION WITH TREES

THEE, who untrodden cliff and mournful plain
Shadest, thought-wrinkled Oak, I love not now,
Since thou hast decked the forehead of insane
Destroyers of cities with thy gracious bough.

Nor do I yearn for thee, proud Laurel, for thou
Art false and insolent : whether thy vain
Green leaves mock dismal winter or the brow
Of Rome's bald Cæsars, thee do I disdain.

I love thee, Vine, who 'mid thy brown stones seen
Dost laugh in leafy splendour, and the cup
Prepare of wise forgetfulness of life :

Yet dearer still the Pine : may he between
Four boards—a polished coffin—at last shut up
All my heart's dark despair and fruitless strife.

✓ IL BOVE

T' AMO, o pio bove ; e mite un sentimento
Di vigore e di pace al cor m' infondi,
O che solenne come un monumento
Tu guardi i campi liberi e fecondi,

O che al giogo inchinandoti contento
L' agil opra de l' uom grave secondi :
Ei t' esorta e ti punge, e tu co 'l lento
Giro de' pazienti occhi rispondi.

Da la larga narice umida e nera
Fuma il tuo spirto, e come un inno lieto
Il mugghio nel sereno aer si perde ;

E del grave occhio glauco entro l' austera
Dolcezza si rispecchia ampio e quieto
Il divino del pian silenzio verde.

✓ VIRGILIO

C OME, quando su' campi arsi la pia
Luna imminente il gelo estivo infonde,
Mormora al bianco lume il rio tra via
Riscintillando tra le brevi sponde ;

E il secreto usignuolo entro le fronde
Empie il vasto seren di melodia,
Ascolta il viatore ed a le bionde
Chiome che amò ripensa, e il tempo oblia ;

Ed orba madre, che doleasi in vano,
Da un avel gli occhi al ciel lucente gira
E in quel diffuso albor l' animo queta ;

Ridono in tanto i monti e il mar lontano,
Tra i grandi arbor la fresca aura sospira ;
Tale il tuo verso a me, divin poeta.

THE OX

I LOVE thee, holy ox : a soothing sense
Of power and peace thou lodgest in my heart.
How solemn, like a monument, thou art,
Watching the pastures fertile and immense !

Or 'neath the yoke with calmness how intense
Dost thou to man's quick toil thine aid impart !
He shouts and goads thee : patient of the smart,
Thine eyes, slow turning, claim more reverence.

From thy broad nostrils, black and moist, doth rise
Thy breath in fragrant incense : like a psalm
Swells on the air thy lowing's joyful strain.

Austerely sweet are thy grave emerald eyes,
And in their depths is mirrored, wide and calm,
All the divine green silence of the plain.

VIRGIL

AS when the gracious moon climbs up the sky,
Drenching parched fields with dew on summer eves,
The murmuring brook, 'twixt low banks rippling by,
Of her white beams a silvery network weaves ;

The secret nightingale among the leaves
Fills the vast calm with throbbing melody,
So sweet th' entranced wayfarer half believes
Time is not, and his fair-haired love seems nigh ;

And the bereavèd mother who wept in vain
Beside a grave is soothed and comforted,
When the grey dawn doth over heaven shine :

Mountains and distant sea smile out again,
A fresh breeze stirs the branches overhead :
Such is thy verse to me, O poet divine.

' FUNERE MERSIT ACERBO '

O TU che dormi là su la fiorita
 Collina tósca, e ti sta il padre a canto ;
 Non hai tra l' erbe del sepolcro udita
 Pur ora una gentil voce di pianto ?

È il fanciulletto mio, che a la romita
 Tua porta batte : ei che nel grande e santo
 Nome te rinnovava, anch' ei la vita
 Fugge, o fratel, che a te fu amara tanto.

Ahi no ! giocava per le pinte aiole,
 E arriso pur di vision leggiadre
 L' ombra l' avvolse, ed a le fredde e sole

Vostre rive lo spinse. Oh, giú ne l' adre
 Sedi accoglilo tu, ché al dolce sole
 Ei volge il capo ed a chiamar la madre.

SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI

F RATE Francesco, quanto d' aere abbraccia
 Questa cupola bella del Vignola
 Dove incrociando a l' agonia le braccia
 Nudo giacesti su la terra sola !

E luglio ferve e il canto d' amor vola
 Nel pian laborioso. Oh che una traccia
 Diami il canto umbro de la tua parola,
 L' umbro cielo mi dia de la tua faccia !

Su l' orizzonte del montan paese,
 Nel mite solitario alto splendore,
 Qual del tuo paradiso in su le porte,

Ti vegga io dritto con le braccia tese
 Cantando a Dio—Laudato sia, signore,
 Per nostra corporal sorella morte !—

'FUNERE MERSIT ACERBO'

O THOU that sleepest 'neath th' enamelled sward
 Of that low Tuscan hill, and by thee lies
 Our father, in thy tomb hast thou not heard
 Amid the grass a voice that softly cries ?

It is my baby boy, who hastens toward
 Thy dreary gate and knocks—he with whom dies
 Thy sacred name : the life thou foundest hard,
 O'er-hard to bear, he too thus early flies.

Ah, no ! For till the shadow thrust him dead
 To your cold, cheerless shores, he knew no other
 Care but to play 'mid flowers, where bright dreams shed

Their radiance o'er him. Oh, receive him, brother,
 In thy dark mansions, for he turns his head
 To the sweet sunlight, sobbing for his mother.

ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS

HOW spacious, brother Francis, and how high
 Is this fair dome of il Vignola spread
 Above the spot where thou in agony
 Layed'st naked with crossed arms, the earth thy bed !

'Tis hot July : and o'er the plain, long wed
 To labour, floats the love-song. Would that I
 Caught in the Umbrian song thy accent sped,
 Thy face reflected in the Umbrian sky !

And where the mountain-village stands outlined
 'Gainst heav'n, a mild, lone radiance o'er thee poured,
 As from thy Paradise that openeth,

Would I could see thee—arms outstretched and mind
 Intent on God—singing : ' Praised be the Lord !
 For death of the body, our dear sister Death.'



DANTE

DANTE, onde avvien che i vóti e la favella
 Levo adorando al tuo fier simulacro
 E me su 'l verso che ti fe' già macro
 Lascia il sol, trova ancor l' alba novella ?

Per me Lucia non prega e non la bella
 Matelda appresta il salutar lavacro,
 E Beatrice con l' amante sacro
 In vano sale a Dio di stella in stella.

Odio il tuo santo impero : e la corona
 Divelto con la spada avrei di testa
 Al tuo buon Federico in val d' Olona.

Son chiesa e impero una ruina mesta
 Cui sorvola il tuo canto e al ciel risona :
 Muor Giove, e l' inno del poeta resta.

' HO IL CONSIGLIO A DISPETTO '

— **V**AGHE le nostre donne e i giovinetti
 Son fieri e adorni : or via, diffondi, o vate,
 Sovr' essi il coro de le strofe alate,
 E spargi anche tu fiori e intreccia affetti.

Perché roggio è 'l tuo verso, e tu ne' petti
 Semini spine ? Oblia. T' apran le fate
 Il giardin de l' incanto, e la beltate
 I suoi sorrisi. Il mondo anche ha diletти.—

Or dite a Giovenal che si dibatte
 Sotto la dea, ch' egli lo spasmo in riso
 Muti e in gliconio l' esametro ansante ;

E, quando avventa i suoi folgori Dante
 Su da l' inferno e giù dal paradiso,
 Addolciteli voi nel caffè e latte.

DANTE

DANTE, how comes it that my vows I pay
To thy stern image? that the sun hath seen
Me poring o’er the verse ‘that made thee lean’
Both setting and when he brings back the day?

For me no prayer doth sainted Lucy say,
No aid fair Mathilde lends to lave me clean,
For me have Beatrice and her lover been
Voyagers in vain upon their starry way.

I hate thy holy Empire: and my sword
In Val d’ Olona would have cloven the head
Of thy good Frederick with his crown thereon.

Empire and Church lie ruined and abhorred,
While heavenward soars thy song unconquerèd:
The poet endures, tho’ Jove be dead and gone.

‘AWAY WITH YOUR ADVICE’

‘CHARMING our ladies, our young men adorn
Themselves right bravely: poet, come and spread
Thy chorus of winged stanzas overhead.
Strew flowers thyself. No need our loves to scorn.

‘Why is thy verse so raw? Why sow a thorn
Within our hearts? Forget. The Fates have led
Thee to th’ Enchanted Garden, smiles are shed
On thee by Beauty. Is earth then so forlorn?’—

Now to indignant Juvenal go say:
‘Be not so frantic! Smile. Take our advice,
Change to Glyconics thy fierce Hexameters’;

And, when great Dante hurls his burning verse
Up out of Hell, down out of Paradise,
Just soothe their fury in your *café au lait*.

SOLE E AMORE

LIEVI e bianche a la plaga occidentale
Van le nubi : a le vie ride e su 'l fòro
Umido il cielo, ed a l' uman lavoro
Saluta il sol, benigno, trionfale.

Leva in roseo fulgor la cattedrale
Le mille guglie bianche e i santi d'oro,
Osannando irraggiata : intorno, il coro
Bruno de' falchi agita i gridi e l' ale.

Tal, poi ch' amor co 'l dolce riso via
Rase le nubi che gravârmi tanto
Si rileva nel sol l'anima mia,

E molteplice a lei sorride il santo
Ideal de la vita : è un' armonia
Ogni pensiero, ed ogni senso un canto.

' QUI REGNA AMORE '

OVE sei ? de' sereni occhi ridenti
A chi tempri il bel raggio, o donna mia ?
E l'intima del cor tuo melodia
A chi armonizzi ne' soavi accenti ?

Siedi tra l' erbe e i fiori e a' freschi venti
Dài la dolce e pensosa alma in balfa ?
O le membra concesso hai de la pia
Onda a gli amplessi di vigor frementi ?

Oh, dovunque tu sei, voluttuosa
Se l' aura o l' onda con mormorio lento
Ti sfiora il viso o a' bianchi omeri posa,

È l' amor mio che in ogni sentimento
Vive e ti cerca in ogni bella cosa
E ti cinge d' eterno abbracciamento.

SUNLIGHT AND LOVE

FLEECY and white the clouds are westward streaming ;
 On mart and street, as the dank mist retires,
 Smiles out the sky : the sun's triumphant fires
 Greet the vast world with human labour teeming.

All rose-red stands the great cathedral, seeming
 To shout hosannas with its thousand spires
 And saints of gold : while the brown-feathered choirs
 Of wheeling falcons swoop around it screaming.

E'en so, when love's sweet smile hath set me free
 From the dark clouds that weighed on me so long,
 My soul expands and suns itself : I see

Life's great ideal with its radiant throng
 Of blessings smile at me : a harmony
 Is every thought, and every sense a song.

'HERE REIGNETH LOVE'

WHERE art thou ? And for whom, O lady mine,
 Dost temper the keen ray of thy dark eyes ?
 For whom dost thou in soft tones harmonise
 The secret music of that heart of thine ?

Dost thou, my sweet, 'mid flowers and grass recline,
 Dreamily gazing at the windy skies ?
 Or of some wooing stream art thou the prize,
 To whose embrace thou dost thy limbs resign ?

Oh, whereso'er thou art, whether the breeze
 With soft, delicious murmur fans thy face,
 Or water sleeps on thy white shoulders, these

Believe to be my love, which lends its grace
 To all fair things, all feelings that may please
 Thee, clasping thee for ever in its embrace.

ORA E SEMPRE

ORA— : e la mano il giovine nizzardo
 Biondo con sfavillanti occhi porgea,
 E come su la preda un lëopardo
 Il suo pensier a l' avvenir correa.

E sempre— : con la man fiso lo sguardo
 L' austero genovese a lui rendea :
 E su 'l tumulto eroico il gagliardo
 Lume discese de l' eterna idea.

Ne l' aër d' alte vision sereno
 Suona il verbo di fede, e si diffonde
 Oltre i regni di morte e di fortuna.

Ora—dimanda per lo ciel Staglieno,
 Sempre—Caprera in mezzo a 'l mar risponde :
 Grande su 'l Pantheon vigila la luna.

1885 TRAVERSANDO LA MAREMMA TOSCANA

DOLCE paese, onde portai conforme
 L' abito fiero e lo sdegnoso canto
 E il petto ov' odio e amor mai non s' addorme,
 Pur ti riveggo, e il cuor mi balza in tanto.

Ben riconosco in te le usate forme
 Con gli occhi incerti tra 'l sorriso e il pianto
 E in quelle seguo de' miei sogni l' orme
 Erranti dietro il giovenile incanto.

Oh, quel che amai, quel che sognai, fu in vano ;
 E sempre corsi, e mai non giunsi il fine ;
 E dimani cadrò. Ma di lontano

Pace dicono al cuor le tue colline
 Con le nebbie sfumanti e il verde piano
 Ridente ne le piogge mattutine.

NOW AND ALWAYS

NOW—: and with eyes that flashed, as fearing naught,
Stretched forth his hand from Nice her fair-haired son,
And, like a leopard on its prey, his thought
Leapt to achieve that which was to be done.

And always—: with fixed gaze the Genovan caught
The other's hand, austere in glance and tone,
And o'er the battle, which the heroes fought,
The Light of the Eternal Ideal shone.

Above earth's tumult soars the word of Faith
Through air serene with lofty visions, and cries
That Death and Fortune shall be conquered soon.

Now—through the heav'n Staglieno questioneth,
Always—Caprera in mid-sea replies :
Full o'er the Pantheon shines the guardian Moon.

CROSSING THE TUSCAN MAREMMA

SWEET country, whose wild loveliness sank deep
Into my being, inspired my proud free song,
Gave me a heart, where hate and love ne'er sleep,
One glimpse of thee—again my pulse beats strong.

The hills, that still their wonted outline keep,
I recognise again ; the dreams, that long
Ago I dreamed, bid me half smile, half weep ;
And youth's enchanted visions about me throng.

Ah, all I dreamed and all I loved was vain !
Run as I might, I never reached the goal :
And I shall fall to-morrow ; yet once again

The clouds that o'er thy distant hill-tops roll,
Thy fields that glisten through the morning rain,
Whisper of peace unto my storm-tossed soul.

PIANTO ANTICO

L' ALBERO a cui tendevi
 La pargoletta mano,
 Il verde melograno
 Da' bei vermigli fior,

Nel muto orto solingo
 Rinverdí tutto or ora
 E giugno lo ristora
 Di luce e di calor.

Tu fior de la mia pianta
 Percossa e inaridita,
 Tu de l' inutil vita
 Estremo unico fior,

Sei ne la terra fredda,
 Sei ne la terra negra;
 Né il sol piú ti rallegra
 Né ti risveglia amor.

TEDIO INVERNALE

MA ci fu dunque un giorno
 Su questa terra il sole?
 Ci fûr rose e viole,
 Luce, sorriso, ardor?

Ma ci fu dunque un giorno
 La dolce giovinezza,
 La gloria e la bellezza,
 Fede, virtude, amor?

Ciò forse avvenne a i tempi
 D' Omero e di Valmichi:
 Ma quei son tempi antichi,
 Il sole or non è piú.

E questa ov' io m' avvolgo
 Nebbia di verno immondo
 È il cenere d' un mondo
 Che forse un giorno fu.

AN ANCIENT LAMENT X

THE tree to which my darling
Would point in childish wonder,
The green pomegranate yonder
With crimson blossoms bright,

Lone in the silent garden
The young green mantled o'er it,
E'en now doth June restore it
In summer warmth and light.

Thou of my stem the blossom,
This withered stem so stricken,
Thou, who my days didst quicken,
My one, my last delight,

In the cold earth thou liest,
In the black earth for ever ;
Sunshine and love can never
For thee break winter's night.

WINTER WEARINESS

WERE there then roses once
On earth and violets bright ?
Did the sun give warmth and light
From a smiling Heaven above ?

Was there a golden Time
When all the world was young,
When youth and maiden sung
Of Valour, Faith, and Love ?

Perchance such times there were,
Old poets have it so ;
But that was long ago,
And no sun shines to-day.

And these unlovely fogs
By winter round me curled
Are the ashes of a world
That hath long since passed away.

PANTEISMO

IO non lo dissi a voi, vigili stelle,
 A te no 'l dissi, onniveggente sol :
 Il nome suo, fior de le cose belle,
 Nel mio tacito petto echeggiò sol.

Pur l' una de le stelle a l' altra conta
 Il mio secreto ne la notte bruna,
 E ne sorride il sol, quando tramonta,
 Ne' suoi colloqui con la bianca luna.

Su i colli ombrosi e ne la spiaggia lieta
 Ogni arbusto ne parla ad ogni fior :
 Cantan gli augelli a vol—Fóscò poeta,
 Ti apprese al fine i dolci sogni amor.—

Io mai no 'l dissi : e con divin fragore
 La terra e il ciel l' amato nome chiama,
 E tra gli effluvi de le acacie in fiore
 Mi mormora il gran tutto —Ella, ella t' ama.—

ANACREONTICA ROMANTICA

NEL bel mese di maggio
 Io sotterrai l' Amor
 De' nuovi soli al raggio
 Sotto un' acacia in fior.

Le requie lamentose
 Disser gli augelli in ciel,
 E fu tra gigli e rose
 Del picciol dio l' avel.

Fu tra le rose e i gigli
 D' un molto amato sen :
 I prati eran vermigli,
 Rideva il ciel seren.

Una memoria mesta
 Vi posi a vigilar :
 Poteasi de la festa
 Il morto contentar.

PANTHEISM

YE wakeful stars, to you I never breathed it,
 To thee, all-seeing sun, no whisper came :
 About my heart in silence I enwreathed it,
 That fairest flower of all things fair—her name.

Yet one star to another repeats my story,
 When darkling night sheds down her welcome boon :
 And lo, the great sun, when he sinks in glory,
 Murmurs my secret to the silver moon.

The shady hills and joyful meadows know it,
 'Tis told by every tree to every flower :
 The birds fly past me singing : ' Gloomy poet,
 At length thou feelest love's enchanting power.'

I never spake it, yet the earth and heaven
 Shout her dear name in universal glee :
 'Mid scents by blossoming acacias given
 The world-soul whispers : ' Thy love loveth thee.'

ANACREONTICA ROMANTICA

'T WAS on a fair May morning
 That I buried the God of Love :
 O'er his grave the sun was shining,
 An acacia bloomed above.

By all the birds of heaven
 Was his mournful requiem sung,
 And the tiny God was buried
 The lilies and roses among :

Among the roses and lilies
 Of my own beloved one's breast :
 The meadows were red with flowers,
 Heav'n smiled from east to west.

And a melancholy memory
 Was set to guard his grave :
 What more acceptable funeral
 Could the little dead God have ?

Ahi, ma la tomba è cuna
Al picciolo vampir !
Al lume de la luna
Vuol tutte notti uscir.

Vien, su le tempie ardenti
Co i vanni aperti sta ;
Gli scuote lenti lenti,
E addormentar mi fa.

Susurra a l' alma stanca
Un' ombra ed un ruscel,
Ed una fronte bianca
Ride tra un nero vel.

Cosí, mentr' ei del mite
Sonno m' irriga e tien,
Morde con due ferite
L' umida tempia e 'l sen.

Per quelle il rosso sangue
Tutto mi sugge Amor,
E vaneggiando langue
La vita al capo e al cuor.

Ma, perché piú non possa
Il reo vampiro uscir,
Dee su l' aperta fossa
Un prete benedir.

L' incanto allor si scioglie
E il morto in cener va ;
Piú da vestirsi spoglie
Il dèmone non ha.

L' avello del tuo petto,
O donna, io l' aprirò :
Il morto piccioletto
Vedervi dentro io vo' ;

Io vo' che putre e mézzo
Polvere ei torni al fin :
Prete sarà il disprezzo
Ed acqua santa il vin.

Yet, alas, his tomb's but a cradle
To a tiny bat-like thing !
For at nights when the moon is risen
Out from his grave he'll spring,

And on to my burning temples
With outstretched wings doth leap,
And he fans them gently, gently,
Till he makes me fall asleep.

To my weary spirit the murmur
Of trees and a brook comes back,
And I see a fair white forehead
Smile out from a veil of black.

And so while he holds me gently
In the fetters of sleep oppressed,
He bites me twice—in my temples,
All sweat-bedewed, and my breast.

Love sucks the warm red life-blood,
So softly I feel no pain :
But my life is fading slowly,
Fading from heart and brain.

To imprison this evil vampire
So that he trouble me not,
I must open the grave where I laid him,
And a priest must bless the spot.

Then shall the spell be broken,
And the dead corpse crumble to dust :
And never again shall the demon
In my life-blood sate his lust.

My dead Love's grave is thy bosom,
I will open it, lady fair :
For fain would mine eyes behold him,
The wee God, lying there.

That at last he be dust and ashes
I long to have some sure sign :
Disdain shall be my priest, dear,
And my holy water—wine.

MATTINATA

BATTE a la tua finestra, e dice, il sole :
 Lèvati, bella, ch' è tempo d' amare.
 Io te reco il desir de le viole
 E gl' inni de le rose al risvegliare.

Dal mio splendido regno a farti omaggio
 Io te meno valletti aprile e maggio

E il giovin anno che la fuga affrena
 Su' l fior de la tua vaga età serena.

Batte a la tua finestra, e dice, il vento :
 Per monti e piani ho viaggiato tanto :
 Sol uno de la terra oggi è il contento,
 E de' vivi e de' morti un solo è il canto.

De' nidi a i verdi boschi ecco il richiamo
 —Il tempo torna : amiamo, amiamo, amiamo—

E il sospir de le tombe rinfiorate
 —Il tempo passa : amate, amate, amate.—

Batte al tuo cor, ch' è un bel giardino in fiore,
 Il mio pensiero, e dice : Si può entrare ?
 Io sono un triste antico viatore,
 E sono stanco, e vorrei riposare.

Vorrei posar tra questi lieti mâi
 Un ben sognando che non fu ancor mai :

Vorrei posare in questa gioia pia
 Sognando un bene che già mai non fia.

SAN MARTINO

LA nebbia a gl' irti colli
 Piovigginando sale,
 E sotto il maestrale
 Urla e biancheggia il mar ;

Ma per le vie del borgo
 Dal ribollir de' tini
 Va l' aspro odor de i vini
 L' anime a rallegrar.

A MORNING SERENADE

THE sun beats at thy lattice, ' Rise, dear maiden,
'Tis time to love,' saith he ; ' do I not make thee
Long for the breeze with violet perfumes laden,
Have I not bid the roses sing to wake thee ?

April and May I bring from my resplendent
Kingdom to be on thee, their Queen, attendant,

And the new year lingers to pay his duty
And homage to the charms of thy young beauty.'

The wind beats at thy lattice, ' O'er the ocean,
O'er hill and plain,' saith he, ' where'er I travelled
The world to-day throbb'd with but one emotion,
Living and dead in but one thought have revelled.

The birds are singing and the bees are humming :

" Now let us love, love, love : for Spring is coming " ;

And hark, the tombs deck'd with new flowers are sighing :

" Love, love, love while ye may : for Time is flying."'

My thought beats at thy heart, which is a garden
Of lovely flowers, and asks one question only :
' May I come in and rest ? ' Oh, do not harden
Thy heart, for I am old and sad and lonely.

I yearn to rest amid those happy flowers,
Dreaming a bliss that never yet was ours :

I yearn to rest in peace and dream for ever
Of bliss which now may ne'er be mine—ah, never.

SAINT MARTIN

THE drizzling mist mounts slowly
And all the rough hills veileth ;
Lashed by the north wind wailleth
The sea, grey like the earth ;

But through the suburb's alleys
A pungent scent from seething
Vats is wafted, breathing
Of wine and festal mirth.

Gira su' ceppi accesi
 Lo spiedo scoppiettando :
 Sta il cacciator fischiando
 Su l' uscio a rimirar

Tra le rossastre nubi
 Stormi d' uccelli neri,
 Com' esuli pensieri,
 Nel vespero migrar.

VISIONE

IL sole tardo ne l' invernale
 Ciel le caligini scialbe vincea,
 E il verde tenero de la novale
 Sotto gli sprazzi del sol ridea.

Correva l' onda del Po regale,
 L' onda del nitido Mincio correa :
 Apriva l' anima pensosa l' ale
 Bianche de' sogni verso un' idea.

E al cuor nel fiso mite fulgore
 Di quella placida fata morgana
 Rïaffacciavasi la prima età,

Senza memorie, senza dolore,
 Pur come un' isola verde, lontana
 Entro una pallida serenità.

PRIMAVERE ELLENICHE

(DORICA)

SAI tu l' isola bella, a le cui rive
 Manda il Ionio i fragranti ultimi baci,
 Nel cui sereno mar Galatea vive
 E su' monti Aci ?

De l' ombroso pelasgo Èrice in vetta
 Eterna ride ivi Afrodite e impera,
 E freme tutt' amor la benedetta
 Da lei costiera.

Stands at his door the huntsman :
Within, the logs are blazing :
He stands and whistles, gazing,
While the spit turns on the hearth,

At dark bird-flocks migrating
Thro' the red-tinged clouds of even,
Like thoughts to exile driven
From the mind that gave them birth.

A VISION

LATE in the wintry skies the light-giver
Wan hosts of shadows was slowly o'erthrowing :
Down the long furrows, where tender blades shiver,
Green 'neath the sunbeams ploughlands were glowing.

Floating by smoothly ran Po's royal river,
Sparkling in sunlight the Mincio was flowing :
Then did my soul's white dream-pinions quiver
Oped toward a fantasy wondrously growing.

And in the mellow mild glory shining
From that calm *fata morgana* the early
Days of youth rose in my heart, dimly seen :

Rose without memories, without repining,
Like a green island that looms through a pearly
Haze in the distance far off and serene.

SPRINGS OF HELLAS

(THE DORIAN)

K NOW'ST thou that island, which the Ionian laves,
And with his last most fragrant kisses thrills,
Where Galatea sports 'mid azure waves,
And Acis haunts the hills ?

Where on Pelasgian Eryx shady crest
Eternal Aphrodite rules above,
And all the radiant coast by her caressed
Tingles and throbs with love ?

Amor fremono, amore, e colli e prati
Quando la Ennea da' raddolciti inferni
Torna co 'l fior de' solchi a i lacrimati
Occhi materni.

Amore, amor, susurran l' acque ; e Alfeo
Chiama ne' verdi talami Aretusa
A i noti amplessi ed al contento acheo
L' itala musa.

Amore, amore, de' poeti a i canti
Ricantan le cittadi, e via pe' fòri
Dorïesi prorompono baccanti
Con cetre e fiori.

Ma non di Siracusa o d' Agrigento
Chied' io le torri : quivi immenso ondeggia
L' inno tebano ed ombrano ben cento
Palme la reggia.

La valle ov' è che i bei Nèbrodi monti
Solitaria coronano di pini,
Ove Dafni pastor dicea tra i fonti
Carmi divini ?

—Oh di Pèlope re tenere il suolo
Oh non m' avvenga, o d' aurei talenti
Gran copia, e non de l' agil piede a volo
Vincere i venti !

Io vo' da questa rupe erma cantare,
Te fra le braccia avendo e via lontano
Calar vedendo l' agne bianche al mare
Siciliàno.—

Cantava il dorio giovine felice
E tacean gli usignoli. A quella riva,
O chiusa in un bel vel di Beatrice
Anima argiva,

Ti rapirò nel verso ; e tra i sereni
Ozi de le campagne a mezzo il giorno,
Tacendo e rifulgendo in tutti i seni
Ciel, mare, intorno,

Love, love, the meadows and the mountains sing,
When Enna's Maid from Hell she rendered sweet,
Returns to tearful Ceres with the Spring
 Burgeoning around her feet.

Love, love, the waters murmur ; Arethuse
Hears once again Alpheus' wooing voice,
Who bids the Italian with the Grecian muse
 In one sweet strain rejoice.

Love, love ! The poets' songs in city walls
Are sung again ; and, maddened with desire,
Through Doric forums dance wild Bacchanals,
 Flower-wreathed and with the lyre.

Not in my prayers stands towered Syracuse
Or Acragas, where Pindar's great song rings,
And full a hundred palms their shade diffuse
 Around the home of kings.

But say, where is that valley crowned with pine,
That lonely vale in the Nebrodian hills,
Where shepherd Daphnis sang his songs divine
 Among the sparkling rills ?

' Oh, not for me to rule with princely sway
King Pelops' land, or hoard great store of gold,
Or dare outstrip the winds upon their way,
 In rivalry too bold.

' My dearest wish—on this bare crag to sing,
And while my arm, sweet maid, encircles thee,
To watch far off our white lambs pasturing
 By the Sicilian sea.'

So sang the Dorian stripling debonair,
And nightingales were silent. To that shore,
O Argive soul, veiled in a veil as fair
 As Beatricē wore,

I'll snatch thee in my verse ; while at midday
The lazy meadow slumbers, and no sound
Breaks the bright stillness of each gulf and bay
 In sea and sky around,

Io per te sveglierò da i colli aprichi
Le Driadi bionde sovra il piè leggero
E ammiranti a le tue forme gli antichi
Numi d' Omero.

Muoiono gli altri dèi : di Grecia i numi
Non sanno occaso ; ei dormon ne' materni
Tronchi e ne' fiori, sopra i monti i fiumi
I mari eterni.

A Cristo in faccia irrigidì ne i marmi
Il puro fior di lor bellezze ignude :
Ne i carmi, o Lina, spira sol ne i carmi
Lor gioventude ;

E, se gli evòca d' una bella il viso
Innamorato o d' un poeta il core,
Da la santa natura ei con un riso
Lampeggian fuore.

Ecco danzan le Driadi, e—Qual etade—
Chieggon le Oreadi—ti portò sí bella ?
Da quali vieni ignote a noi contrade,
Dolce sorella ?

Mesta cura a te siede in fra le stelle
De gli occhi. Forse ti ferì Ciprigna ?
Crudel nume è Afrodite ed a le belle
Forme maligna.

Sola tra voi mortali Elena argea
Di nepente a gli eroi le tazze infuse ;
Ma noi sappiam quanti misteri Gea
Nel sen racchiuse.

Noi coglierem per te balsami arcani
Cui lacrimâr le trasformate vite,
E le perle che lunge a i duri umani
Nudre Anfitrite.

Noi coglierem per te fiori animati
Esperti de la gioia e de l' affanno ;
Ei le storie d' amor de' tempi andati
Ti ridiranno ;

From sunny hills I will the Dryads wake,
Dryads with golden hair and dancing feet ;
And the old Gods of Homer I will make
Come forth thy charms to greet.

Dead are the other gods : the deities
Of Greece know no decay ; in flowers they sleep,
In streams or mountains, in their native trees,
Or in the eternal deep.

Before Christ's eyes all into marble froze,
Such was their pure and naked beauty's doom ;
The poet, Lina, only the poet, knows
Their never-ageing bloom.

And if the beauty that they love so well
Shine in a maiden's face or poet's lay,
From sacred Nature, answering that spell,
Their smiles flash out away.

See Dryads dancing and the Oread band !
'What age of man,' they ask, 'bore thee so fair ?
Whence com'st thou, sister sweet, from what strange land,
To breathe our lucent air ?

'Deep sorrow overclouds thy starry eyes :
Say, hath the Cyprian dealt thee some fell blow ?
All beauty, that with Aphrodite's vies,
Finds her a cruel foe.

'Alone 'mong men could Helen conjure sleep,
And poured nepenthë in the heroes' wine,
But we know all the mysteries hidden deep
In Gæa's bosom divine.

'And secret balsams we will pluck for thee,
For which enchanted mortals oft have wept,
And pearls by Amphitritë far at sea
From human avarice kept.

'We'll gather for thee flowers, life-inspired,
Deep versed in every joy, in every woe,
And thou wilt of their stories ne'er be tired—
Love-tales of long ago.

Ti rideranno il gemer de la rosa
Che di desio su 'l tuo bel petto manca,
E gl' inni, nel tuo crin, de la fastosa
Sorella bianca.

Poi nosco ti addurrem ne le fulgenti
De l' ametista grotte e del cristallo,
Ove eterno le forme e gli elementi
Temprano un ballo.

T' immergerem ne i fiumi ove il contento
De' cigni i cori de le Naidi aduna :
Su l' acque i fianchi tremolan d' argento
Come la luna.

Ti leverem su i gioghi al ciel vicini
Che Zeus, il padre, piú benigno mira,
Ove d' Apollo freme entro i divini
Templi la lira.

Ivi, raccolta ne le aulenti sale
Nostre, al bell' Ila ti farem consorte,
Ila che noi rapimmo a la brumale
Ombra di morte.—

Ahi, da che tramontò la vostra etate
Volà il dolor su le terrene culle !
Questo raggio d' amor no 'l m' invidiate,
Greche fanciulle.

La cura ignota che il bel sen le morde
Io tergerò co 'l puro mèle ascreo,
L' addormirò co le tebane corde.
Se fossi Alceo,

La persona gentil ne lo spirtale
Fulgor de gl' inni irradiar vorrei,
Cingerle il molle crin co l' immortale
Fior de gli dèi,

E, mentre nel giacinto il braccio folce
E del mio lauro la protegge un ramo,
Chino su 'l cuore mormorarle —O dolce
Signora, io v' amo.'—

'They 'll tell thee how the red rose doth despair,
Faint with desire upon thine ivory breast,
And how her proud white sister in thine hair
Boasts she doth love thee best.

'And thou shalt come with us to grottos bright
With crystal and with amethystine glow,
Where Forms and Elements in dance unite,
While centuries onward flow.

'And we will bathe with thee in many a stream
Where sing white swans with all the Naiad brood,
Whose silvery sides upon the waters gleam
Like moonlight on the flood.

'And thou shalt mount those heaven-kissing hills,
The best beloved of Zeus, our father, where
Apollo's lyre the Gods' high temple fills
Athwart the throbbing air.

'There, gathered in our fragrant halls above,
The lovely Hylas shall be thine to wed—
Hylas, for whom with wintry death we strove
And won him from the dead.'

Ah, since the setting of your golden day
Sorrow is born with men, and mars our peace!
Then grudge me not of love this one sole ray,
Daughters of ancient Greece.

The unknown pain that gnaws her balmy breast
I 'll purge with honey, pure as Hesiod's own;
I 'll borrow Pindar's lyre to soothe to rest
The grief that makes her moan.

Were I Alceus, her gentle form should glow
Transfigured in the glory of my odes;
I 'd wreath her locks with deathless flowers that grow
To crown the brows of Gods.

I 'd prop her on a fragrant purple couch
Of hyacinth beneath my laurel-tree,
And murmur as I bent her lips to touch:
'Sweet lady, I love thee.'

RIMEMBRANZE DI SCUOLA

ERA il giugno maturo, era un bel giorno
Del vital messidoro, e tutta nozze
Ne gli amori del sole ardea la terra.
Igneo torrente dilagava il sole
Pe' deserti del cielo incandescenti,
E al suo divino riso il mar ridea.
Non rideva io fanciullo : il nero prete
Con voce chioccia bestemmiava '*Io amo,*'
Ed un fastidio era il suo viso : intanto
A la finestra de la scuola ardito
S' affacciava un ciliegio, e co i vermigli
Frutti allegro ammiccava e arcane storie
Bisbigliava con l' aura. Onde, obliato
Il prete e de le coniugazioni
In su la gialla pagina le file
Quai di formiche ne la creta grigia,
Io tutto desioso liberava
Gli occhi e i pensier per la finestra, quindi
I monti e il cielo e quindi la lontana
Curva del mare a contemplar. Gli uccelli
Si mescean ne la luce armonizzando
Con mille cori : a i pigolanti nidi
Parlar, custodi pii, gli alberi antichi
Pareano, e gli arbuscelli a le ronzanti
Api ed i fiori sospirare al bacio
De le farfalle ; e steli ed erbe e arene
Formicolavan d' indistinti amori
E di vite anelanti a mille a mille
Per ogni istante. E li accigliati monti
Ed i colli sereni e le ondeggianti
Mèssi tra i boschi ed i vigneti bionde,
E fin l' orrida macchia ed il rovetto
E la palude livida, pareano
Godere eterna gioventú nel sole.
Quando, come non so, quasi dal fonte
D' essa la vita rampollommi in cuore
Il pensier de la morte, e con la morte
L' informe niente ; e d' un sol tratto, quello
Infinito sentir di tutto al nulla
Sentire io comparando, e me veggendo
Corporalmente ne la negra terra

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL

IT was mid-June, upon a lovely day
Of pulsing Messidor, and like a bride
The earth glowed 'neath the kisses of the sun,
Who with a fiery torrent overflowed
The desert spaces of the shining heav'n,
And at his smile divine the ocean laughed.
But I, the boy, laughed not : a black-gowned priest
In accents hoarse was blaspheming *amo*.
How tedious was his face ! Meanwhile against
The window of the school a cherry-tree
Pushed boldly up, and with his bright red fruit
Winked joyously, and whispered with the breeze
Strange, secret stories. Whence I soon forgot
The priest and the long rows of conjugations
That crawled across the yellow page like ants
Upon grey chalk, and to my heart's desire
I yielded, and set free my eyes and thoughts
To wander through the window : on this side
I saw the sky and mountains, and on that
A distant curving line of sea. The birds
Singing in thousand choirs flew here and there
Through sunlit heav'ns : unto the twittering nests
The ancient trees, like pious guardians, seemed
To speak, and to the buzzing bees the shrubs,
And for the kisses of the butterflies
The flowers seemed sighing : stems and grass and reeds
Swarmed with the murmurous hum of life and love,
A thousand thousand little lives that breathed
At every moment. And the mountains dark
And the serene hills and the rippling fields
Of corn, 'mid yellowing vineyards and green woods,
And last the prickly thickets and the briars
And livid marshland, all seemed to rejoice
In everlasting youth beneath the sun.
When, how I know not, as if from the fount
Of life itself sprang up within my heart
The thought of death, and with death came the thought
Of nothingness : and suddenly, when I
Compared the infinite sense of feeling all
With that of feeling naught, and seeing myself
Bodily in the black earth, silent, cold,

Freddo, immobile, muto, e fuor gli augelli
 Cantare allegri e gli alberi stormire
 E trascorrere i fiumi ed i viventi
 Ricrearsi nel sol caldo irrigati
 De la divina luce, io tutto e pieno
 L' intendimento de la morte accolli ;
 E sbigottii veracemente. Anch' oggi
 Quel fanciullesco imaginar risale
 Ne la memoria mia ; quindi, sí come
 Gitto di gelid' acqua, al cor mi piomba.

IDILLIO MAREMMANO

CO' l raggio de l' april nuovo che inonda
 Roseo la stanza tu sorridi ancora
 Improvvisa al mio cuore, o Maria bionda ;

E il cuor che t' obliò, dopo tant' ora
 Di tumulti oziosi in te riposa,
 O amor mio primo, o d' amor dolce aurora.

Ove sei ? senza nozze e sospirosa
 Non passasti già tu ; certo il natio
 Borgo ti accoglie lieta madre e sposa ;

Ché il fianco baldanzoso ed il restio
 Seno a i freni del vel promettean troppa
 Gioia d' amplessi al marital desio.

Forti figli pendean da la tua poppa
 Certo, ed or baldi un tuo sguardo cercando
 Al mal domo caval saltano in groppa.

Com' eri bella, o giovinetta, quando
 Tra l' ondeggiar de' lunghi solchi uscivi
 Un tuo serto di fiori in man recando,

Alta e ridente, e sotto i cigli vivi
 Di selvatico fuoco lampeggiante
 Grande e profondo l'occhio azzurro aprivi !

Come 'l ciano seren tra 'l biondeggiante
 Or de le spiche, tra la chioma flava
 Fioria quell' occhio azzurro ; e a te d' avante

And motionless, while joyously without
The birds were piping, trees were whispering,
The rivers flowing, and all living things
Renewed themselves in the warm sun, whose light
Divine flowed round them, did I realise
The whole, the full, significance of death,
And was in sooth appalled. Even to-day
That boyish fancy, when it rises up
Within my memory, like a sudden jet
Of icy water, overwhelms my heart.

AN IDYLL OF THE MAREMMA

STILL when young April's rosy light doth shine
Into my room, thy sudden smile can move,
O fair-haired Mary, this sad heart of mine :

This heart, to which long years of struggle prove
How sweet were rest with thee whom it forgot,
O my first love, sweet dawn of my first love !

Where art thou ? Not forlorn thou sighest, not
Unwed : thy native village hath for sure
In thee a joyous bride and mother got ;

Too rich in promise to a husband's pure
Embrace was that young form, that heaving breast,
Which its confining veil could scarce endure.

Surely strong sons were to thy bosom pressed,
Who now leap on their steeds of mettle keen,
With loving glances unto thee addressed.

How lovely wast thou, maiden, as between
The swell of the long furrows, with a wreath
Of wild flowers in thy hand, myself have seen

Thee, tall and smiling, come, the while beneath
Thy vivid brows the large blue eyes profound
Would unto me one bright, shy glance bequeath.

For like the cornflower 'twixt the wheatstalks found
Blooming serene, 'neath tangled golden hair
Shone thy blue eyes : before thee and around

La grande estate, e intorno, fiammeggiava ;
Sparso tra' verdi rami il sol ridea
Del melogran, che rosso scintillava.

Al tuo passar, siccome a la sua dea,
Il bel pavon l' occhiuta coda apria
Guardando, e un rauco grido a te mettea.

Oh come fredda indi la vita mia,
Come oscura e incresciosa è trapassata !
Meglio era sposar te, bionda Maria !

Meglio ir tracciando per la sconsolata
Boscaglia al piano il bufolo disperso,
Che salta fra la macchia e sosta e guata,

Che sudar dietro al piccioletto verso !
Meglio oprando obliar, senza indagarlo,
Questo enorme mister de l' universo !

Or freddo, assiduo, del pensiero il tarlo
Mi trafora il cervello, ond' io dolente
Misere cose scrivo e tristi parlo.

Guasti i muscoli e il cuor de la rea mente,
Corrose l' ossa dal malor civile,
Mi divincolo in van rabbiosamente.

Oh lunghe al vento sussurranti file
De' pioppi ! Oh a le bell' ombre in su 'l sacrato
Ne i dî solenni rustico sedile,

Onde bruno si mira il piano arato
E verdi quindi i colli e quindi il mare
Sparso di vele, e il campo santo è a lato !

Oh dolce tra gli eguali il novellare
Su 'l quïeto meriggio, e a le rigenti
Sere accogliersi intorno al focolare !

Oh miglior gloria, a i figliuoletti intenti
Narrar le forti prove e le sudate
Cacce ed i perigliosi avvolgimenti

Ed a dito segnar le profundate
Oblique piaghe nel signal supino,
Che perseguir con frottole rimate

I vigliacchi d' Italia e Trissottino.

Flamed the vast summer : in the sunlit air
The green pomegranate branches swayed, where gleamed
The red fruit 'mid the foliage here and there.

The gorgeous peacock at thy passing seemed
To greet its queen, spreading, all azure-eyed,
Its tail, and gazing at thee harshly screamed.

How chill my life seems now when set beside
Those happy days, how dark, how wearisome !
'Twere better, dear, to have made thee my bride !

Better thro' pathless bush go tracking some
Driv'n buffalo, which in the copse will wait
And gaze, then rush on when pursuers come,

Than after petty, paltry rhymes to sweat !
Better by work to have forgot, than sought
To solve, vast riddles that no man solved yet !

Now cold, remorseless, doth the worm of thought
Gnaw through my brains, whence in my bitter pain
I write and speak sad words with misery fraught.

With heart and muscles wasted through the strain
Of mind self-tortured, bones all festering
From civil ruin, I madly writhe in vain.

Oh, the long lines of poplars whispering
Unto the breeze ! Oh, in the cool shade, nigh
The little chapel, on fête-days the ring

Of rustic seats, where brown the ploughlands lie
Below, and green the hills, yon sea with white
Sails dotted, and the old graveyard close by !

Oh, sweet the talk with comrades in the bright,
Still noontide, sweet the cosy gathering late
Around the hearth upon a winter's night !

Oh, glorious, far more glorious, to relate
To eager youngsters tales of derring-do,
The hard-fought chase, the dangers that await

The huntsman, and with finger trace anew
The slanting wounds on the prone wild-boar seen,
Than with a pack of lying rhymes pursue

The cowards of Italy and Trissottin.

CLASSICISMO E ROMANTICISMO

BENIGNO è il sol ; de gli uomini al lavoro
Soccorre e allegro l' ama :
Per lui curva la vasta mèsse d' oro
Freme e la falce chiama.

Egli alto ride al vomero che splende
In tra le brune zolle
Umido, mentre il bue lento discende
Il risolcato colle.

Sotto il velo de' pampini i gemmanti
Grappoli infiamma e indora,
E a gli ebbri de l' autunno ultimi canti
Mesto sorride ancora.

Egli de la città fra i neri tetti
Un suo raggio disvia,
E a la fanciulla va che i giovinetti
Dí nel lavoro oblia,

E una canzon di primavera e amore
Le consiglia ; a lei balza
Il petto, e ne la luce il canto e il cuore,
Come lodola, inalza.

Ma'tu, luna, abbellir godi co 'l raggio
Le ruine ed i lutti ;
Maturar nel fantastico viaggio
Non sai né fior né frutti.

Dove la fame al buio s' addormenta,
Tu per le impóste vane
Entri e la svegli, a ciò che il freddo senta
E pensi a la dimane.

Poi su le guglie gotiche ti adorni
Di lattèi languori,
E civetti a' poeti perdigiorni
E a' disutili amori.

CLASSICISM AND ROMANTICISM

KIND is the sun : man's work he doth not scorn :
His beams are warm and blithe :
Through him the rustling leagues of golden corn
Bow to the reaper's scythe.

He laughs to see the ploughshare cleave the brown,
Rich clods asunder, till
The damp steel glitters, while the ox moves down
The slowly furrowed hill.

He gilds with fiery hues the swelling grape
By vine-leaves veiled from sight ;
Nor do late autumn's drunken revels escape
His milder, wintrier light.

His ray doth pierce through city smoke and murk
The grimy roofs among,
Unto the poor girl, who, worn out by work,
Forgets that she is young,

Bidding her in the glad springtime rejoice.
Her bosom throbs, and hark,
Warmed by his cheerful light, her heart and voice
Soar upward like the lark.

But thou, moon, lov'st to silver with thy ray
Old ruins and scenes of woe ;
Nor flowers nor fruit on thy fantastic way
To ripen dost thou know.

Where Hunger sleeps in darkness thy light steals
Soft thro' the window chinks,
And wakens him, so that the cold he feels
And of the morrow thinks.

On Gothic spires dost thou thyself adorn,
Milk-white and motionless ;
Day-weary poets and silly folk love-lorn
Thy fickle beams caress.

Poi scendi in camposanto : ivi rinfreschi
 Pomposa il lume stanco,
 E vieni in gara con le tibie e i teschi
 Di baglior freddo e bianco.

Odio la faccia tua stupida e tonda,
 L' inamidata cotta,
 Monacella lasciva ed infeconda,
 Celeste paölotta.

DAVANTI SAN GUIDO

I CIPRESSI che a Bólgheri alti e schietti
 Van da San Guido in duplice filar,
 Quasi in corsa giganti giovinetti
 Mi balzarono incontro e mi guardâr.

Mi riconobbero, e —Ben torni omai—
 Bisbigliaron vèr' me co 'l capo chino—
 Perché non scendi ? Perché non ristai ?
 Fresca è la sera e a te noto il cammino.

Oh sièditi a le nostre ombre odorate
 Ove soffia dal mare il maestrale :
 Ira non ti serbiam de le sassate
 Tue d' una volta : oh non facean già male !

Nidi portiamo ancor di rusignoli :
 Deh perché fuggi rapido cosí ?
 Le passare la sera intreccian voli
 A noi d' intorno ancora. Oh resta qui !—

—Bei cipressetti, cipressetti miei,
 Fedeli amici d' un tempo migliore,
 Oh di che cuor con voi mi resterei—
 Guardando io rispondeva—oh di che cuore !

Ma, cipressetti miei, lasciatem' ire :—
 Or non è piú quel tempo e quell' età.
 Se voi sapeste ! . . . via, non fo per dire,
 Ma oggi sono una celebrità.

Then to the graveyard : proudly dost thou there
Refresh thy weary light,
Boasting that skulls and bones, how white so'er,
As thou, are not so white.

I hate thee, with thy starched white *cotta* on,
Round-faced stupidity,
Unfruitful and lascivious little nun,
Sky-sister of charity.

BEFORE SAN GUIDO

THE cypresses, which still to Bólgheri run stately
And tall from San Guido in a double file,
Like a band of youthful giants, came, sedately
Bowing, to meet me, and gazed at me awhile.

Soon they recognised me, and their tall heads bending,
' So you have returned,' softly murmured they ;
' Why not stay here, your weary journey ending ?
For the eve is cool, and well you know the way.

' Oh, sit you here, our fragrant boughs above you,
Where the west wind from the sea your cheek can touch !
Spite of the stones you used to throw at us we love you
Just the same as ever ; oh, they never hurt us much.

' Why rush on so quickly when you hear us crying ?
The nightingale still in our branches builds his nest ;
Still may you see the sparrows round us flying
In the gathering twilight. Oh, stay with us and rest ! '

' Darling little cypresses, cypresses beloved,
In happy bygone days the truest friends I had,'
Gazing, I answered, ' I hear you not unmoved :
How glad would I be to stay with you—how glad !

' But, cypresses, old comrades, that chapter is completed :
Boyhood's days are over : you must let me go !
Have you never heard ?—well, think me not conceited,
But—I am to-day a celebrity, you know.

E so legger di greco e di latino,
 E scrivo e scrivo, e ho molte altre virtù :
 Non son piú, cipressetti, un birichino, *brat*
 E sassi in specie non ne tiro piú.

assai
 E massime a le piante.—Un mormorio
 Pe' dubitanti vertici ondeggiò, *in verde*
 E il dí cadente con un ghigno pio *compensato*
 Tra i verdi cupi roseo brillò.

Intesi allora che i cipressi e il sole
 Una gentil pietade avean di me,
 E presto il mormorió si fe' parole : *come vento*
 —Ben lo sappiamo : un pover uom tu se'.

Ben lo sappiamo, e il vento ce lo disse
 Che rapisce de gli uomini i sospir,
 Come dentro al tuo petto eterne risse *streglie*
 Ardono che tu né sai né puoi lenir. *calo*

A le querce ed a noi qui puoi contare
 L' umana tua tristezza e il vostro duol.
 Vedi come pacato e azzurro è il mare,
 Come ridente a lui discende il sol !

placido
 E come questo occaso è pien di voli,
 Com' è allegro de' pásseri il garrire !
 A notte canteranno i rusignoli :
 Rimanti, e i rei fantasmi oh non seguire ;

guilt
 I rei fantasmi che da' fondi neri
 De i cuor vostri battuti dal pensier
 Guizzan come da i vostri cimiteri
 Pútride fiamme innanzi al passegger. *passaggio*

Rimanti ; e noi, dimani, a mezzo il giorno,
 Che de le grandi querce a l' ombra stan
 Ammusando i cavalli e intorno intorno
 Tutto è silenzio ne l' ardente pian,

Ti canteremo noi cipressi i cori
 Che vanno eterni fra la terra e il cielo :
 Da quegli olmi le ninfe uscirán fuori
 Te ventilando co 'l lor bianco velo ;

'Greek I can read, in Latin I am fluent,
My mind is stored with knowledge, and I write and write :
O cypresses, from school I no longer play the truant,
No longer throw stones, for I should not deem it right—

'Not at trees at least.' Thro' all the tree-tops rocking,
As doubting of my answer, a murmur seemed to run,
And their dark green depths flushed rosy with a mocking
Radiance cast upon them by the setting sun.

Ah, then I knew I was gazed on with compassion
By the sun and cypresses, and I soon began
To hear words mingle with the murmur in this fashion :
'Yes, we knew it well : you 're a poor deluded man.

'Yes, we knew it well ; for the wind, who is so clever
At catching mortals' sighs, has told us all the truth,
How within your breast conflicting passions ever
Burn, which you cannot and know not how to soothe.

'Here to the oaks and to us you may at leisure
Recount your human sadness, all the woes of men.
Peaceful lies the ocean, one sheet of living azure,
Smiling the sun dips down to it again.

'See how the birds thro' the dusk their flight are winging !
The sparrows twitter cheerfully, now the day is done ;
At nightfall you shall hear the nightingales singing :
Rest, and bid the evil phantoms all begone !

'Those evil phantoms, raised by gloomy fancies
From the heart's black depths, which confuse your way,
Like a will-o'-the-wisp that in a graveyard dances
Before the traveller's eyes, leading him astray.

'Rest, and to-morrow, when the sun is high in heaven,
When in the oak-tree shade the horses meet,
And all around you the silent plain is given
Up to noonday slumber in the shimmering heat,

'We will bid the murmuring breezes softly kiss you,
Which make eternal music 'twixt the earth and sky :
Forth from the elm-trees there the nymphs shall issue
And with their white veils fan you dreamily :

E Pan l' eterno che su l' erme alture
A quell' ora e ne i pian solingo va
Il dissidio, o mortal, de le tue cure
Ne la diva armonia sommergerà.—

Ed io—Lontano, oltre Apennin, m' aspetta
La Tittí—rispondea—; lasciatem' ire.
È la Tittí come una passeretta,
Ma non ha penne per il suo vestire.

E mangia altro che bacche di cipresso ;
Né io sono per anco un manzoniano
Che tiri quattro paghe per il lezzo.
Addio, cipressi ! addio, dolce mio piano !—

—Che vuoi che diciam dunque al cimitero
Dove la nonna tua sepolta sta ?—
E fuggiano, e pareano un corteo nero
Che brontolando in fretta in fretta va.

Di cima al poggio allor, dal cimitero,
Giú de' cipressi per la verde via,
Alta, solenne, vestita di nero
Parvemi riveder nonna Lucia ;

La signora Lucia, da la cui bocca,
Tra l' ondeggiar de i candidi capelli,
La favella toscana, ch' è sí sciocca
Nel manzonismo de gli stenterelli,

Canora discendea, co 'l mesto accento
De la Versilia che nel cuor mi sta,
Come da un sirventese del trecento,
Pieno di forza e di soavità.

O nonna, o nonna ! deh com' era bella
Quand' ero bimbo ! ditemela ancor,
Ditela a quest' uom savio la novella
Di lei che cerca il suo perduto amor !

—Sette paia di scarpe ho consumate
Di tutto ferro per te ritrovare :
Sette verghe di ferro ho logorate
Per appoggiarmi nel fatale andare :

' And Pan, the eternal, who wanders solitary,
On the heights at noonday or through the lonely plain
The discord, O mortal, of your cares shall bury
In harmony divine, and give you peace again.'

And I: ' Far away across the mountains yonder
My Titti, my daughter, is waiting: let me go!
Sparrow-like she may be, but you must not wonder
If her little frocks do not, like feathers, grow.

' Nor will cypress berries her tiny body fatten:
Whilst I 'gainst the methods of Manzoni's rebel,
Who each on the produce of four salaries batten:
Farewell, my cypresses! Sweet Tuscan plain, farewell!

' To the graveyard then must we bear your sad confession,
Where your Granny lieth?' And they flitted past,
Seeming like a black funereal procession,
Muttering as they hastened ever faster and more fast.

Then on the hill-top from the cemetery,
Coming down the green path, again I seemed to see a
Figure 'neath the cypresses, very tall and very
Stately, dressed in black, my grandmother Lucia.

The lady Lucia, with silver tresses plaited
Neatly o'er her forehead, how softly she could croon
The Tuscan dialect, not the emasculated
Manzonian jargon of the Florentine buffoon.

The pure Versilian accent from her lips descended
With a mournful music, that still my memory haunts,
All its strength and sweetness exquisitely blended
Like the *sirventesi* sung in old Provence.

Oh, Granny, Granny, I thought it all so pretty
When I was a baby! Oh, tell it me again;
Tell this man grown worldly-wise the ancient ditty
Of her who sought her lost love thro' the world in vain.

' I have worn to nothing in my weary going
Seven pairs of iron shoes that naught could break:
I have worn out seven staves of iron, bowing
My tired body o'er them, while search for thee I make.

Sette fiasche di lacrime ho colmate,
 Sette lunghi anni, di lacrime amare :
 Tu dormi a le mie grida disperate,
 E il gallo canta, e non ti vuoi svegliare.— *cries*

Deh come bella, o nonna, e come vera
 È la novella ancor ! Proprio così.
 E quello che cercai mattina e sera
 Tanti e tanti anni in vano, è forse qui,

Sotto questi cipressi, ove non spero
 Ove non penso di posarmi più :
 Forse, nonna, è nel vostro cimitero
 Tra quegli altri cipressi ermo là su.

any more
nothing
 Ansimando fuggia la vaporiera
 Mentr' io così piangeva entro il mio cuore ;
 E di polledri una leggiadra schiera *corp*
 Annitrendo correva lieta al rumore. *at that noise*

Ma un asin bigio, rosicchiando un cardo
 Rosso e turchino, non si scomodò : *did not budge*
 Tutto quel chiasso ei non degnò d' un guardo
 E a brucar serio e lento seguìtò.

graze

continued

SU I CAMPI DI MARENGO

LA NOTTE DEL SABATO SANTO 1175

SU i campi di Marengo batte la luna : fósco
 Tra la Bormida e il Tanaro s' agita e mugge un bosco;
 Un bosco d' alabarde, d' uomini e di cavalli
 Che fuggon d' Alessandria da i mal tentati valli.

D' alti fuochi Alessandria giú giú da l' Apennino
 Illumina la fuga del Cesar ghibellino :
 I fuochi de la lega rispondon da Tortona,
 E un canto di vittoria ne la pia notte suona :

—Stretto è il leon di Svevia entro i latini acciari :
 Ditelo, o fuochi, a i monti, a i colli, a i piani, a i mari.
 Diman Cristo risorge : de la romana prole
 Quanta novella gloria vedrai domani, o sole !—

'Seven flasks of tears have I filled to overflowing
In seven years of bitter weeping for thy sake ;
Yet thou sleepest on, and the cock is crowing :
Deaf to my despairing cries, thou wilt not wake.'

Granny, how pretty and how true the tale appears
Even now to me ! Why, it is exactly so !
And that which I have sought thro' so many, many years
From sunrise to sunset perhaps is here, below

These cypresses, where now I can never hope to wander,
Never dream again of resting in the shade :
It is perhaps, Granny, in the cemetery yonder,
'Mid those other cypresses up there, where you are laid.

Panting the train swept onward, never staying,
While in my heart I wept thus bitterly ;
And a troop of young colts galloped towards us neighing
Joyously, the cause of all the din to see.

But an old grey donkey, who on a purple thistle
Was grazing close beside me, seemed no interest to feel ;
Never deigned to look when he heard the engine whistle,
But gravely and slowly proceeded with his meal.

ON MARENGO'S PLAINS

THE NIGHT OF EASTER EVE IN THE YEAR 1175

ON Marengo's plains is beating the moonlight : dark between
The Bormida and Tanaro a forest, dimly seen,
Tosses and moans—a forest of halberds, steeds, and men,
Fleeing from Alexandria, from the ramparts stormed in vain.

Lo, Alexandria's watch-fires down, down from Apennine
On the dreadful rout and ruin of the Ghibelline Emperor shine ;
From Tortona flash the watch-fires of the League their answering
light,
And a song of triumph echoes through the calm and gracious
night.

'Trapped lies the Swabian tyrant, the Lion of the North,
By Latin swords ! To hills and seas, O watch-fires, flash it forth !
To-morrow is Christ's Easter ; and ere to-morrow's done
How gloriously shall triumph the Roman folk, O Sun !'

Ode, e, poggiato il capo su l' alta spada, il sire
Canuto d' Hohenzollern pensa tra sé—Morire
Per man di mercatanti che cinsero pur ieri
A i lor mal pingui ventri l' acciar de' cavalieri !—

E il vescovo di Spira, a cui cento convalli
Empion le botti e cento canonici gli stalli,
Mugola—O belle torri de la mia cattedrale,
Chi vi canterà messa la notte di natale ?—

E il conte palatino Ditpoldo, a cui la bionda
Chioma per l' agil collo rose a ligustri inonda,
Pensa —Dal Reno il canto de gli elfi per la bruna
Notte va : Tecla sogna al lume de la luna.—

E dice il magontino arcivescovo —A canto
De la mazza ferrata io porto l' olio santo :
Ce n' è per tutti. Oh almeno foste de l' alpe a' varchi,
Miei poveri muletti d' italo argento carchi !—

E il conte del Tirolo —Figliuol mio, te domane
Saluterà de l' Alpi il sole ed il mio cane :
Tuoi l' uno e l' altro : io, cervo sorpreso da i villani,
Cadrò sgozzato in questi grigi lombardi piani.—

Solo, a piedi, nel mezzo del campo, al corridore
Suo presso, riguardava nel ciel l'imperatore :
Passavano le stelle su 'l grigio capo : nera
Dietro garria co 'l vento l' imperïal bandiera.

A' fianchi, di Boemia e di Polonia i regi
Scettro e spada reggevano, del santo impero i fregi.
Quando stanche languirono le stelle, e rosseggianti
Ne l' alba parean l' Alpi, Cesare disse—Avanti !

A cavallo, o fedeli ! Tu, Wittelsbach, dispiega
Il sacro segno in faccia de la lombarda lega.
Tu intima, o araldo : Passa l' imperator romano,
Del divo Giulio erede, successor di Traiano.—

Deh come allegri e rapidi si sparsero gli squilli
De le trombe teutoniche fra il Tanaro ed il Po,
Quando in cospetto a l' aquila gli animi ed i vessilli
D' Italia s' inchinarono e Cesare passò!

The white-haired Hohenzollern hears that exultant cry ;
With head bowed o'er his mighty sword he ponders : ' Must we die
At the hand of these base traders, who but yesterday did dare
To gird round their sleek bellies swords only knights may wear ? '

And Speier's lordly prelate, whose bursting wine-butts store
The fruit of five-score vales, whose stalls hold canons full five-
score,

Bemoans : ' O stately towers of my own cathedral shrine,
Within ye who on Christmas Eve shall chant the Mass divine ? '

And Detpold, Count of Palatine, whose golden tresses stream
Adown his slender neck, whereon the rose and lily gleam,
Thinks : ' Thro' the dark go singing the pixies of the Rhine,
While my little Thekla slumbers beneath the white moonshine.'

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Mayence groans : ' I bear
By my steel mace the sacred oil : therein all men may share ;
But, oh, that yonder sumpter-mules, each with its precious load
Of Italian silver, were at least safe up the Alpine road ! '

And the Count of Tyrol murmurs : ' My son, to-morrow's dawn
On Alpine heights shall greet thee, on thee my hound shall fawn.
Thine are they both : thy father, like stag by village swains
Entrapped, shall fall with severed throat on these grey Lombard
plains.'

Alone within the middle of the camp, his charger nigh,
The Emperor stood gazing up at the midnight sky :
O'er his grey head were passing the silent stars ; behind,
The Banner of the Empire hung flapping in the wind.

On either flank Bohemia's and Poland's monarchs wait :
Two warrior-kings, twin pillars of the Holy Roman State.
When the stars grew dim and weary, when the Alpine summits
shone

Rose-red at dawn, then haughtily Cæsar commands : ' March on ! '

' To horse, ye loyal vassals ! Thou, Wittelsbach, display
Our sacred standard in the eyes of the Lombard League this day !
Herald, go shout : " The Roman Cæsar doth pass, divine
Heir of the godlike Julius, of Trajan's royal line ! " '

How rapidly, how joyously the German bugles blow
From regiment to regiment 'twixt Tanaro and Po,
When in the Eagle's presence th' Italian vassals cast
Their courage from them and bent low in awe—while Cæsar
passed !

A VITTORE HUGO

(XXVII. FEBBRAIO MDCCCLXXXI.)

DA i monti sorridenti nel sole mattutino
 Scende l' epos d'Omero, che va fiume divino
 Popolato di cigni pe' l verde asiaco pian.

Sorge aspra la tragedia d' Eschilo nel fatale
 Orrore, fuma e lampeggia, e fremito e tuona, quale
 Sovra il mar di Sicilia per la notte un vulcan.

L' ode olimpica di Pindaro, aquila trionfale,
 Distende altera e placida il remeggio de' l' ale
 Nel fulgente meriggio su i fòri e le città.

Tra quei libri di canti, nel mio studio, o Vittore,
 La tua canuta effigie, piegata nel dolore
 La profetica testa su la man destra, sta.

Pensi i figli o la patria ? pensi il dolore umano ?
 Non so ; ma quando, o vate, raccolgo in quell' arcano
 Dolore gli occhi e il cor,

Scordo i miei danni antichi, scordo il recente danno,
 E rammemoro gli anni che fùro e che saranno
 E ciò che mai non muor.

Colsi per l' Appia via sur un tumulo ignoto,
 E posi a la tua fronte, segnacolo del mio voto,
 Un ramuscel d' allòr.

Poeta, a te il trionfo su la forza e su 'l fato !
 Poeta, co' l lucente piede tu hai calcato
 Impero e imperator !

Chi novera a te gli anni ? che cosa è a te la vita ?
 Tu di Gallia e di Francia sei l' anima infinita,
 Che al tuo gran cor s' accolse per i secoli a vol.

In te l' urlo de' nembi su la britanna duna,
 E i sogni de' normanni piani al lume di luna,
 E l' ardor del granito di Pirene erto al sol.

TO VICTOR HUGO

(27TH FEBRUARY 1881)

FROM mountains at the touch of rosy-fingered morning
glowing

The epic verse of Homer like a stream divine is flowing,
By white swans haunted, through the fertile Asiatic plain.

The tragedy of Aeschylus arises, rough and splendid
'Mid horror of fate and roar of fire and smoke and thunder
blended,

Like Etna in the night-time o'er the dark Sicilian main.

The Olympic ode of Pindar, with oarage of its pinions
Like an eagle soaring proudly in its own supreme dominions,
Floats triumphantly at midday over mart and town beneath.

In my study stands thy statue, grey-haired Victor Hugo, near
To the books of these three poets, with thy forehead of a seer
On thy right hand propped, as seeming one whom grief o'er-
burdeneth.

Dost dream of sons or country? Dost dream of human sorrow?
I know not; but when, O prophet, of that secret grief I borrow
A spell for heart and eyes,

No memory of losses past or present loss abideth,
But I remember years that were, and those the future hideth,
And that which never dies.

I placed upon thy brow a twig of laurel, for thee broken
From off a nameless tomb beside the Appian Way, as token
How I thy genius prize.

Poet, thou wert o'er force of Fate and Circumstance victorious;
Poet, beneath thy shining foot the Emperor inglorious
With all his Empire lies.

What carest thou for life? Who tells the years thou shalt inherit?
Thou art of Gaul, thou art of France the everlasting spirit,
Which bursts from thy great heart to take its flight through
centuries.

In thee the muttering storms athwart the Breton sand-dunes
creeping,
In thee the dreams of Norman plains beneath the moonlight
sleeping,
In thee the heat of granite cliffs of the sunny Pyrenees.

In te la vendemmianta sanità borgognona,
 Il genio di Provenza che armonie greche suona
 L' estro che Marna e Senna gallico limitò.

Tu vedevi i tettòsagi carri al grand' Ilio intorno,
 Udivi in Roncisvalle del franco Orlando il corno,
 Ragionavi a Goffredo a Baiardo a Marceau.

Come quercia druidica sta il tuo fatal lavoro.
 Biancovestite muse taglian con falce d' oro
 Del sacro visco il fior.

Da' soleggiati rami pendon l' armi de gli avi,
 Pendon l' arpe de' bardi ; ma l' usignuol ne' cavi
 Scudi canta d' amor.

Danzan le figlie a l' ombra, del maggio tra i susurri,
 E i fanciulletti guardan con i grandi occhi azzurri
 Sparsi i capelli d' òr ;
 Però ch' ardua la vetta si perde ne la sera
 E vi passa per entro co' lampi e la bufera
 Il dio vendicator.

Poeta, su 'l tuo capo sospeso ho il tricolore
 Che da le spiagge d' Istria da l' acque di Salvore
 La fedele di Roma, Trieste, mi mandò.

Poeta, la vittoria di Brescia a te d' avanti
 Ne la parete dice —Qual nome e qual fiammante
 Anno nel sempiterno clipeo descriverò ?—

Passan le glorie come fiamme di cimiteri,
 Come scenari vecchi crollan regni ed imperi :
 Sereno e fiero arcangelo move il tuo verso e va.

Canta a la nuova prole, o vegliardo divino,
 Il carne secolare del popolo latino ;
 Canta a 'l mondo aspettante, Giustizia e Libertà.

In thee the sunburnt health of Bourgogne's vintagers, the fire
Of that Provençal song whose note Greek harmonies inspire,
The genius of the soil where Marne and Seine encircling flow.

Thou sawest the Nomad wains encamped where once great
Ilium towered,
Heard'st Frankish Roland wind his horn in Roncivalle o'er-
powered,
Did'st talk familiarly with Godfrey, Bayard, and Marceau.

Thy fateful work, like Druid oak, a dreadful awe diffuses,
Whose sacred mistletoe is cut with golden axe by Muses
Clad in white draperies.

From sunlit branches hang the harps, which bards of old have
sounded,

Hang the ancestral arms ; but nightingales within the rounded
Shields sing love-melodies.

Spring whispers thro' the leaves, and girls deep in the shade are
dancing.

And little children, golden-curled, with great blue eyes up
glancing

Toward the evening skies,
Where the tall branches mingle with the twilight, gaze in wonder,
For thither pass, girt round with lightning-flash and roar of
thunder,

The avenging Deities.

Poet, I've hung the tricolour upon thy tresses hoary,
Sent to me from the Danube, from the waters of Salvore
By Trieste, who to none in passionate love of Rome doth yield.

Poet, from the wall that faces thee the Brescian Victory crieth :
' What year resplendent with the light of a fame that never dieth,
What name, shall I inscribe upon my everlasting shield ? '

Our glories pass like churchyard wraiths that morning sun-
beams banish,

Like shifting scenery of the stage kingdoms and empires vanish,
Yet archangelic moves thy verse serene and proud and free.

To coming ages sing, old man, in godlike exultation
The ' Carmen Seculare ' of the great Latin nation :
Yea, sing to the expectant world, Justice and Liberty.

IL RE DI TULE

(DALLE BALLATE DI W. GOETHE)

FEDEL sino a l' avello
 Egli era in Tule un re :
 Morí l' amor suo bello,
 E un nappo d' òr gli diè.

Nulla ebbe caro ei tanto,
 E sempre quel vuotò :
 Ma gli sgorgava il pianto
 Ognor ch' ei vi trincò.

Venuto a l' ultim' ore
 Contò le sue città
 Diè tutto al successore
 Ma il nappo d' òr non già.

Ne l' aula de gli alteri
 Suoi padri a banchettar
 Sedé tra i cavalieri
 Nel suo castello al mar.

Bevé de la gioconda
 Vita l' estremo ardor,
 E gittò il nappo a l' onda
 Il vecchio bevitor.

Piombar lo vide, lento,
 Empiersi e sparir giú :
 E giú gli cadde spento
 L' occhio e non bevve piú.

CONGEDO

IL poeta, o vulgo sciocco,
 Un pitocco
 Non è già, che a l' altrui mensa
 Via con lazzi turpi e matti
 Porta i piatti
 Ed il pan ruba in dispensa.

THE KING OF THULE

(FROM THE BALLADS OF W. GOETHE)

THERE was a king in Thule
Right loyal to the grave,
To whom his dying ladye
A golden goblet gave.

Naught valued he above it,
He drained it every bout :
He wept, so did he love it,
When'er he drank thereout.

And when death called this lover
He reckoned town and pelf,
To heirs all handed over,
All, save the goblet's self.

He called to his royal table
His knights, then down sate he
In his castle, high and stable,
Above the restless sea.

Rose that old toper : slowly
He quaffed his life's last glow,
Then hurled the goblet holy
Far in the flood below.

He watched it falling, filling,
Sinking deep in the sea :
To close his eyes now willing,
Ne'er another drop drank he.

THE POET

FOLK profane, I 'd have ye know it
That the poet
Is no merry-andrew, able
By his vulgar tricks to waste the
Bread and taste the
Dainties at another's table.

E né meno è un perdigiorno
Che va intorno
Dando il capo ne' cantoni,
E co 'l naso sempre a l' aria
Gli occhi svara
Dietro gli angeli e i rondoni.

E né meno è un giardiniero
Che il sentiero
De la vita co 'l letame
Utilizza, e cavolfiori
Pe' signori
E viole ha per le dame.

Il poeta è un grande artiere,
Che al mestiere
Fece i muscoli d' acciaio :
Capo ha fier, collo robusto,
Nudo il busto,
Duro il braccio, e l' occhio gaio.

Non a pena l' augel pia
E giulía
Ride l' alba a la collina,
Ei co 'l mantice ridesta
Fiamma e festa
E lavor ne la fucina ;

E la fiamma guizza e brilla
E sfavilla
E rosseggia balda audace,
E poi sibila e poi rugge
E poi fugge
Scoppiettando da la brace.

Che sia ciò, non lo so io ;
Lo sa Dio
Che sorride al grande artiero.
Ne le fiamme così ardenti
Gli elementi
De l' amore e del pensiero

And still less is he a lazy
Fool, in hazy
Day-dreams wrapt, for ever spying
After angels, head in air
In despair
To see naught but martins flying.

Nor is he a garden lover,
Such as over
Life's path scatters with the spade his
Rich manure, and men-folk dowers
With cabbage flowers,
Keeping violets for the ladies.

The poet is a mighty blacksmith,
Whose broad back 's with
Iron muscles furrowed : daily
He, with pride of strength invested,
Works, bare-chested,
Sinewy-armed, and smiling gaily.

Ere the twitter of birds gives warning
Of glad morning
On the hill hath he descended,
And with roaring bellows wakes the
Flame that makes the
Forge, whereat he labours, splendid.

And the firelight boldly dances,
Sparkles, glances,
Glowing red with rosy flashes ;
Then it hisseth, then it roareth,
Then it soareth
Upward, crackling from the ashes.

God, who smiles upon the poet,
Knows—for know it
I do not—the art wherewith the
Eager smith wists how to throw in
To the glowing
Flames, which light his wondrous smithy,

Egli gitta, e le memorie
E le glorie
De' suoi padri e di sua gente.
Il passato e l' avvenire
A fluire
Va nel masso incandescente.

Ei l' afferra, e poi dal maglio
Co 'l travaglio
Ei lo doma su l' incude.
Picchia e canta. Il sole ascende,
E risplende
Su la fronte e l' opra rude.

Picchia. E per la libertade
Ecco spade,
Ecco scudi di fortezza :
Ecco serti di vittoria
Per la gloria,
E diademi a la bellezza.

Picchia. Ed ecco istoriati
A i penati
Tabernacoli ed al rito :
Ecco tripodi ed altari,
Ecco rari
Fregi e vasi pe 'l convito.

Per sé il pover manuale
Fa uno strale
D' oro, e il lancia contro 'l sole :
Guarda come in alto ascenda
E risplenda,
Guarda e gode, e piú non vuole.

Love and thought, pure as pure ore is,
All the glories
Of his nation and his fathers.
Past and Future in one shining
Mass combining
He within his furnace gathers.

Then he grips the mass and holds it
While he moulds it
On the anvil, singing ever
As he hammers. And the sunrise
Glow upon his
Brow and rude toil, ceasing never.

He hammers ! Lo, when Freedom charges,
Swords and targes
For her valiant warriors welded !
Lo, wreaths destined for victorious
Heroes, glorious
Crowns to Queens of Beauty yielded.

He hammers ! Lo, rich sanctuaries
For the Lares
And their age-long rites intended !
Tripods lo, and altar-pieces
Lo, rare friezes,
Massy goblets rich and splendid.

For himself the poor smith taketh
Gold, and maketh
Thence a shaft, and shoots it sunward,
Asking but to watch it flying
Radiant, high in
Heaven, ever upward, onward.

FROM 'ODI BARBARE'

*Schlechten gestümperten Versen genügt ein geringer Gehalt schon
Während die edlere Form tiefe Gedanken bedarf :
Wollte man euer Geschwätz ausprägen zur sapphischen Ode,
Würde die Welt einsehn, dass es ein leeres Geschwätz.*

AUGUST V. PLATEN.

H

*Musa latina, vieni meco a canzone novella :
Può nuova progenie il canto novello fare.*

T. CAMPANELLA.

PRELUDIO

O DIO l' usata poesia : concede
comoda al vulgo i flosci fianchi e senza
palpiti sotto i consueti amplessi
stendesi e dorme.

A me la strofe vigile, balzante
co 'l plauso e 'l piede ritmico ne' cori :
per l' ala a volo io còlgola, si volge
ella e repugna.

Tal fra le strette d' amator silvano
torcesi un' evia su 'l nevoso Edone :
piú belli i vezzi del fiorente petto
saltan compressi,

e baci e strilli su l' accesa bocca
mesconsi : ride la marmorea fronte
al sole, effuse in lunga onda le chiome
fremono a' venti.

IDEALE

POI che un sereno vapor d' ambrosia
da la tua cóppa diffuso avvolsemi,
o Ebe con passo di dea
trasvolata sorridendo via ;

non piú del tempo l' ombra o de l' algide
cure su 'l capo mi sento ; sentomi,
o Ebe, l' ellenica vita
tranquilla ne le vene fluire.

E i ruinati giú pe 'l declivio
de l' età mesta giorni risursero,
o Ebe, nel tuo dolce lume
agognanti di rinnovellare ;

e i novelli anni da la caligine
volenterosi la fronte adergono,
o Ebe, al tuo raggio che sale
tremolando e roseo li saluta,

PRELUDE

I HATE the common muse : she lies
With languid limbs and yields her charms
Without one struggle, an easy prize
To any vulgar lover's arms.

For me the watchful ' Strophe's ' beat
Of dancing foot in rhythmic choir !
I grasp her, as she spreads her fleet
Wings to escape, nor heed her ire.

So writhes on Haemus' snowy height
Some Eviad in a Faun's embrace,
Who finds her lovelier, as more tight
Her panting breast his arms enlase,

And on her burning lips his kiss
Smothers the shriek : in sunlight gleams
Her brow, that white as marble is,
While down the wind her long hair streams.

THE IDEAL

SWEET perfumes of ambrosia rise
From thy full cup and drown my sense,
O Hebe Goddess, passing hence
In radiant flight with smiling eyes.

No more I feel the chilling pains
Of gloomy age, with sorrow rife,
O Hebe, but I feel the life
Of Hellas coursing through my veins.

The ruined days that strew the slope
Of my dark past rose up once more,
O Hebe, pleading to restore
Themselves in thy sweet light of Hope.

And the new years, like mountain heights
That catch the day, while all below
Is dark, O Hebe, blush and glow,
Illumined by thy rosy lights.

A gli uni e gli altri tu ridi, nitida
stella, da l' alto. Tale ne i gotici
delúbri, tra candide e nere
cuspidi rapide salienti

con doppia al cielo fila marmorea,
sta su l' estremo pinnacol placida
la dolce fanciulla di Jesse
tutta avvolta di faville d' oro.

Le ville e il verde piano d' argentei
fiumi rigato contempla aerea,
le messi ondegianti ne' campi,
le raggianti sopra l' alpe nevi :

a lei d' intorno le nubi volano ;
fuor de le nubi ride ella fulgida
a l' albe di maggio fiorenti,
a gli occasi di novembre mesti.

NELL' ANNUALE DELLA FONDAZIONE DI ROMA

TE redimito di fior purpurei
april te vide su 'l colle emergere
da 'l solco di Romolo torva
riguardante su i selvaggi piani :

te dopo tanta forza di secoli
aprile irraggia, sublime, massima,
e il sole e l' Italia saluta
te, Flora di nostra gente, o Roma.

Se al Campidoglio non piú la vergine
tacita sale dietro il pontefice,
né piú per Via Sacra il trionfo
piega i quattro candidi cavalli,

questa del Fòro tua solitudine
ogni rumore vince, ogni gloria ;
e tutto che al mondo è civile,
grande, augusto, egli è romano ancora.

Bright star, thou with thy radiant fires
On days and years alike dost shine
From Heaven ; as, in some Gothic shrine
High over all the climbing spires

Of marble black and white, upon
The topmost pinnacle doth stand
Jesse's sweet daughter, calm and grand
And glistening like a golden sun ;

On champaign seamed with silver streaks
Of winding river she gazes down,
On waving corn and distant town
And gleaming snow on Alpine peaks.

Though drifting clouds enwrap her, yet
Her shining face smiles through the mist
When dawning May the earth hath kissed
And sad November suns are set.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF ROME

THEE April's flowers beheld, when first
From Romulus's furrow burst
Thy battlements and frowned
On the wild plains around :

Thee, worn by centuries of time,
The April sun still greets, sublime
And great, our age-long home,
Flower of Italy, Rome.

Tho' down the sacred way the four
White steeds in triumph pass no more,
Tho' no High Priest climb now
The Capitol's steep brow

With silent Vestal, yet, more grand,
Thy Forum's lonely ruins stand ;
Strength, order, peace 'mong men
Are Roman now as then.

Salve, dea Roma ! Chi disconósceti
cerchiato ha il senno di fredda tenebra,
e a lui nel reo cuore germoglia
torpida la selva di barbarie.

Salve, dea Roma ! Chinato a i ruderi
del Fòro, io seguo con dolci lacrime
e adoro i tuoi sparsi vestigi,
patria, diva, santa genitrice.

Son cittadino per te d' Italia,
per te poeta, madre de i popoli,
che desti il tuo spirito al mondo,
che Italia improntasti di tua gloria.

Ecco, a te questa, che tu di libere
genti facesti nome uno, Italia,
ritorna, e s' abbraccia al tuo petto
affisa ne' tuoi d' aquila occhi.

E tu dal colle fatal pe' l tacito
Fòro le braccia porgi marmoree,
a la figlia liberatrice
addirando le colonne e gli archi :

gli archi che nuovi trionfi aspettano
non piú di regi, non piú di cesari,
e non di catene attorcenti
braccia umane su gli eburnei carri ;

ma il tuo trionfo, popol d' Italia,
su l' età nera, su l' età barbara,
su i mostri onde tu con serena
giustizia farai franche le genti.

O Italia, o Roma ! quel giorno placido
tonerà il cielo su 'l Fòro, e cantici
di gloria, di gloria, di gloria
correran per l' infinito azzurro.

Hail, Rome divine ! That man who knows
Thee not cold mists of night enclose ;
In his base heart a crop
Of barbarous weeds springs up.

Hail, Rome divine ! With bowed, sad face
Thy Forum's stones I love to trace,
Kissing each broken sign
Of thee, our Mother divine.

By thee, I 'm poet, great Nurse of men,
By thee, Italian citizen.
The world wakes at thy name,
Thou gav'st to Italy fame.

To thee returns this Italy
Thou madest one, thou madest free.
Lo, on thy breast she lies,
Drawn by thine eagle eyes.

From silent Forum, storied hill
Stretch forth thy marble arms, and still
To her who frees thee show
Arches and columns now

Awaiting no new triumphings
Of Cæsars and victorious kings,
With captives ta'en in war
Bound to their ivory car,

Nay, but *your* triumph, Italian folk,
O'er monstrous Powers and their fell yoke
Whence with calm justice ye
Shall set all nations free.

Italy, Rome ! That day shall cries
Of glory, glory, glory rise
Above the Forum through
Th' unclouded thund'ring blue.

X
ALLE FONTI DEL CLITUMNO

ANCOR dal monte, che di fóschi ondeggia
frassini al vento mormoranti e lunge
per l' aure odora fresco di silvestri
salvie e di timi,

scendon nel vespero umido, o Clitumno,
a te le greggi : a te l' umbro fanciullo
la riluttante pecora ne l' onda
immerge, mentre

vèr' lui dal seno de la madre adusta,
che scalza siede al casolare e canta,
una poppante volgesi e dal viso
tondo sorride :

pensoso il padre, di caprine pelli
l' anche avvolto come i fauni antichi,
regge il dipinto plaustro e la forza
de' bei giovenchi,

de' bei giovenchi dal quadrato petto,
erti su 'l capo le lunate corna,
dolci ne gli occhi, nivei, che il mite
Virgilio amava.

Oscuri intanto fumano le nubi
su l' Apennino : grande, austera, verde
da le montagne digradanti in cerchio
l' Umbria guarda.

Salve, Umbria verde, e tu del puro fonte
nume Clitumno ! Sento in cuor l' antica
patria e aleggiarmi su l' accesa fronte
gl' itali iddii.

Chi l' ombre indusse del piangente salcio
su' rivi sacri ? ti rapisca il vento
de l' Apennino, o molle pianta, amore
d' umili tempi !

BY THE SOURCES OF CLITUMNUS

STILL, Clitumnus, down from the mountain, dark with
Waving ash-trees, where 'mid the branches perfumed
Breezes whisper, wafting afar the scent of
Wild-thyme and wood-sage,

Still descend the flocks in the misty ev'ning
Unto thee ; and still do the boys of Umbria
Dip the struggling sheep in thy gleaming waters,
While from the bosom

Of the sunburnt mother, who sits barefooted
By her cottage singing, the smiling baby
Turns towards his brothers his chubby features
Radiant with laughter ;

And the father, wrapped in his shaggy goatskins
Like the Fauns of old, doth direct with thoughtful
Gaze the painted waggon and team of sturdy,
Beautiful oxen :

Beauteous oxen, massive of shoulder, mild-eyed,
White as snow, with horns that above their foreheads
Curve like crescent moons, such as gentle Virgil
Loved for their beauty.

Even now, like columns of smoke, the clouds rise
Dark o'er Apennine : 'mid her zone of gently
Sloping hills how lovely, austere, and verdant
Umbria lieth !

Hail, green land of Umbria ! hail, pure fountain,
God Clitumnus, hail ! In my heart I feel the
Ancient Fatherland, and my fevered forehead
Brushed by the pinions

Of th' Italian Deities. / Who hath darkened
This, thy hallowed stream, with the weeping willow ?
May the wind, degenerate tree, uproot thee,
Hateful to heroes.

Qui pugni a' verni e arcane istorie frema
 co 'l palpitante maggio ilice nera,
 a cui d' allegra giovinezza il tronco
 l' edera veste :

qui folti a torno l' emergente nume
 stieno, giganti vigili, i cipressi ;
 e tu fra l' ombre tu fatali canta
 carmi, o Clitumno.

O testimone di tre imperi, dinne
 come il grave umbro ne' duelli atroce
 cesse a l' astato velite e la forte
 Etruria crebbe :

di' come sovra le congiunte ville
 dal superato Címino a gran passi
 calò Gradivo poi, piantando i segni
 fieri di Roma.

Ma tu placavi, indigete comune
 italo nume, i vincitori a i vinti,
 e, quando tonò il punico furore
 da 'l Trasimeno,

per gli antri tuoi salí grido, e la torta
 lo ripercosse buccina da i monti :
 —O tu che pasci i buoi presso Mevania
 caliginosa,

e tu che i proni colli ari a la sponda
 del Nar sinistra, e tu che i boschi abbatti
 sovra Spoleto verdi o ne la marzia
 Todi fai nozze,

lascia il bue grasso tra le canne, lascia
 il torel fulvo a mezzo solco, lascia
 ne l' inclinata quercia il cuneo, lascia
 la sposa a l' ara ;

e corri, corri, corri ! con la scure
 corri e co' dardi, con la clava e l' asta !
 corri ! minaccia gl' itali penati
 Annibal diro.—

Here let holm-oaks battle with winter, murmur
When the earth is throbbing with spring their secret
Stories—holm-oaks black and o'ergrown with gay green
Garlands of ivy.

Here, like giant sentinels round the rising
God, let lofty cypresses crowd to hide him ;
Chant thou then thine oracles, O Clitumnus,
Veiled in their shadow.

Tell us, O thou witness of three great empires,
How the stubborn Umbrian, fiercely fighting,
Sank 'neath Velite lances, how strong Etruria
Grew ever stronger :

Tell how then Gradivus descended swiftly
On the twelve confederate cities, leaving
Conquered Mount Ciminus, how he planted
Rome's haughty standards.

Yet did'st thou, th' indigenous native Godhead,
Reconcile the conquerors and the conquered
When from Trasimene Carthaginian fury
Thundered towards Rome.

Then arose a cry from thy caverns, then the
Twisted horn woke echoes among the mountains :
' Ye that in the gloomy Mevanian hollow
Pasture fat oxen ;

' Ye that by the banks of the Nar to leftward
Plough the slopes, and ye that cut down the copses
O'er Spoleto ; ye that in Martian Todi
Celebrate nuptials,

' Leave the full-fed ox in the rushes, leave the
Tawny bull to stand in mid-furrow, leave the
Wedge stuck fast in tottering oak-tree, leave the
Bride at the altar :

' Run ye, run ye, run ye with axe and javelin !
Run with spears, with bludgeons, and fresh-cut lances !
Run, your household gods to defend from dreadful
Hannibal's onslaught ! '

Deh come rise d' alma luce il sole
per questa chiostra di bei monti, quando
urlanti vide e ruinanti in fuga
l' alta Spoleto

i Mauri immani e i numidi cavalli
con mischia oscena, e, sopra loro, nemi
di ferro, flutti d' olio ardente, e i canti
de la vittoria !

Tutto ora tace. Nel sereno gorgo
la tenue miro saliente vena :
trema, e d' un lieve pullular lo specchio
segna de l' acque.

Ride sepolta a l' imo una foresta
breve, e rameggia immobile : il diaspro
par che si mischi in flessuosi amori
con l' ametista.

E di zaffiro i fior paiono, ed hanno
de l' adamante rigido i riflessi,
e splendon freddi e chiamano a i silenzi
del verde fondo.

A piè de i monti e de le querce a l' ombra
co' fiumi, o Italia, è de' tuoi carmi il fonte.
Visser le ninfe, vissero : e un divino
talamo è questo.

Emergean lunghe ne' fluenti veli
naiadi azzurre, e per la cheta sera
chiamavan alto le sorelle brune
da le montagne,

e danze sotto l' imminente luna
guidavan, liete ricantando in coro
di Giano eterno e quanto amor lo vinse
di Camesena.

Egli dal cielo, autoctona virago
ella : fu letto l' Apennin fumante :
velaro i nemi il grande amplesso, e nacque
l' itala gente.

Ah, how fair it shone in the gracious sunlight
This retreat encircled by lovely mountains,
When Spoleto's citadel saw the shrieking
Rout of those ruthless

Moorish hordes, Numidian horses, mingled
All in horrid carnage, and o'er them hurtling
Steel, and burning rivers of oil, and thundrous
Shouts of the victors.

All is silent now. I can watch the tiny
Thread that gushes up thro' the smooth, clear eddies ;
Watch it sway and stamp little bubbles on the
Mirror-like surface.

Deep below a miniature forest slumbers
Motionless, with branches together woven :
Amethyst and jasper in loving curves of
Beauty seem mingled.

And the flowers seem tinged with the hue of sapphire,
Flashing back a sparkle of diamond brilliance,
Radiant, cool, inviting me down to green, deep,
Silent abysses.

On the hills, by streams, in the shade of oak-trees
Seek the springs of Poetry, O my country !
Nymphs have lived, have lived : and this is indeed a
God's marriage-chamber.

Azure Naiads rose from the water, dimly
Seen thro' flowing veils : in the windless twilight
Came they, loudly calling their brown-haired sisters
Down from the mountains.

'Neath the moon, that hung like a lamp in heaven,
Wove they dances, chanting in joyful chorus
Of eternal Janus : how love o'ercame him,
Love for Camesna.

He from Heav'n, autochthonous, manlike, virgin
She : the misty Apennine was her bride-bed :
Clouds concealed that wondrous embrace, whose fruit was
Italy's people.

Tutto ora tace, o vedovo Clitumno,
tutto : de' vaghi tuoi delúbri un solo
t' avanza, e dentro pretestato nume
tu non vi siedì.

Non piú perfusi del tuo fiume sacro
menano i tori, vittime orgogliose,
trofei romani a i templi aviti : Roma
piú non trionfa.

Piú non trionfa, poi che un galileo
di rosse chiome il Campidoglio ascese,
gittolle in braccio una sua croce, e disse
—Portala, e servi.—

Fuggîr le ninfe a piangere ne' fiumi
occulte e dentro i cortici materni,
od ululando dileguaron come
nuvole a i monti,

quando una strana compagnia tra i bianchi
templi spogliati e i colonnati infranti
procedé lenta, in neri sacchi avvolta,
litanïando,

e sovra i campi del lavoro umano
sonanti e i clivi memori d' impero
fece deserto, et il deserto disse
regno di Dio.

Strappâr le turbe a i santi aratri, a i vecchi
padri aspettanti, a le fiorenti mogli ;
ovunque il divo sol benedicea,
maledicenti.

Maledicenti a l' opre de la vita
e de l' amore, ei deliraro atroci
coniugniamenti di dolor con Dio
su rupi e in grotte :

discesero ebbri di dissolvimento
a le cittadi, e in ridde paurose
al crocefisso supplicarono, empi,
d' essere abietti.

All is silent now, O bereaved Clitumnus,
All : and only one of thy lovely temples
Now remains, yet thou art no more enthroned there,
Toga-clad, awful.

Now no longer, sprinkled with holy water,
Bullocks proudly bear to the altar Roman
Trophies : fall'n the shrines of our fathers : Rome now
Triumphs no longer,

Triumphed nevermore, from the day when first that
Red-haired Galilean the Capitolian
Heights ascended, threw her his cross, and bad her
' Bear it and serve Me.'

Fled the nymphs dismayed to their fountains weeping,
Or within the sheltering tree-trunks vanished :
Shrieking, all the Oreads melted, like the
Mist on the mountains,

When a weird black company through the ruined
Marble shrines and fall'n colonnades came chanting
Mournful psalms and litanies, slowly pacing,
Clothed in dark sackcloth.

And of plains resounding with human labour,
Hills that once imperial glories witnessed,
Made a dreadful desert, and called the desert
' Kingdom of Heaven.'

Multitudes were torn from the sacred ploughshare,
Torn from girlish brides and from agèd parents ;
All that ever basked in the blessed sunlight
Banning with curses,

Cursing all the business of life, nay, cursing
Very Love, they raved of repulsive unions,
Agony and pain with their God on lonely
Rocks and in caverns ;

Then descending, frenzied with self-wrought ruin,
Citywards, fear-smitten, would dance and beg the
Crucifix with impious prayer that men might
Scorn and reject them,

Salve, o serena de l' Ilisso in riva,
o intera e dritta a i lidi almi del Tebro
anima umana ! i fóschi dí passaro,
risorgi e regna.

E tu, pia madre di giovenchi invitti
a franger glebe e reintegrar maggesi
e d' annitrenti in guerra aspri polledri
Italia madre,

madre di biade e viti e leggi eterne
ed inclite arti a raddolcir la vita,
salve ! a te i canti de l' antica lode
io rinnovello.

Plaudono i monti al carme e i boschi e l' acque
de l' Umbria verde : in faccia a noi fumando
ed anelando nuove industrie in corsa
fischia il vapore.

IN UNA CHIESA GOTICA

SORGONO e in agili file dilungano
gl' immani ed ardui steli marmorei,
e ne la tenebra sacra somigliano
di giganti un esercito

che guerra mediti con l' invisibile :
le arcate salgono chete, si slanciano
quindi a vol rapide, poi si rabbracciano
prone per l' alto e pendule.

Ne la discordia cosí de gli uomini
di fra i barbarici tumulti salgono
a Dio gli aneliti di solinghe anime
che in lui si ricongiungono.

Io non Dio chieggovi, steli marmorei,
arcate aeree : tremo, ma vigile
al suon d' un cognito passo che piccolo
i solenni echi suscita.

Hail, O Human Spirit, serenely dwelling
On Ilissus' banks, and by Tiber's gracious
Shores enshrined as Justice, the night is over :
Rise again, rule us.

Thou, too, pious mother of matchless bullocks
Strong to break the glebe and upturn the fallow,
And of neighing steeds that delight in battle,
Italy mother,

Thou of corn and vines and of everlasting
Laws and arts far-famed, civilising nations,
Mother, hail ! for thee I renew the ancient
Songs to extol thee.

Mountain, wood, and stream of this verdant Umbria
Shout applause ; before us in smoke and thunder,
Herald of new industries, rusheth onward,
Shrieking, the engine.

IN A GOTHIC CATHEDRAL

RISING straightly, extend in their symmetrical,
Clean-cut lines these immense columns ; mysteriously
Loom they, giantlike, huge, through the dim atmosphere,
Like some silent Titanic host

Plotting war in the night 'gainst the Invisible :
Arches noiselessly leap forth from the capitals,
Swiftly soar o'er the void, then to each other lean,
Poised in dizzy embrace on high.

So 'mid discord of men, 'mid the barbarian
Tumults, rose unto God sighs, supplications, tears,
Shed by downtrodden men, yearning in solitude
To unite themselves unto Him.

No God ask I from you, arches aerial,
Marble columns ! I watch trembling to hear a light
Footfall, known unto me, which in its coming the
Solemn echoes awakeneth.

È Lidia, e volgesi : lente nel volgersi
le chiome lucide mi si disegnano,
e amore e il pallido viso fuggevoli
tra il nero velo arridono.

Anch' ei, tra 'l dubbio giorno d' un gotico
tempio avvolgendosi, l' Allighier, trepido
cercò l' imagine di Dio nel gemmeo
pallore d' una femina.

Sott' esso il candido vel, de la vergine
la fronte limpida fulgea ne l' estasi,
mentre fra nuvoli d' incenso fervide
le litanie saliano ;

salian co' murmuri molli, co' fremiti
lieti saliano d' un vol di tortore,
e poi con l' ululo di turbe misere
che al ciel le braccia tendono.

Mandava l' organo pe' cupi spazii
sospiri e strepiti : da l' arche candide
parea che l' anime de' consanguinei
sotterra rispondessero.

Ma da le mitiche vette di Fiesole
tra le pie storie pe' vetri roseo
guardava Apolline : su l' altar massimo
impallidivano i cerei.

E Dante ascendere tra inni d' angeli
la tósca vergine transfigurantesi
vedea, sentiasi sotto i piè rúggere
rossi d' inferno i baratri.

Non io le angeliche glorie né i démoni,
io veggo un fievole baglior che tremola
per l' umid' aere : freddo crepuscolo
fascia di tedio l' anima.

Addio, semitico nume ! Continua
ne' tuoi misterii la morte domina.
O inaccessibile re de gli spiriti,
tuoi templi il sole escludono.

It is Lydia—she turns : lo, as she turns, her hair
Glimmers faint thro' the gloom, and for an instant the
Pale, sweet countenance smiles out from the veil of black,
Smiles out radiant with love to me.

He too, Dante of old, once in the dubious
Twilight stood of a vast Gothic cathedral, and
Sought with fear after God, finding Him in the pale,
Pearl-like gleam of a woman's face.

Clear beneath the white veil glimmered the maiden's brow ;
All transfigured she shone, rapt in an ecstasy :
Incense drifted in clouds o'er her, and through the dim
Air rose passionate litanies ;

Rose with murmured appeal, soft as a turtle-dove's
Low-breathed cooing they rose joyously heavenward,
Changing soon to the shrill wail of despairing throngs,
Who stretch hands of prayer forth to God.

O'er them weirdly the deep organ from arch to arch
Sobbed and sighed thro' the vast gloom : in the marble vaults
Far beneath them the dead bones of their ancestors
Seemed to whisper in sympathy.

But from Fiesole's height famous in history,
'Mid fair legends of saints, rosily through the panes
Gazed Apollo : the wax candles around the high
Altar paled and grew tremulous.

Dante saw 'mid the hymns chanted by angels his
Tuscan virgin ascend, saw in a vision her
Form transfigured, and heard how the abyss of Hell
Bellowed lurid beneath his feet.

Yet no demons see I, no, nor angelical
Light ; I see but a flash, brilliant as lightning, that
Trembles through the damp air : twilight enwraps the soul
With grey mists and with weariness.

Lo, I bid thee farewell, dreadful Semitic God !
O'er thy mysteries Death holdeth dominion.
Inaccessible King, ghosts are thy subjects, and
Thy dark temples exclude the sun.

Cruciato märtire tu cruci gli uomini,
 tu di tristizia l' aër contamini :
 ma i cieli splendono, ma i campi ridono,
 ma d' amore lampeggiano

gli occhi di Lidia. Vederti, o Lidia,
 vorrei tra un candido coro di vergini
 danzando cingere l' ara d' Apolline
 alta ne' rosei vesperi

raggiante in pario marmo tra i lauri
 versare anemoni da le man, gioia
 da gli occhi fulgidi, dal labbro armonico
 un inno di Bacchilide.

SIRMIONE

ECCO : la verde Sirmio nel lucido lago sorride,
 fiore de le penisole.

Il sol la guarda e vezzeggia : somiglia d' intorno il Benaco
 una gran tazza argentea,

cui placido olivo per gli orli nitidi corre
 misto a l' eterno lauro.

Questa raggiante coppa Italia madre protende,
 alte le braccia, a i superi ;

ed essi da i cieli cadere vi lasciano Sirmio
 gemma de le penisole.

Baldo, paterno monte, protegge la bella da l' alto
 co 'l sopracciglio torbido :

il Gu sembra un titano per lei caduto in battaglia,
 supino e minaccevole.

Ma incontro le porge dal seno lunato a sinistra
 Salò le braccia candide,

lieta come fanciulla che in danza entrando abbandona
 le chiome e il velo a l' aure,

Thou dost crucify men, crucified Deity !
Thou with sadness the pure air dost contaminate !
Yet the heaven is bright, yet are the meadows green,
Yet with love-lights are flashing the

Eyes of Lydia. I yearn, Lydia, to see thee with
White-robed virginal choirs dance in Apollo's praise
Round his altar, as day dies and the westering
Sun stains rosy its Parian

Stone till gemlike it glows red 'mid the laurel-trees.
Oh, to witness thee then scatt'ring anemones,
Flashing joy from thine eyes, singing in harmony
Some sweet hymn of Bacchylides !

SIRMIO

LO, on the shining lake green Sirmio glows like a jewel,
The flower of all peninsulas,

Gazed at, caressed by the sun : like a mighty goblet of silver,
Benacus wide encircles it.

Fringed are the gleaming shores with quiet olives and copses
Of everlasting laurel-trees.

This is the radiant cup by Mother Italy proffered
With arms uplifted to the Gods ;

And from high heaven the Gods let Sirmio drop on the water,
The gem of all peninsulas.

Lovely she is ; and Baldo, yon fatherly mountain, protects her
With stormy eyebrows from above :

Mongü lies like a fallen Titan, her champion in battle ;
Supine he lies, yet threatening still.

Over against him Salò from her moon-shaped gulf to the leftward
Extends her white arms o'er the lake,

E'en as a blithesome maiden that enters the dance and abandons
Her veil and tresses to the wind,

e ride e gitta fiori con le man' piene, e di fiori
le esulta il capo giovine.

Garda là in fondo solleva la ròcca sua fósca
sovra lo specchio liquido,

cantando una saga d' antiche cittadi sepolte
e di regine barbare.

Ma qui, Lalage, donde per tanta pia gioia d' azzurro
tu mandi il guardo e l' anima,

qui Valerio Catullo, legato giú a' nitidi sassi
il fasèlo bitinico,

sedeasi i lunghi giorni, e gli occhi di Lesbia ne l' onda
forforescente e tremula,

e 'l perfido riso di Lesbia e i multivoli ardori
vedea ne l' onda vitrea,

mentr' ella stancava pe' neri angiporti le reni
a i nepoti di Romolo.

A lui da gli umidi fondi la ninfa del lago cantava
" Vieni, o Quinto Valerio.

Qui ne le nostre grotte discende anche il sole, ma bianco
e mite come Cintia.

Qui de la vostra vita gli assidui tumulti un lontano
d' api susurro paiono,

e nel silenzio freddo le insanie e le trepide cure
in lento oblio si sciolgono.

Qui 'l fresco, qui 'l sonno, qui musiche leni ed i cori
de le cerule vergini,

mentr' Espero allunga la rosea face su l' acque
e i flutti al lido gemono „.

Laughingly scattering handfuls of flowers, adorning with flowers
Her maiden brow exultantly.

Yonder below lifts Garda her gloomy rock o'er the water
Extended mirror-like beneath,

Chanting a saga of ancient towns long buried and vanished,
And tales of fair barbarian queens.

Nay, but, Lalage, here, whence the bountiful spaces of azure
Entrance thine eyes and soothe thy soul,

Here did Valerius Catullus below on the glistening pebbles
Once moor his swift Bithynian bark ;

Here hath he sat long days, and Lesbia's eyes in the water
Phosphorescent and tremulous,

Yea, and Lesbia's treacherous smile and numberless graces,
Hath gazed at in the glassy flood,

While in the gloomy alleys of Rome fair Lesbia languished
Among the sons of Romulus.

Then from those liquid depths the lake-nymph called to him,
singing :

' Come, O Quintus Valerius !

' Here, too, our grottos are bright with the sun, but diffused are
the sunbeams

Silvery soft like Cynthia's.

' Here doth the ceaseless roar of your life sink low, till it seemeth
A far-off murmur as of bees.

' Madness and fretful care are soothed in the cool and the
silence,

And fade in slow forgetfulness.

' Sweet is it here to slumber while softly the musical chorus
Of azure virgins charms the ear,

' While pure Hesperus lengthens his rosy torch on the water
And wavelets sob upon the beach.'

Ahi triste Amore ! egli odia le Muse, e lascivo i poeti
frange o li spegne tragico.

Ma chi da gli occhi tuoi che lunghe intentano guerre,
chi ne assicura, o Lalage ?

Cogli a le pure Muse tre rami di lauro e di mirto
e al Sole eterno li agita.

Non da Peschiera vedi natanti le schiere de' cigni
giù per il Mincio argenteo ?

da' verdi paschi dove Bianore dorme non odi
la voce di Virgilio ?

Volgiti, Lalage, e adora. Un grande severo s' affaccia
a la torre scaligera.

—Suso in Italia bella—sorridente ei mormora, e guarda
l' acque la terra e l' aere.

PER LA MORTE DI NAPOLEONE EUGENIO

QUESTO la inconscia zagaglia barbara
prostrò, spegnendo li occhi di fulgida
vita sorrisi da i fantasmi
fluttuanti ne l' azzurro immenso.

L' altro, di baci sazio in austriache
piume e sognante su l' albe gelide
le diane e il rullo pugnace,
piegò come pallido giacinto.

Ambo a le madri lungi ; e le morbide
chiome fiorenti di puerizia
pareano aspettare anche il solco
de la materna carezza. In vece

Ah, sad Love ! He hateth the Muses, and wantonly tortures
All poets with tragic cruelty.

And yet, who from thine eyes and thy warfare of amorous
glances
Can feel secure, my Lalage ?

Pluck for the stainless Muses three boughs of laurel and myrtle,
And wave them to th' eternal Sun.

Seest thou not the flocks of white swans float from Peschiera
Adown the silv'ry Mincio ?

Hearst thou not from the verdant meadows, where sleepeth
Bianor,
The sound of Roman Virgil's voice ?

Lalage, turn and adore ! From the Scaligers' tower above thee
Looks forth a face austere and grand :

' Up in beautiful Italy——' smiling he murmurs, and gazes
On waters, earth, and azure air.

ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON EUGENE (PRINCE
IMPERIAL)

THIS one th' unknowing barbarous assegai
Laid low, and quenched the light of his eyes, which shone
Enraptured at the splendid visions
Bright thro' the limitless azure floating.

The other, with kisses sated, on Austrian
Cushions reclined, and dreaming of frosty dawns,
Of martial drums, of shrill reveilles,
Like a pale hyacinth slowly faded.

Both from their mothers parted : although it seemed
Their flowing curls, resplendent with boyhood's grace,
Awaited yearningly the tender
Touch of a mother's caressing fingers.

balzâr ne 'l buio, giovinette anime,
senza conforti ; né de la patria
l' eloquio seguivali al passo
co i suon' de l' amore e de la gloria.

Non questo, o fósco figlio d'Ortensia,
non questo avevi promesso al parvolo :
gli pregasti in faccia a Parigi
lontani i fati del re di Roma.

Vittoria e pace da Sebastopoli
sopían co 'l rombo de l' ali candide
il piccolo : Europa ammirava :
la Colonna splendea come un faro.

Ma di decembre, ma di brumaio
cruento è il fango, la nebbia è perfida :
non crescono arbusti a quell' aure,
o dan frutti di cenere e tòscò.

O solitaria casa d' Aiaccio,
cui verdi e grandi le quercie ombreggiano
e i poggi coronan sereni
e davanti le risuona il mare !

Ivi Letizia, bel nome italico
che omai sventura suona ne i secoli,
fu sposa, fu madre felice,
ahi troppo breve stagione ! ed ivi,

lanciata a i troni l' ultima folgore,
date concordi leggi tra i popoli,
dovevi, o consol, ritrarti
fra il mare e Dio cui tu credevi.

Domestica ombra Letizia or abita
la vuota casa ; non lei di Cesare
il raggio precinse : la còrsa
madre visse fra le tombe e l' are.

Il suo fatale da gli occhi d' aquila,
le figlie come l' aurora splendide,
frementi speranza i nepoti,
tutti giacquer, tutti a lei lontano.

Instead they tossed in darkness, uncomforted,
 Young but forsaken, and at their obsequies
 No sound of their dear native language
 Offered them tributes of love and glory.

Not this, O gloomy son of Hortensia,
 Not this was thy proud hope for thy little one !
 The King of Rome's sad fate be far from
 Him, was thy prayer in the ears of Paris.

From Sevastòpol white-pinioned Victory
 And Peace, her sister, soothed with a whirr of wings
 Thy babe to sleep : all Europe wondered :
 Flashed like a beacon the stately Column.

And yet December's mud is incarnadined,
 Yet are the mists of Brumaire perfidious :
 Trees in such atmosphere will wither,
 Or is their fruitage but dust and poison.

O solitary house of Ajaccio,
 O'er which the tall green oaks spread their foliage !
 Behind it rise the hills serenely,
 And ever ocean before it thunders.

There lived Letizia, whose fair Italian
 Name shall betoken sorrow for centuries ;
 There lived she, bride and happy mother,
 Ah, but for too brief a season ! Thither,

When thrones lay crushed beneath thy last thunderbolt,
 When to the nations just laws were giv'n again,
 Thou should'st, great Consul, have withdrawn thee
 Home to the sea and the God thou trustedst.

Now like some household ghost doth Letizia
 Haunt the forsaken home : no imperial
 Splendours engirdled her : thou dweltest,
 Corsican mother, 'mid tombs and altars.

Her son the eagle-eyed man of destiny,
 Her daughters like Aurora for loveliness,
 Her eager, hope-inspired grandsons—
 All are dead, all from her breast far sundered.

Sta ne la notte la còrsa Niobe,
sta su la porta donde al battesimo
le usciano i figli, e le braccia
fiera tende su 'l selvaggio mare :

e chiama, chiama, se da l' Americhe,
se di Britannia, se da l' arsa Africa
alcun di sua tragica prole
spinto da morte le approdi in seno.

A GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

(III. NOVEMBRE MDCCCLXXX.)

IL dittatore, solo, a la lugubre
schiera d' avanti, ravvolto e tacito
cavalca : la terra ed il cielo
squalidi, plumbei, freddi intorno.

Del suo cavallo la pésta udivasi
guazzar nel fango : dietro s' udivano
passi in cadenza, ed i sospiri
de' petti eroici ne la notte.

Ma da le zolle di strage livide,
ma da i cespugli di sangue roridi,
dovunque era un povero brano,
o madri italiche, de i cuor vostri

salíano fiamme ch' astri parevano,
sorgeano voci ch' inni suonavano :
splendea Roma olimpica in fondo,
correa per l' aëre un peana.

—Surse in Mentana l' onta de i secoli
dal triste amplesso di Pietro e Cesare :
tu hai, Garibaldi, in Mentana
su Pietro e Cesare posto il piede.

O d' Aspromonte ribelle splendido,
o di Mentana superbo vindice,
vieni e narra Palermo e Roma
in Capitolio a Camillo.—

She stands by night, that Corsican Niobe,
Stands at the threshold whence at their baptism
Her sons went forth from her, and stretcheth
Proudly her arms o'er the wild sea-water,

And calleth, calleth, if from America,
From England, from parched Africa e'en but one
Of all her tragic offspring, tossed by
Death, should find haven in her yearning bosom.

TO GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

(3RD NOVEMBER 1880)

FIRST of the dismal host, unaccompanied,
Rode the Dictator silently, wrapped in thought ;
Grey, cheerless, cold, the earth and heaven
Sullenly, gloomily round him lowered.

Clear through the stillness echoed his horse's hoof
Splashing the mud ; behind him a measured tramp
Resounds of marching feet, and stifled
Sighs in the night of some breast heroic.

But from the corpse-strewn soil of the battlefield,
But from the sod dyed crimson with blood, where'er
Lay stretched amid that dreadful carnage,
Mothers of Italy, thy beloved ones,

Leapt upward flames like stars to the firmament,
Streamed upward voices chanting victoriously,
Shone forth the vision of Rome triumphant,
Swept down the breezes the thund'rous pæan :

' Mentana saw the shame of the centuries
From Peter's fatal union with Cæsar rise :
Thou hast, Garibaldi, in Mentana
Peter and Cæsar beneath thee trampled.

' Come, O thou splendid rebel of Aspromont,
Mentana's haughty champion, we call to thee ;
Tell tales of Rome, tales of Palermo,
Housed on the Capitol, to Camillus.'

Tale un' arcana voce di spiriti
correa solenne pe 'l ciel d' Italia
quel dî che guairono i vili,
botoli timidi de la verga.

Oggi l' Italia t' adora. Invòcati
la nuova Roma novello Romolo :
tu ascendi, o divino : di morte
lunge i silenzi dal tuo capo.

Sopra il comune gorgo de l' anime
te rifulgente chiamano i secoli
a le altezze, al puro concilio
de i numi indigeti su la patria.

Tu ascendi. E Dante dice a Virgilio :
“ Mai non pensammo forma più nobile
d' eroe ,,. Dice Livio, e sorride :
“ È de la storia, o poeti.

De la civile storia d' Italia
è quest' audacia tenace ligure,
che posa nel giusto, ed a l' alto
mira, e s' irradia ne l' ideale ,,.

Gloria a te, padre. Nel torvo fremito
spira de l' Etna, spira ne' turbini
de l' alpe il tuo cor di leone
incontro a' barbari ed a' tiranni.

Splende il soave tuo cor nel cerulo
riso del mare del ciel de i floridi
maggi diffuso su le tombe
su' marmi memori de gli eroi.

SCOGLIO DI QUARTO

BREVE ne l' onda placida avvanzasi
striscia di sassi. Boschi di lauro
frondeggiando dietro spirando
effluvi e murmuri ne la sera.

Thus spirit voices sang from Italian
Skies to his inmost soul solemn prophesies
That day when cowards barked against him,
Curs that a slash of the whip would scatter.

Thou art to-day the idol of Italy,
And Rome renewed hails thee her new Romulus :
Godlike ascendest thou : and never
Shall the long silence of death enfold thee.

Over the common gulf of men's souls art thou,
Towering resplendent, called by the centuries
To take thy seat in that high Council
Formed of our Italy's native Godheads.

Thou dost ascend : and Dante to Virgil cries :
' Hero of nobler mould ne'er imagined we ' ;
And Livy smiling answers : ' Poets,
History makes him her own for ever.

' Yea, he belongs to Italy's history,
This hardy scion sprung of Liguria,
In justice rooted deep, who gazeth
Upward to heights of sublime ideals.'

Glory to thee, O Father ! Thy lion-heart
Breathes in grim Etna's thunderous lava-streams ;
It breathes in Alpine storms, for ever
Battling with barbarous kings and tyrants.

Thy childlike heart shines in the cerulean
Smile of the ocean, heav'n, and the blossoming
Spring-seasons that scatter sweet flowers
Over the marble-built tombs of heroes.

THE ROCK AT QUARTO

CLEAVING the quiet water a short rock-rib
Juts forth ; behind it cosses of laurel-trees,
Thick-foliaged, murmuring softly,
Scatter their scents on the wind of evening.

Davanti, larga, nitida, candida
splende la luna : l' astro di Venere
sorridente presso e del suo
palpito lucido tinge il cielo.

Par che da questo nido pacifico
in picciol legno l' uom debba muovere
secreto a colloqui d' amore
leni su i zeffiri, la sua donna

fisa guatando l' astro di Venere.
Italia, Italia, donna de i secoli,
de' vati e de' martiri donna,
inclita vedova dolorosa,

quindi il tuo fido mosse cercandoti
pe' mari. Al collo leonino avvoltosi
il puncio, la spada di Roma
alta su l' omero bilanciando,

stiè Garibaldi. Cheti venivano
a cinque a dieci, poi dileguavano,
drappelli oscuri, ne l' ombra,
i mille vindici del destino,

come pirati che a preda gissero ;
ed a te occulti givano, Italia,
per te mendicando la morte
al cielo, al pelago, a i fratelli.

Superba ardeva di lumi e cantici
nel mar morenti lontano Genova
al vespro lunare dal suo
arco marmoreo di palagi.

Oh casa dove presago genio
a Pisacane segnava il transito
fatale, oh dimora onde Aroldo
siti l' eroico Missolungi !

Una corona di luce olimpica
cinse i fastigi bianchi in quel vespero
del cinque maggio. Vittoria
fu il sacrificio, o poesia.

Before it, full-faced, perfect, most beautiful,
Shineth the moon, and near her the lovely star
Of Venus, with quick throbs of splendour,
Glows from the innermost depths of heaven.

From such a peaceful nook might a man push forth
In some frail bark with one he loved, secretly
Enjoying the bliss of sweet converse,
Lulled by the zephyrs, his mistress by him

Gazing the while intent on the star of Love.
Italia, Italia, mistress of centuries,
Of prophets and martyrs the mistress,
Widow renowned for thy matchless sorrow,

From here pushed forth thy faithful one, seeking thee
Over the ocean. Wrapping the puncio
About his lion-neck, his shoulders
Girt with the sword that at Rome he wielded,

Stood Garibaldi. Shadow-like, silently,
By tens, by fives, mysterious companies
Emerged from the gloom, and then vanished,
Destined to work thy revenge—the Thousand,

Sweeping like pirates swift on their prey : as yet
Unknown to thee, O Italy, sailed they forth,
For thee begging death from the heavens,
Death from the ocean, yea, death from brethren.

Proudly afar shone Genova's citadel,
Rearing her stately marble-built palaces,
Starlike with clustered lights, and distant
Music that died on the moonlit waters.

O House, where Genius, mighty, prophetic,
Bade Pisacane steer on his fateful path
To Naples, O dwelling whence Byron
Thirsted for valiant Missolonghi !

Those marble heights were crowned with Olympian
Glory upon that eve of the fifth of May.
Lo, great as the sacrifice offered,
Great was the victory, O ye Muses.

E tu ridevi, stella di Venere,
 stella d' Italia, stella di Cesare :
 non mai primavera piú sacra
 d' animi italici illuminasti,

da quando ascese tacita il Tevere
 d' Enea la prora d' avvenir gravida
 e cadde Pallante appo i clivi
 che sorger videro l' alta Roma.

ALLA REGINA D' ITALIA

(XX. NOVEMBRE MDCCCLXXVIII.)

ONDE venisti ? quali a noi secoli
 sí mite e bella ti tramandarono ?
 fra i canti de' sacri poeti
 dove un giorno, o regina, ti vidi ?

Ne le ardue ròcche, quando tingeasi
 a i latin soli la fulva e cerula
 Germania, e cozzavan nel verso
 nuovo l' armi tra lampi d' amore ?

Seguíano il cupo ritmo monotono
 trascolorando le bionde vergini,
 e al ciel co' neri umidi occhi
 impetravan mercé per la forza.

O ver ne i brevi dí che l' Italia
 fu tutta un maggio, che tutto il popolo
 era cavaliere ? Il trionfo
 d' Amor gía tra le case merlate

in su le piazze liete di candidi
 marmi, di fiori, di sole ; e “ O nuvola
 che in ombra d' amore trapassi,—
 l' Allighieri cantava—sorrìdi ! „

Come la bianca stella di Venere
 ne l' april novo surge da' vertici
 de l' alpi, ed il placido raggio
 su le nevi dorate frangendo

Pure star of Venus, star of our Italy,
Star of our Cæsar, fair was thy smile that night :
Sure never a Springtime more holy
Did'st thou illumine for hearts Italian

Since long ago Aeneas' ship silently,
Big with the future, breasted the Tiber stream,
And Pallas was slain near the hills, which
Witnessed the towers of Rome arising.

TO THE QUEEN

(20TH NOVEMBER 1878)

WHENCE camest thou ? What age left us heir
To thee so gentle and so fair ?

My Queen, what songs of sacred poets
Have I once read and beheld thee there ?

In castles, where the Northern race,
Blue-eyed, fair-haired, grew brown of face
'Neath Latin suns, and knightly minstrels
In new verse strove for their ladies' grace ?

When high-born maidens paled with fear
The rhythmic monotone to hear,
And turned dark, tearful eyes to Heaven,
And prayed, ' Be not with their sin severe.'

Or saw I thee in those brief days
When Italy was fair with May's
Own loveliness, when all the nation
Awoke engentled ? And in Love's praise

Embattled house and street shone bright
With flowers and marble and sunlight,
And Dante sang : ' O cloudlet smiling,
The while Love veileth thee from my sight ! '

As in young April's sky doth glow
The star of Venus and below
Stretch Alpine heights, her mild beams striking
A golden glory across the snow,

ride a la sola capanna povera,
ride a le valli d' ubertà floride,
e a l' ombra de' pioppi risveglia
li usignoli e i colloqui d' amore :

fulgida e bionda ne l' adamantina
luce del serto tu passi, e il popolo
superbo di te si compiace
qual di figlia che vada a l' altare ;

con un sorriso misto di lacrime
la verginetta ti guarda, e trepida
le braccia porgendo ti dice
come a suora maggior : “ Margherita ! „

E a te volando la strofe alcaica,
nata ne' fieri tumulti libera,
tre volte ti gira la chioma
con la penna che sa le tempeste :

e, Salve, dice cantando, o inclita
a cui le Grazie corona cinsero,
a cui sí soave favella
la pietà ne la voce gentile !

Salve, o tu buona, sin che i fantasimi
di Raffaello ne' puri vesperi
trasvolin d' Italia e tra' lauri
la canzon del Petrarca sospiri !

ALLA STAZIONE

IN UNA MATTINA D' AUTUNNO

OH quei fanali come s' inseguono
accidiosi là dietro gli alberi,
tra i rami stillanti di pioggia
sbadigliando la luce su 'l fango ! *mond*

can. 4 Flebile, *di...* acuta, stridula fischia
la vaporiera da presso. Plúmbeo
il cielo e il mattino d' autunno
come un grande fantasma n' è intorno.

Smiling on huts where poor men dwell,
 Smiling on fertile vale and fell,
 And in the poplar shade awaking
 The nightingales of their love to tell :

So dost thou flash forth, far descried,
 Fair, diamond-crowned ; and filled with pride
 In thee, the people all acclaim thee
 As men rejoice in a maiden bride.

Young girls that gaze at thee with sweet,
 Half-tearful smile, as if to greet
 An elder sister, stretch forth shyly
 Their arms and cry to thee : ' Marguerite.'

To thee th' Alcaic verse, free born
 'Mid civic strife, and taught to scorn
 All tyrants, flies, and thrice encircles
 Thy hair with wings, that no storms have torn,

And sings : ' Long live thou, O renowned
 Fair Lady, whom the Graces crowned,
 In whose soft voice all tones of tender
 And loving sympathy sweetly sound.

' Live long as flit o'er Italy
 Shapes limned against the evening sky
 By Raphael, long as 'mid the laurels
 The sweet canzoni of Petrarch sigh.'

AT THE STATION

ON AN AUTUMN MORNING

OH, how the blinking station lamps drowsily
 Stretch in a long line yonder behind the trees !
 Their light, through boughs that drip with raindrops,
 Sleepily gapes on the mud beneath them.

Hard by, the engine peevishly, piercingly,
 Stridently hisses ; o'er us the leaden sky
 Low lowers, and the autumn morning
 Looms like a limitless dream-world round us.

Dove e a che move questa, che affrettasi
 a' carri fóschi, ravvolta e tacita gente? a che ignoti dolori
 o tormenti di speme lontana?

Tu pur pensosa, Lidia, la tessera
 al secco taglio dà de la guardia,
 e al tempo incalzante i begli anni
 dà, gl' istanti gioiti e i ricordi.

Van lungo il nero convoglio e vengono
 incappucciati di nero i vigili,
 com' ombre; una fioca lanterna
 hanno, e mazze di ferro: ed i ferrei

freni tentati rendono un lugubre
 rintócco lungo: di fondo a l' anima
 un' eco di tedio risponde
 doloroso, che spasimo pare.

E gli sportelli sbattuti al chiudere
 paion oltraggi: scherno par l' ultimo
 appello che rápido suona:
 grossa scroscia su' vetri la pioggia.

Già il mostro, conscio di sua metallica
 anima, sbuffa, crolla, ansa, i fiammei
 occhi sbarra: immane pe' l' buio
 gitta il fischio che sfida lo spazio.

Va l' empio mostro: con traino orribile
 sbattendo l' ale gli amor miei portasi.
 Ahi, la bianca faccia e 'l bel velo
 salutando scompar ne la ténebra.

O viso dolce di pallor roseo,
 o stellanti occhi di pace, o candida
 tra' floridi ricci inchinata
 pura fronte con atto soave!

Frenea la vita nel tepid' aere,
 frenea l' estate quando mi arrisero:
 e il giovine sole di giugno
 si piaceva di baciare luminoso

Whither and wherefore move with such feverish
Haste to the gloomy carriages folk that seem
So silent and absorbed ? What unknown
Sorrows or hopes unattained torment them ?

Thou, too, with thoughtful mien to the guard givest
Thy ticket, Lydia, which he abruptly clips ;
As unto swift-winged Time thou givest
Youth and its fondly remembered pleasures.

Moving along the line of black coaches go
Black-hooded watchmen, shadow-like, carrying
In one hand dim lanterns, in the other
Gripping the hammers of iron wherewith

They test the iron brakes, that return a long,
Dismal metallic clang : from the depth of my
Sad heart a weary echo answers
Mournfully, seeming to rack the heart-strings.

And each successive roughly slammed carriage-door
Strikes like an insult : mockery seems the last
Quick call that rings out down the platform :
Fiercely the rain on the windows rattles.

And now within the monster his iron soul
Stirs itself : panting, shaking, he openeth
His flaming eyes : huge through the darkness
Breathes he the steam, which all heav'n defieth.

On moves th' unholy monster : in cruel flight
Beating his wings he beareth my love away.
Alas, the pale face 'neath the black veil
Smiling farewell in the darkness fadeth.

O exquisite pale face, like a rose in bloom,
O starlike eyes that soothe me with peace, O white,
Pure forehead, shaded by abundant
Tresses, so sweetly towards me bending !

Once at thy smile life thrilled thro' the tepid air,
Thrilled through me summer's magic : I have beheld
The merry sun of June with radiant
Kisses caressing thy tender cheek and

in tra i riflessi del crin castanei
la molle guancia : come un' aureola
piú belli del sole i miei sogni
ricingean la persona gentile.

Sotto la pioggia, tra la caligine
torno ora, e ad esse vorrei confondermi ;
barcollo com' ebro, e mi tócco,
non anch' io fossi dunque un fantasma.

O qual caduta di foglie, gelida,
continua, muta, greve, su l' anima !
io credo che solo, che eterno,
che per tutto nel mondo è novembre.

Meglio a chi 'l senso smarri de l' essere,
meglio quest' ombra, questa caligine :
io voglio io voglio adagiarmi
in un tedio che duri infinito.

ALLA MENSA DELL' AMICO

NON mai da 'l cielo ch' io spirai parvolo
ridesti, o Sole, bel nume, splendido
a me, sí come oggi ch' effuso
t' amo per l' ampie vie di Livorno.

Non mai fervesti, Bromio, ne i calici
consolatore saggio e benevolo,
com' oggi ch' io libo a l' amico
pensando i varchi de l' Apennino.

O Sole, o Bromio, date che integri
non senza amore, non senza cètera,
scendiamo a le placide ombre
—là dov' è Orazio—l' amico ed io.

Ma sorridete gli augurî a i parvoli
che, dolci fiori, la mensa adornano,
la pace a le madri, gli amori
a i baldi giovani e le glorie.

Glinting upon the coils of thy chestnut hair :
Yet round thy gentle form like an aureole
My dreams, more lovely than the sunlight,
Hovered and girt thee about with glory.

Now through the rain and darkness I turn my face
Homeward, and fain would mingle myself with them :
I reel, as drunkards reel, and touch my
Limbs lest I deem myself, too, a phantom.

Oh, how the leaves are falling, are falling, chill,
Silent, relentless, weighing my spirit down !
Methinks that in the world November
Reigneth alone for all men for ever.

Better for whom all feeling of life is dead,
Better these gloomy shades, this obscurity :
I yearn, I yearn to sink unconscious
Lost in a languid eternal slumber.

AT THE TABLE OF A FRIEND

SUN-GOD, never from skies, which in earliest
Infancy beam'd on me, shone a radiance
So welcome as thy light to-day poured
O'er the piazzas of old Livorno.

Wine-God, never did thy chalices brim o'er
With genial warmth so generous, benign,
As this cup I drain now to my friend,
Fondly the wild Apennines recalling.

O grant, God of Light, grant, Bromios, that he
And I, unhurt of soul, still accompanied
By Love, with harps still tuned, descend—there
Where Horace is—to reposeful Hades !

But on the children smile ye good auguries,
Who, like blossoms, so sweetly adorn the board ;
To their mothers give peace ; to bold youths
Glory, love, and happiness without end.

EGLE

STANNO nel grigio verno pur d' edra e di lauro vestite
ne l' Appia trista le ruïnose tombe.

Passan pe 'l ciel turchino che stilla ancor da la pioggia
avanti al sole lucide nubi bianche.

Egle, levato il capo vèr' quella serena promessa
di primavera, guarda le nubi e il sole.

Guarda ; e innanzi a la bella sua fronte piú ancora che al sole
ridon le nubi sopra la tombe antiche.

CANTO DI MARZO

QUALE una incinta, su cui scende languida
languida l' ombra del sopore e l' occupa,
disciolta giace e palpita su 'l talamo,
sospiri al labbro e rotti accenti vengono
e súbiti rossor la faccia corrono,

tale è la terra : l' ombra de le nuvole
passa a sprazzi su 'l verde tra il sol pallido :
umido vento scuote i pèschi e i mandorli
bianco e rosso fioriti, ed i fior cadono :
spira da i pori de le glebe un cantico

—O salienti da' marini pascoli
vacche del cielo, grige e bianche nuvole,
versate il latte da le mamme tumide
al piano e al colle che sorride e verzica,
a la selva che mette i primi palpiti.—

Cosí cantano i fior che si risvegliano,
cosí cantano i germi che si movono
e le radici che bramose stendonsi :
cosí da l' ossa de i sepolti cantano
i germi de la vita e de gli spiriti.

EGLE

GREY in the winter morning, o'ergrown with laurel and ivy,
Sadly the ruined tombs stand by the Appian Way.

High in the clear blue spaces of Heaven, yet dripping with rain-drops,

Luminous snow-white clouds blot out the sun and the day.

Egle, upturning her face in the cool, calm air of the morning
Sweet with the promise of spring, gazes intent on the sky—

Gazes ; and over those ancient tombs the light of her forehead,
More than the beams of the sun, brightens the clouds that pass by.

A MARCH SONG

E'EN as a woman in travail, whom the shades of sleep
Descending slowly, slowly overwhelm at last,
Lies all dishevelled, panting on her bridal bed,
While sighs and broken words chase each other across her lips
And sudden waves of colour flush her pallid face,

So lies the Earth now ; for the moving shadows drift
Across the greensward chequered with the pale sunlight,
And the moist breezes sway the peach and almond-trees,
Blossoming in pink and white, until the blossoms fall :
From every pore the brown soil breathes a song to Spring

' Hither, arising from your ocean pastures, come,
Kine of the heavens, ye herds of grey and snow-white clouds !
From swollen breasts rain down your milk on hill and plain,
Smiling beneath you while they clothe themselves in green,
And on the woodland, throbbing with new life again ! '

So sing the flowers, awakened from their winter sleep,
So sing the bursting buds from every twig and bough,
And roots, which eagerly strike deeper in the soil :
So from the mould'ring bones of those long dead arise
Germs of new life, singing their resurrection song.

Ecco l' acqua che scroscia e il tuon che brontola :
 porge il capo il vitel da la stalla umida,
 la gallina scotendo l' ali strepita,
 profondo nel verzier sospira il cúculo
 ed i bambini sopra l' aia saltano.

Chinatevi al lavoro, o validi omeri ;
 schiudetevi a gli amori, o cuori giovani,
 impennatevi a i sogni, ali de l' anime ;
 irrompete a la guerra, o desii torbidi :
 ciò che fu torna e tornerà ne i secoli.

LA MADRE

(GRUPPO DI ADRIANO CECIONI)

LEI certo l' alba che affretta rosea
 al campo ancora grigio gli agricoli
 mirava scalza co 'l piè ratto
 passar tra i roridi odor' del fieno.

Curva su i biondi solchi i larghi omeri
 udivan gli olmi bianchi di polvere
 lei stornellante su 'l meriggio
 sfidar le rauche cicale a i poggi.

E quando alzava da l' opra il turgido
 petto e la bruna faccia ed i riccioli
 fulvi, i tuoi vespri, o Toscana,
 coloraro ignei le balde forme.

Or forte madre palleggia il pargolo
 forte ; da i nudi seni già sazio
 palleggialo alto, e ciancia dolce
 con lui che a' lucidi occhi materni

intende gli occhi fissi ed il piccolo
 corpo tremante d' inquietudine
 e le cercanti dita : ride
 la madre e slanciasi tutta amore.

Hark, the stream crashes, the thunder roars among the hills,
The curious heifer peers forth from his dripping stall ;
Hark to the cock who crows and proudly flaps his wings ;
Deep in the orchard sounds the cuckoo's sighing note,
And baby feet dance joyously upon the lawn.

O stalwart shoulders, bow yourselves to work again !
O hearts of youth and maiden, dream sweet dreams of love !
Wings of the Imagination, fledge yourselves for flight !
Tumultuous desires, now break all barriers down !
Spring comes again, and shall come through the centuries.

THE MOTHER

(A GROUP BY ADRIAN CECIONI)

HER surely Dawn, whose blush biddeth husbandmen
Hasten to fields yet grey in the dusky light,
Beheld with rapid feet unshodden
Pass 'mid the dewy, sweet-scented hayfields.

Bowing her strong back over the yellow-tressed
Furrows, the elm-trees white with the summer dust
Have heard her, carolling at midday,
Challenge the raucous hillside cicadas.

And when from toil she lifted her swelling breast,
Face sun-embrowned, and dark locks, O Tuscany,
Thy vesper lights have touched with flaming
Gold all the lines of her stalwart beauty.

Strong mother now, she dandles her little one,
Strong like herself : full fed from her naked breasts
She dandles him on high, and sweetly
Prattles to him, as he fixes eager

Eyes on the shining eyes of his mother, while
Each tiny limb is restlessly quivering
And fingers seek her face : the mother
Flings herself laughing, all love, towards him.

A lei d' intorno ride il domestico
 lavor, le biade tremule accennano
 dal colle verde, il büe muggia,
 su l' aia il florido gallo canta.

Natura a i forti che per lei spregiano
 le care a i vulghi larve di gloria
 cosí di sante visioni
 conforta l' anime, o Adriano :

onde tu al marmo, severo artefice,
 consegna un' alta speme de i secoli.
 Quando il lavoro sarà lieto ?
 quando sicuro sarà l' amore ?

quando una forte plebe di liberi
 dirà guardando ne 'l sole :—Illumina
 non ozi e guerre a i tiranni,
 ma la giustizia pia del lavoro—?

PER LE NOZZE DI MIA FIGLIA

O NATA quando su la mia povera
 casa passava come uccel profugo
 la speranza, e io disdegnoso
 battea le porte de l' avvenire ;

or che il piè saldo fermai su 'l termine
 cui combattendo valse raggiungere
 e rauchi squittiscon da torno
 i pappagalli lusingatori ;

tu mia colomba t' involi, trepida
 il nuovo nido voli a contessere
 oltre Apennino, ne 'l nativo
 aëre dolce de' colli tóschi.

Va' con l' amore, va' con la gioia,
 va' con la fede candida. L' umide
 pupille fise al vel fuggente,
 la mia Camena tace e ripensa.

Where'er she gazes, home with its happy toil
 Greets her : the swaying corn on the green hill-slope,
 The lowing cattle, and the crested
 Cock in the threshing-floor proudly crowing.

Such are the blessed visions, O Adrian,
 Wherewith great Nature comforts the souls of all
 Those strong sons of hers who for her sake
 Scorn, what the crowd love, mere husks of glory.

Wherefore, stern sculptor, thou hast enshrined in thy
 Marble a lofty hope for the centuries.
 When shall all men find joy in labour ?
 When shall they love and be loved securely ?

When shall a common folk of free citizens
 Cry as they gaze at the Sun : ' Oh, shine down upon
 Not sloth, neither wars waged by tyrants,
 But the mild justice of equal labour ' ?

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MY DAUGHTER

MY darling, born when o'er the poor
 Home of my youth Hope fluttered by,
 As a bird flies, when proudly I
 Knocked at the unknown Future's door,

Now that my foot I firmly place
 Upon the goal I 've fought to reach,
 And all around me hoarsely screech
 A brood of flattering popinjays,

My dove, a timid yearning fills
 Thy heart o'er Apennine to fleet,
 And build a new nest in the sweet
 Air of thy native Tuscan hills.

Thou goest with love, with stainless faith,
 With joy thou goest. Thy veil that flies
 My Muse beholds with tearful eyes,
 And sadly dreams, yet nothing saith :

Ripensa i giorni quando tu parvola
coglievi fiori sotto le acacie,
ed ella reggendoti a mano
fantasmi e forme spiava in cielo.

Ripensa i giorni quando a la morbida
tua chioma intorno rogge strisciavano
le strofe contro a gli oligarchi
librate e al vulgo vile d' Italia.

E tu crescevi pensosa vergine,
quand' ella prese d' assalto intrepida
i clivi de l' arte e piantovvi
la sua bandiera garibaldina.

Riguarda, e pensa. De gli anni il tramite
teco fia dolce forse ritessere,
e risognare i cari sogni
nel blando riso de' figli tuoi?

O forse meglio giova combattere
fino a che l' ora sacra richiamine?
Allora, o mia figlia,—nessuna
me Beatrice ne' cieli attende—

allora al passo che Omero ellenico
e il cristiano Dante passarono
mi scorga il tuo sguardo soave
la nota voce tua m' accompagni.

elegia

PRESSO L'URNA DI PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

LALAGE, io so qual sogno ti sorge dal cuore profondo,
so quai perduti beni l' occhio tuo vago segue.

L' ora presente è in vano, non fa che percuotere e fugge;
sol nel passato è il bello, sol ne la morte è il vero.

Pone l' ardente Clio su 'l monte de' secoli il piede
agile, e canta, ed apre l' ali superbe al cielo.

Dreams of those days when thou, a child,
 Did'st pluck flowers 'neath the acacia-tree,
 Thy tiny hand in hers, while she
 In heav'n saw shapes and phantoms wild :

Dreams of the days when round thy hair
 Crept those fierce poems that shot red sparks
 Of hatred 'gainst our oligarchs,
 Our folk too base to do or dare.

And thou wast growing a thoughtful maid
 When she with courage that knew no fear
 Had stormed the Hills of Art, and there
 Her Garibaldian flag displayed.

She looks and ponders. Would she fain
 Retrace with thee the path of years,
 And in thy children's smiles and tears
 Dream all the old sweet dreams again ?

Or were it better to fight on
 Until the last dread summons calls ?
 Then, daughter—for to heaven's halls
 No Beatrice hath before me gone—

Then there, where once Greek Homer passed
 And Christian Dante, may thy dear
 Familiar tones, thy soft glance cheer
 And comfort me until the last.

BY THE URN OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

LALAGE, well do I know the dreams that arise in thy bosom,
 For a beauty long perished from earth is the quest of thy
 wandering gaze.

Vain are the joys of the present, they come and they fade like a
 blossom ;

Only in death dwells the truth and loveliness but in past days.

Lo, on the mount of the centuries Clio hath nimbly descended,
 And bursts into song as she spreads her magnificent wings to
 the sky.

glorifico discorso
Sotto di lei volante si scuopre ed illumini l' ampio
cimitero del mondo, ridele in faccia il sole

de l' età nova. O strofe, pensier de' miei giovini anni,
volate omai secure verso gli antichi amori ;

volate pe' cieli, pe' cieli sereni, a la bella
isola risplendente di fantasia ne' mari.

vece rest o, lancia
Ivi poggiati a l' aste Sigfrido ed Achille alti e biondi
erran cantando lungo il risonante mare :

escape
dà fiori a quello Ofelia sfuggita al pallido amante,
dal sacrificio a questo Ifianassa viene.

ing
Sotto una verde quercia Rolando con Ettore parla,
sfolgora Durendala d' oro e di gemme al sole :

glorifico barto
mentre al florido petto richiamasi Andromache il figlio :
Alda la bella, immota, guarda il feroce sire.

longhamet
Conta re Lear chiamato a Edippo errante sue pene,
con gli occhi incerti Edippo cerca la sfinge ancora :

longhamet
la pia Cordelia chiama :—Deh, candida Antigone, vieni !
vieni, o greca sorella ! Cantiam la pace a i padri.—

Elena e Isotta vanno pensose per l' ombra de i mirti,
il vermiglio tramonto ride a le chiome d' oro :

Elena guarda l' onde : re Marco ad Isotta le braccia
apre, ed il biondo capo su la gran barba cade.

Beneath her the world's vast graveyard extends, all bathed in
the splendid

Rays of the sun, that illumine her form as she towers on high

In the dawn of an age that is new. O poems that I dreamed in
the tearless

Years of my youth, fly now to the loves that ye worshipped of old ;

Thro' the heaven, thro' the heaven serene fly westward un-
fettered and fearless,

Where the beautiful Island of Dreams glows like a jewel of gold.

There wander the heroes majestic: tall Siegfried and fair-haired
Achilles,

Yet grasping their spears as they sing by the shores of the echo-
ing sea ;

Ophelia, escaped from her wan-faced prince, to the one giveth
lilies,

The other greets Iphigenia, from the knife and the altar set free ;

Under a green-robed oak-tree stout Roland with Hector
converses,

The great brand Durendala with gold and with jewels doth blaze ;

While Andromache clasps to her bosom again the son that she
nurses,

Alda the Fair on the fierce Emperor doth motionless gaze ;

With the wandering Œdipus white-haired Lear of past sorrow
is speaking,

And dim-eyed Œdipus still from his search for the Sphinx can-
not cease ;

Cordelia the dutiful cries : ' Fair Antigone, thee was I seeking.
Grecian sister, O come ! Let us sing to our fathers of peace ' ;

Helen, with Iseult beside her, 'neath the myrtles thoughtfully
paces,

Their tresses of gold catch the gleam of the skies where the sunset
is red ;

Helen looks out to the sea : King Mark sweet Iseult embraces,
And bowed on his flowing beard reposes her golden head.

Con la regina scota su 'l lido nel lume di luna
sta Clitennestra : tuffan le bianche braccia in mare,

surse
e il mar rifugge gonfio di sangue fervido : il pianto
de le misere echeggia per lo scoglioso lido.
echo *velty, dangerous*

sur
O lontana a le vie de i duri mortali travagli *pains*
isola de le belle, isola de gli eroi,

summit, arm
isola de' poeti ! Biancheggia l' oceano d' intorno,
volano uccelli strani per il purpureo cielo.

shaking *ring, sur*
Passa crollando i lauri l' immensa sonante epopea
come turbin di maggio sopra ondegianti piani ; *g2*

o come quando Wagner possente mille anime intona
a i cantanti metalli ; trema a gli umani il core.

ring, force
Ah, ma non ivi alcuno de' novi poeti mai surse,
se non tu forse, Shelley, spirito di titano,

entro virginee forme : dal vivo complesso di Teti
Sofocle a volo tolse te fra gli eroici cori. *choir*

alma
O cuor de' cuori, sopra quest' urna che freddo ti chiude
odora e tepe e brilla la primavera in fiore.

warms
O cuor de' cuori, il sole divino padre ti avvolge
de' suoi raggianti amori, povero muto cuore.

stringing
Fremono freschi i pini per l' aura grande di Roma :
tu dove sei, poeta del liberato mondo ?

hem
Tu dove sei ? m' ascolti ? Lo sguardo mio umido fugge
oltre l' aureliana cerchia su 'l mesto piano.

There with the Scottish Queen on the moonlit, magical beaches
Stands Clytemnestra : their round white arms to the sea-waves
are bent ;

But the sea flows backward in wrath from each bloodstained
hand ere it reaches
The cleansing tide, and the cliffs but re-echo their bitter lament.

O fortunate island, far distant, unknown of poor labouring
mortals,
Island of beautiful women, isle of heroical men,

Island of poets ! The ocean uptosses its foam at they portals,
And thy sunset skies are the haven of birds that are strange to
our ken.

There the roll of the Epic swells with a deep-toned musical
thunder,
Shaking the laurels as when o'er the plain the May hurricanes
pass,

Or when Wagner the mighty moves all hearts to tremble and
wonder,
Breathing a thousand souls into the ringing brass.

Ah, but no modern poet e'er reached those ineffable places,
Only perchance thou, Shelley, whom a spirit Titanic inspires,

Who art fair with a virginal beauty : from Thetis' yearning
embraces
Sophocles snatched thee, and placed thee amid those heroical
choirs.

O heart of hearts, o'er this urn, thy cold, uncongenial prison,
The warm spring blossoms again with the fragrance of flower and
fruit.

O heart of hearts, thy divine great father, the Sun, hath arisen,
And lovingly bathes thee in light, poor heart that for ever art
mute.

Freshly murmur the pines to the breezes that sweep o'er the city :
Poet of liberty, answer, where art thou ? Dost hear when we
call ?

Where art thou ? Dost hearken ? Mine eyes are wet with the
tears of my pity
As I gaze o'er the mournful Campagna beyond the Aurelian wall.

NEVICATA

LENTA fiocca la neve pe 'l cielo cinerëo : gridi
suoni di vita piú non salgon da la città,

non d' erbaiola il grido o corrente rumore di carro,
non d' amor la canzon ilare e di gioventú.

Da la torre di piazza roche per l' aere le ore
gemon, come sospir d' un mondo lungi dal dí.

Tap Picchiano uccelli raminghi a' vetri appannati : gli amici
civili spíriti réduci sòn, guardano e chiamano a me.

In breve, o cari, in breve—tu càlmati, indomito cuore—
giú a silenzio verrò, ne l' ombra riposerò.

CONGEDO

A' LOR cantori diano i re fulgente
collana d' oro lungo il petto, i volghi
a' lor giullari dian con roche strida
suono di mani.

Premio del verso che animoso vola
da le memorie a l' avvenire, io chiedo
colma una coppa a l' amicizia e il riso
de la bellezza.

Come ricordo d' un mattin d' aprile
puro è il sorriso de le belle, quando
l' età fugace chiudere s' affretta
il nono lustro ;

e tra i bicchier che l' amistade infiora
vola serena imagine la morte,
come a te sotto i platani d' Ilisso,
divo Platone.

A SNOW-STORM

LARGE, slow snowflakes fall from an ashen heaven: the
noisy
Hum and hubbub of life no more go up from the town.

Hushed is the cry of the vendor of herbs, the rumble of waggon,
Hushed are the voices that sang blithely of youth and of love.

Harsh thro' the throbbing air the chimes from the tower o'er the
market

Moan, like the sigh of a world far from the daylight withdrawn.

Tap on the frosted panes, birdlike, forlorn, the beloved
Ghosts of old friends who return, calling on me to depart.

Soon, dear ones, very soon—O strong heart, calm thyself—I too
Shall to the silence descend, lay me to rest in the gloom.

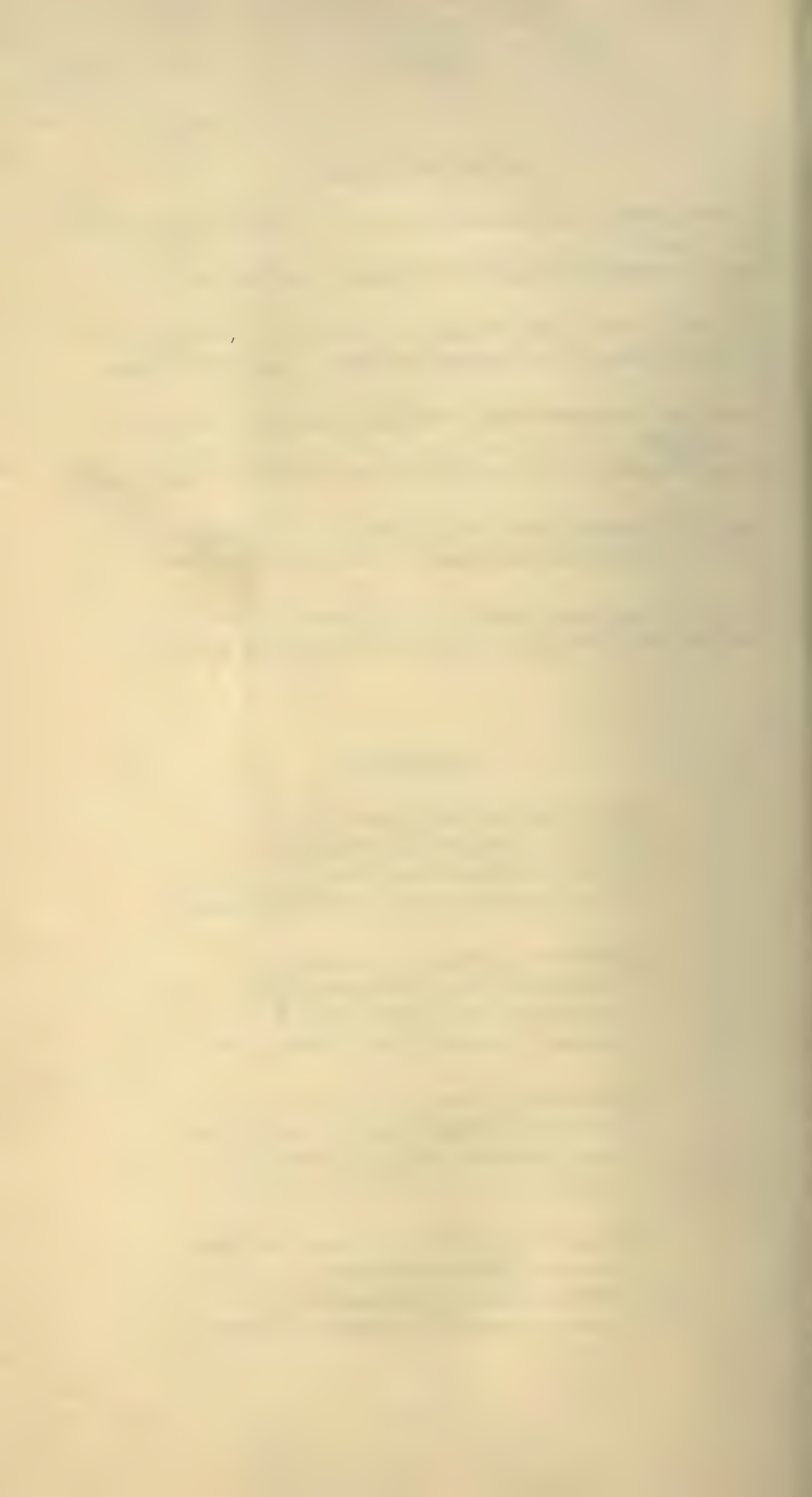
CONGEDO

LET kings present as sign of grace
A golden necklace to the bard:
Let jesters, when the populace
Clap hands and shout, have their reward.

Prize for my verse, which eagerly
Betwixt the Past and Future flies,
One brimming cup to Friendship I
Demand, one smile from Beauty's eyes.

Like memory of an April morn
How pure is Beauty's smile; how sweet
To one whom wingèd age doth warn
That his ninth lustre's near complete.

And 'mid the cups by Friendship crowned
Serene, O Plato, as beneath
Ilissus' plane-trees he was found
By thee, doth flit the form of Death.



A TRANSLATION

NOTTE D' ESTATE

(DA FR. G. KLOPSTOCK)

QUANDO il tremulo splendore de la luna
si diffonde giù pe' boschi, quando i fiori
e i molli aliti de i tigli
via pe 'l fresco esalano,

il pensiero de le tombe come un' ombra
in me scende ; né piú i fiori né piú i tigli
danno odore ; tutto il bosco
è per me crepuscolo.

Queste gioie con voi, morti, m' ebbi un tempo :
come il fresco era e il profumo dolce intorno !
come bella eri, o natura,
in quell' albor tremulo.

A SUMMER NIGHT

(FROM KLOPSTOCK)

I N the night-time, when the splendour of the moon
Sheds a glory o'er the woods and the perfumes
Of the linden-trees are wafted
On the cool, fragrant air,

Then do thoughts of those I loved who now are dead
Overshadow me awhile, and the twilight
Ever deepens, and I cannot
Smell the scent of the leaves.

Long ago, ye Dead, I shared it all with you,
All the perfumes and the coolness of twilight,
And fair nature seemed e'en fairer
'Neath the beams of the moon.

FROM 'RIME E RITMI'

ALLA SIGNORINA MARIA A

O PICCOLA Maria,
Di versi a te che importa ?

Esce la poesia,
O piccola Maria,
Quando malinconia
Batte del cor la porta.

O piccola Maria,
Di versi a te che importa ?

JAUFRÉ RUDEL

DAL Libano trema e rosseggia
Su 'l mare la fresca mattina :
Da Cipri avanzando veleggia
La nave crociata latina.

A poppa di febbre anelante
Sta il prence di Blaia, Rudello,
E cerca co 'l guardo natante
Di Tripoli in alto il castello.

In vista a la spiaggia asiana
Risuona la nota canzone :
' Amore di terra lontana,
Per voi tutto il core mi duol.'

Il volo d' un grigio alcione
Prosegue la dolce querela,
E sovra la candida vela
S' affligge di nuvoli il sol.

La nave ammaina, posando
Nel placido porto. Discende
Soletto e pensoso Bertrando,
La via per al colle egli prende.

Velato di funebre benda
Lo scudo di Blaia ha con sé :
Affretta al castel :—Melisenda
Contessa di Tripoli ov 'è ?

TO THE SIGNORINA MARIA A.

TELL me, little maiden,
Can verse mean aught to thee ?

Only from hearts o'erladen,
O happy little maiden,
Where pain all joy doth deaden,
Escapeth poetry.

How then, dear little maiden,
Can verse mean aught to thee ?

JAUFRE RUDEL

FROM Lebanon red morning glances
On billows that foam and toss sunwards ;
From Cyprus with white sails advances
The Crusader ship ever onwards.

Rud  l, the young prince of Blaye, lies on
The deck, and with fever doth wrestle ;
His swimming eyes scan the horizon
For the turrets of Tripoli's castle.

When the far Asian coastline is sighted
His familiar canzone he singeth :
' O fair foreign Love, to whom plighted
My troth is, I 'm heart-sick for thee.'

Its flight a grey halcyon wingeth,
And prolongs the sweet note of repining ;
The sun, on the white canvas shining,
In mist veils his face from the sea.

The vessel with furled sails lies gladly
At rest in the port. Then descendeth
Young Bertrand : alone and full sadly
His way up the hillside he wendeth.

Round Rud  l's escutcheon a slender
Funereal scarf doth he wind ;
To the castle then hastes : ' Melisenda
Of Tripoli where shall I find ?

Io vengo messaggio d' amore,
 Io vengo messaggio di morte :
 Messaggio vengo io del signore
 Di Blaia, Giaufredo Rudel.

Notizie di voi gli fûr porte,
 V' amò vi cantò non veduta :
 Ei viene e si muor. Vi saluta,
 Signora, il poeta fedel.—

La dama guardò lo scudiero
 A lungo, pensosa in sembianti :
 Poi surse, adombrò d' un vel nero
 La faccia con gli occhi stellanti :
 —Scudier,—disse rapida—andiamo.
 Ov' è che Giaufredo si muore ?
 Il primo al fedele rechiamo
 E l' ultimo motto d' amore.—

Giacea sotto un bel padiglione
 Giaufredo al conspetto del mare :
 In nota gentil di canzone
 Levava il supremo desir.

—Signor che volesti creare
 Per me questo amore lontano,
 Deh fa che a la dolce sua mano
 Commetta l' estremo respir !—

Intanto co 'l fido Bertrando
 Veniva la donna invocata ;
 E l' ultima nota ascoltando
 Pietosa risté su l' entrata :

Ma presto, con mano tremante
 Il velo gittando, scoprí
 Le faccia ; ed al misero amante
 —Giaufredo,—ella disse—son qui.—

Voltossi, levossi co 'l petto
 Su i folti tappeti il signore,
 E fiso al bellissimo aspetto
 Con lungo sospiro guardò.

—Son questi i begli occhi che amore
 Pensando promisemi un giorno ?
 È questa la fronte ove intorno
 Il vago mio sogno volò ?—

' I come as love's messenger hither,
I come as death's messenger : duty
And love bid me enter here, whither
I am sent by Rudél, lord of Blaye.
Men spake unto him of thy beauty ;
Unseen he did love thee, did sing thee :
He comes, he is dying. I bring thee
Thy true poet's greeting to-day.'

The lady gazed long on the squire,
Deep plunged in her thoughts, then, deciding,
She rose, with a black veil the fire
Of her eyes and her loveliness hiding.
' Sir squire,' said she quickly, ' come, show me
Where Jaufré lies dying. Thou waitest
Not vainly, true bard ; thou shalt know me,
Shalt hear love's first words and love's latest.'

'Neath a stately pavilion extended
Lay Jaufré in sight of the ocean,
And, with notes of his canzone blended,
Breathed forth the last wish of his heart.
' O God, who did'st for my devotion
Create this far Love, be it given
Unto me, clasped at last in the heaven
Of her arms, from this life to depart.'

Meanwhile with young Bertrand drew nigher
She on whom all this prayer was centred,
And, hearing his last notes expire,
Wept in pity awhile ere she entered.
Then straightway the veil that did cover
Her face she tore off, and drew near
With quick steps to the couch of her lover.
' Look, Jaufré,' she said, ' I am here.'

In a moment the prince turned, upraising
His breast on the rugs strewn to soften
The couch : at those fair features gazing
Entrancèd, he breathed one long sigh.
' Are these the bright eyes that so often
Love promised should shine on me waking ?
Is this the fair brow to which, breaking
All barriers, my fond dreams would fly ? '

Sí come a la notte di maggio
 La luna da i nuvoli fuora
 Diffonde il suo candido raggio
 Su 'l mondo che vegeta e odora,
 Tal quella serena bellezza
 Apparve al rapito amatore,
 Un' alta divina dolcezza
 Stillando al morente nel cuore.

—Contessa, che è mai la vita ?
 È l' ombra d' un sogno fuggente.
 La favola breve è finita,
 Il vero immortale è l' amor.
 Aprite le braccia al dolente.
 Vi aspetto al novissimo bando.
 Ed or, Melisenda, accomando
 A un bacio lo spirito che muor.—

La donna su 'l pallido amante
 Chinossi recandolo al seno,
 Tre volte la bocca tremante
 Co 'l bacio d' amore baciò,
 E il sole da 'l cielo sereno
 Calando ridente ne l' onda
 L' effusa di lei chioma bionda
 Su 'l morto poeta irraggiò.

PIEMONTE

SU le dentate scintillanti vette
 salta il camoscio, tuona la valanga
 da' ghiacci immani rotolando per le
 selve croscianti :

ma da i silenzi de l' effuso azzurro
 esce nel sole l' aquila, e distende
 in tarde ruote digradanti il nero
 volo solenne.

Salve, Piemonte ! A te con melodia
 mesta da lungi risonante, come
 gli epici canti del tuo popol bravo,
 scendono i fiumi.

As when on a May night beclouded
The moon her white radiance is streaming
O'er the world that in slumber lies shrouded,
And the air with night perfumes is teeming,

E'en so with a wondrous completeness
His pain by her beauty was ended,
And comfort divine in its sweetness
On the dying man's spirit descended.

' Ah, lady, what 's life and its glory ?
A dream and a shadow soon over.
Life reaches its end like a story ;
'Tis love that alone lasts for aye.

Embrace then thy sorrowful lover !
At the Last Day these arms shall receive thee.
And now, Melisenda, I give thee
My soul in one kiss ere I die.'

The countess stooped low as she pressed him
To her bosom in speechless emotion,
Then thrice with the kiss of love kissed him
With pale lips that trembled to his.

As it dipped to the glittering ocean
The sun from a heaven unclouded
Lit her tresses of gold that enshrouded
The bard, who had died in the kiss.

PIEDMONT

AMONG the jagged, glittering peaks
The chamois bounds : woods bend and crack,
Swept by the ice-born avalanche
Adown its thundering track.

But from the silent azure sails
The eagle slowly into sight,
And through the sunshine wheeling spreads
His dark and solemn flight.

Hail, Piedmont ! With a music sad
Yet echoing thund'rous as thine own
Brave people's epic battle-songs,
The mountain-streams leap down.

Scendono pieni, rapidi, gagliardi,
come i tuoi cento battaglioni, e a valle
cercan le deste a ragionar di gloria
ville e cittadi :

la vecchia Aosta di cesaree mura
ammantellata, che nel varco alpino
èleva sopra i barbari manieri
l' arco d' Augusto :

Ivrea la bella che le rosse torri
specchia sognando a la cerulea Dora
nel largo seno, fósca intorno è l' ombra
di re Arduino :

Biella tra 'l monte e il verdeggiar de' piani
lieta guardante l' ubere convalle,
ch' armi ed aratri e a l' opera fumanti
camini ostenta :

Cuneo possente e paziente, e al vago
declivio il dolce Mondovì ridente,
e l' esultante di castella e vigne
suol d' Aleramo ;

e da Superga nel festante coro
de le grandi Alpi la regal Torino
incoronata di vittoria, ed Asti
repubblicana.

Fiera di strage gotica e de l' ira
di Federico, dal sonante fiume
ella, o Piemonte, ti donava il carne
novo d' Alfieri.

Venne quel grande, come il grande augello
ond' ebbe nome ; e a l' umile paese
sopra volando, fulvo, irrequïeto,
—Italia, Italia—

egli gridava a' dissueti orecchi,
a i pigri cuori, a gli animi giacenti :
—Italia, Italia—rispondeano l' urne
d' Arquà e Ravenna :

Leap downward swift and bold as thine
Own hundred regiments, to seek
Out towns and villages with whom
Of thy renown to speak :

Ancient Aosta, cloaked in royal
Ramparts, barring the foeman's march,
Who o'er barbarian mansions still
Lifts her imperial arch ;

Ivrea the fair, whose rose-red towers
Dream, mirrored in blue Dora's breast,
While o'er her glooms King Arduin's ghost,
The ghost that will not rest ;

Biella, who 'twixt green plain and hill
Naught but the fertile valley sees,
Rejoicing in her arms and ploughs
And smoking furnaces :

Strong, patient Cuneo, Mondovì
That on soft meadow-slopes reclines,
And Aleramo boasting of
His castle and his vines ;

And by Superga victory-crowned
Turin the royal, amid her great,
Glad choir of Alpine giants, and then
Asti's republic state.

Proud of her slaughtered Goths and proud
Of Frederick's wrath, she, Piedmont, gave
To thee Alfieri's stern new song,
Born of her crashing wave.

That great one came like the great bird
Whence he was named : untiringly,
Fiercely o'er the low land he flew,
' Italy, Italy '

Crying to spirits downtrodden, to ears
Unused to hear, to hearts grown slack ;
And ' Italy ' Ravenna's tomb
And Arquà's answered back.

e sotto il volo scricchiolaron l' ossa
sé ricercanti lungo il cimitero
de la fatal penisola a vestirsi
d' ira e di ferro.

—Italia, Italia !—E il popolo de' morti
surse cantando a chiedere la guerra ;
e un re a la morte nel pallor del viso
sacro e nel cuore

trasse la spada. Oh anno de' portenti,
oh primavera de la patria, oh giorni,
ultimi giorni del fiorente maggio,
oh trionfante

suon de la prima italica vittoria
che mi percosse il cuor fanciullo ! Ond' io,
vate d' Italia a la stagion piú bella,
in grige chiome

oggi ti canto, o re de' miei verd' anni,
re per tant' anni bestemmiato e pianto,
che via passasti con la spada in pugno
ed il cilicio

al cristian petto, italo Amleto. Sotto
il ferro e il fuoco del Piemonte, sotto
di Cuneo 'l nerbo e l' impeto d' Aosta
sparve il nemico.

Languido il tuon de l' ultimo cannone
dietro la fuga austriaca moría :
il re a cavallo discendeva contra
il sol cadente :

a gli accorrenti cavalieri in mezzo,
di fumo e polve e di vittoria allegri,
trasse, ed, un foglio dispiegato, disse
resa Peschiera.

Oh qual da i petti, memori de gli avi,
alte ondeggiando le sabaude insegne,
surse fremente un solo grido : Viva
il re d' Italia !

Beneath his flight through all the dark
Peninsula's graveyard the dry
Bones rattled, yearning for their swords
Once more to fight, to die.

'Italy, Italy': the dead
Folk rose again with battle-shout ;
And, lo, a king drew sword, whose heart
And pale face marked him out

Death's victim. Oh, portentous year,
Oh, springtime of this land of ours,
Oh, days—oh, latest days of May
Fair with a thousand flowers,

Oh, sound of the first Italian triumph,
That pierced my boyish heart ! Whence I,
Italy's seer in fairer times,
Grey-haired to-day, now try

To sing thee, king of my fresh youth,
King for so long bewailed, unblest,
Who rode forth, sword in hand, sackcloth
Upon thy Christian breast,

Italian Hamlet. 'Neath the fire
And steel of Piedmont, 'neath the blow
Aosta struck, 'neath Cuneo's nerve,
Melted the vanquished foe.

Faintly behind the Austrian rout
The last gun's thunder died away :
The King rode down towards the West,
Where sank the star of day ;

And to the horsemen, smoke-begrimed,
Victorious, who towards him sped,
From an unfolded note the words
'Peschiera's ours,' he read.

From breasts that swelled with pride of race,
Savoy's fair standards waving high,
How deafening rose one shout : 'Long live
The King of Italy !'

Arse di gloria, rossa nel tramonto,
l' ampia distesa del lombardo piano ;
palpitò il lago di Virgilio, come
velo di sposa

che s' apre al bacio del promesso amore :
pallido, dritto su l' arcione, immoto,
gli occhi fissava il re : vedeva l' ombra
del Trocadero.

E lo aspettava la brumal Novara
e a' tristi errori mèta ultima Oporto.
Oh sola e cheta in mezzo de' castagni
villa del Douro,

che in faccia il grande Atlantico sonantè
a i lati ha il fiume fresco di camelie,
e albergò ne la indifferente calma
tanto dolore !

Sfaceasi : e nel crepuscolo de i sensi
tra le due vite al re davanti corse
una miranda vision : di Nizza
il marinaio

biondo che dal Gianicolo spronava
contro l' oltraggio gallico : d' intorno
splendeagli, fiamma di piropo al sole,
l' italo sangue.

Su gli occhi spenti scese al re una stilla,
lenta errò l' ombra d' un sorriso. Allora
venne da l' alto un vol di spirti, e cinse
del re la morte.

Innanzi a tutti, o nobile Piemonte,
quei che a Sfacteria dorme e in Alessandria
diè a l' aure primo il tricolor, Santorre
di Santarosa.

E tutti insieme a Dio scortaron l' alma
di Carl' Alberto.—Eccoti il re, Signore,
che ne disperse, il re che ne percosse.
Ora, o Signore,

The Lombard plain flamed with bright gold,
By the red sunset glorified :
The lake of Virgil quivered, like
 The veil of a young bride

Oped to the kiss of promised love.
Eyes fixed, pale-faced, on horseback stayed
The King unmoved : alone he saw
 The Trocadero's shade.

For him Novara's fogs, for him
Oporto waited, bourne of all
His failures. Oh, lone House beside
 The Douro, 'mid thy tall

Chestnuts, who hear'st the Atlantic surge
Before thee, while camellias grow
By thy fresh streams, how coldly thou
 Did'st harbour such deep woe !

He lay a-dying : in that twilight
Between two lives, when sense doth cease,
The King beheld a wondrous vision :
 The Mariner of Nice,

Fair-haired, spurred from Janiculum
'Gainst Gaulish outrage : like a red,
Sun-smitten carbuncle round him flamed
 Blood by Italians shed.

In the dim eyes gathered a tear,
Flickered a faint smile. Then a band
Of spirits flew down from Heaven, and round
 The dead King took their stand.

Santorre of Santarosa, who
In Alexandria first outspread
The Tricolour, in Pylos now
 Sleeping, O Piedmont, led

Those spirits, who all bore up to God
Charles Albert's soul. ' Behold him, Lord,
The King our foe, the King our scourge,
 The man whom we abhorred :

anch' egli è morto, come noi morimmo,
 Dio, per l' Italia. Rendine la patria.
 A i morti, a i vivi, pe 'l fumante sangue
 da tutt' i campi,

per il dolore che le reggie agguaglia
 a le capanne, per la gloria, Dio,
 che fu ne gli anni, pe 'l martirio, Dio,
 che è ne l' ora,

a quella polve eroica fremente,
 a questa luce angelica esultante,
 rendi la patria, Dio ; rendi l' Italia
 a gl' italiani.—

Ceresole reale, 27 luglio 1890.

CADORE

I

SEI grande. Eterno co 'l sole l' iride
 de' tuoi colori consola gli uomini,
 sorride natura a l' idea
 giovin perpetua ne le tue

forme. Al baleno di quei fantasimi
 roseo passante su 'l torvo secolo
 posava il tumulto del ferro,
 ne l'alto guardavano le genti ;

e quei che Roma corse e l' Italia,
 struggitor freddo, fiammingo cesare,
 sé stesso obliava, i pennelli
 chino a raccogliere dal tuo piede.

Di' : sotto il peso de' marmi austriaci,
 in quel de' Frari grigio silenzio,
 antico tu dormi ? o diffusa
 anima erri tra i paterni monti,

qui dove il cielo te, fronte olimpia
 cui d' alma vita ghirlandò un secolo,
 il ciel tra le candide nubi
 limpido cerulo bacia e ride ?

'He, too, hath died now, as we died,
For Italy. To us restore
Our land ! To quick and dead, by all
The plains that reek with gore,

'By all the sorrow which on hut
And palace both alike hath come,
Oh, God, by our past deeds of fame,
Our present martyrdom,

'Restore to that brave, pleading dust,
To this exultant angel band,
Their country ; to the Italian folk
Th' Italian Fatherland.'

CADORE

I

GR^EAT art thou. Sunlike, shining eternally,
Thy rainbow colours comfort the world of men.
Idealised, youthful for ever,
Nature doth smile in the forms thy genius

Pictured. The rose-red glow of thy phantasies
Flashed o'er that grim, tumultuous century,
And hushed was the clash of those warring
Nations ; they paused to look upward, wond'ring.

And he, the Flemish Cæsar, the passionless
Destroyer, who sacked Rome and our Italy,
Forgetting his majesty, stooped to
Pick up for thee from the floor thy pencils.

Say, dost thou sleep, O ancient one, 'neath the weight
Of Austrian marbles where the grey Frari looms
Around thee, or dost thou now wander,
Spirit diffused, o'er thy native mountains,

Here, where on thee, whose forehead Olympian
One hundred years of calm life engarlanded,
'Mid white clouds doth smile the cerulean
Sky, and doth woo thee with fragrant kisses ?

Sei grande. E pure là da quel povero
marmo piú forte mi chiama e i cantici
antichi mi chiede quel baldo
viso di giovine disfidante.

Che è che sfidi, divino giovane ?
la pugna, il fato, l' irrompente impeto
de i mille contr' uno disfidi
anima eroica Pietro Calvi.

Deh, fin che Piave pe' verdi baratri
ne la perenne fuga de' secoli
divalli a percuotere l' Adria
co' ruderi de le nere selve,

che pini al vecchio San Marco diedero
turriti in guerra giú tra l' Echinadi,
e il sole calante le aguglie
tinga a le pallide dolomiti

sf che di rosa nel cheto vespero
le Marmarole care al Vecellio
rifulgan, palagio di sogni,
eliso di spiriti e di fate,

sempre, deh, sempre suoni terribile
ne i desideri da le memorie,
o Calvi, il tuo nome : e balzando
pallidi i giovini cerchin l' arme.

II

Non te, Cadore, io canto su l' arcade avena che segua
de l' aure e l' acque il murmure :
te con l' eroico verso che segua il tuon de' fucili
giú per le valli io celebriamo.

Oh due di maggio, quando, saltato su 'l limite de la
strada al confine austriaco,
il capitano Calvi—fischiavan le palle d' intorno—
biondo, diritto, immobile,

Leva in punta a la spada, pur fiso al nemico mirando
il foglio e 'l patto d' Udine,
e un fazzoletto rosso, segnale di guerra e sterminio
con la sinistra sventola !

Yea, thou art great. And yet yonder humble stone
 With more compelling magic doth call to me ;
 The bold face of yon youth defiant
 Claims from me songs in the classic measure.

Tell me, O godlike youth, whom defiest thou ?
 Battle and fate and terrible onset of
 A thousand 'gainst one thou defiest,
 Spirit heroical, Pietro Calvi.

Yea, e'en so long as Piave through wild ravines
 In the eternal flight of the centuries
 Flows downward and buffets the Adrian
 Sea with the wrack of her dark-stemmed forests,

Which to Saint Mark of old gave his turreted
 War-galleys yonder 'mid the Echinades ;
 So long as the westering sun doth
 Tinge the pale Dolomite's distant spires,

Making the mountains, loved by Vecellio,
 His Marmarole glisten at eventide
 Rose-red, a dream-palace, where spirit
 Forms and veiled Destinies float in splendour :

So long, O Calvi, so long may thy dread name
 Live unforgotten, peal like a trumpet-call
 To brave hearts, and pulse in the pallid
 Cheeks of our youths as they arm to battle.

II

Not with the oat of Arcadian swains do I sing thee, Cadore,
 Blending with murmur of wind and rill ;
 Thee do I hymn in heroic verse, that blends with the thunder
 Of guns heard in the vales below.

Oh, that second of May, when he leapt on the parapet bounding
 The road by Austria's frontier !

Captain Pietro Calvi—the bullets whistled around him—
 Fair-haired, erect, immovable,

Lifts on the point of his sword, while he glares at the foe in
 defiance,

The note surrend'ring Udine :

High in his left hand waves he a red scarf, signal of battle,
 Of war and battle to the death.

Pelmo a l' atto e Antelao da' bianchi nuvoli il capo
grigio ne l' aere sciolgono,
come vecchi giganti che l' elmo chiomato scotendo
a la battaglia guardano.

Come scudi d' eroi che splendon nel canto de' vati
a lo stupor de i secoli,
raggianti nel candore, di contro al sol che pe 'l cielo
sale, i ghiacciai scintillano.

Sol de le antiche glorie, con quanto ardore tu abbracci
l' alpi ed i fiumi e gli uomini !
tu fra le zolle sotto le nere boscaglie d' abeti
visiti i morti e susciti.

—Nati su l' ossa nostre, ferite, figliuoli, ferite
sopra l' eterno barbaro :
da' nevai che di sangue tingemmo crosciate, macigni,
valanghe, stritolatelo.—

Tale da monte a monte rimbomba la voce de' morti
che a Rusecco pugnarono ;
e via di villa in villa con fremito ogn' ora crescente
i venti la diffondono.

Afferran l' armi e a festa i giovani tizianeschi
scendon cantando Italia :
stanno le donne a' neri veroni di legno fioriti
di geranio e garofani.

Pieve che allegra siede tra' colli arridenti e del Piave
ode basso lo strepito,
Auronzo bella al piano stendentesi lunga tra l' acque
sotto la fósca Ajàrnola,

e Lorenzago aprica tra i campi declivi che d' alto
la valle in mezzo domina,
e di borgate sparso nascose tra i pini e gli abeti
tutto il verde Comelico,

Pelmo and Antelao, beholding that deed of a hero,
Shake free from clouds their hoary crests,
Like unto giants primeval, who, tossing the plumes of their
helmets,
Stand by and gaze upon the fight.

Like unto shields of heroes, which flash in the sagas of minstrels
Along the astonished centuries,
Glistening white and pure in the rays of the sun as he climbeth
The sky their sparkling glaciers shine.

Sun of the glories of olden days, with how burning an ardour
Dost thou embrace Alps, streams, and men !
Thou thro' the sod beneath the gloomy forests of pine-trees
Dost penetrate and wake the dead.

' Sons, o'er our mouldering bones smite down, smite down the
invader,
Barbarian, our eternal foe !
Crag, crash down from the snows stained red with our blood !
Avalanches,
Annihilate him utterly ! '

So from mountain to mountain re-echoes the voice of the heroes
Who at Rusecco fought and died,
And from town unto town it swells ever louder ; like thunder
The breezes catch and pass it on.

Blithely they rush to arms the youths of Titian's village
With battle-shout of ' Italy ' ;
Smiling the women lean o'er the black wooden balconies gay
with
Carnations and geraniums.

Mirthful Pieve, that nestles 'mid smiling hills and hearkens
To Piave thund'ring far below ;
Lovely Auronzo, stretched far out o'er the plain 'mid her waters
'Neath gloomy Mount Ajarnola,

And sunny Lorenzago, 'mid sloping meadows, the mistress
Of the wide dale on either hand,
All the green Comelico dotted with hamlets half hidden
Among the fir-trees and the pines,

ed altre ville ed altre fra pascoli e selve ridenti
i figli e i padri mandano :
fucili impugnan, lance brandiscono e roncole : i corni
de i pastori rintronano.

Di tra gli altari viene l' antica bandiera che a Valle
vide altra fuga austriaca
e accoglie i prodi : al nuovo sol rugge e a' pericoli novi
il vecchio leon veneto.

Udite. Un suon lontano discende, approssima, sale,
corre, cresce, propagasi ;
un suon che piange e chiama, che grida, che prega, che infuria,
insistente, terribile.

Che è ? chiede il nemico venendo a l' abboccamento,
e pur con gli occhi interroga.
—Le campane del popol d' Italia sono : a la morte
vostra o a la nostra suonano.—

Ahi, Pietro Calvi, al piano te poi fra sett' anni la morte
da le fosse di Mantova
rapirà. Tu venisti cercandola, come a la sposa
celatamente un esule.

Quale già d' Austria l' armi, tal d' Austria la forza or ei guarda
sereno ed impassibile,
grato a l' ostil giudizio che milite il mandi a la sacra
legion de gli spiriti.

Non mai più nobil alma, non mai sprigionando lanciasti
a l' avvenir d' Italia,
Belfiore, oscura fossa d' austriache forche, fulgente,
Belfiore, ara di märtiri.

Oh a chi d' Italia nato mai caggia dal core il tuo nome
frutti il talamo adultero
tal che il ributti a calci da i lari aviti nel fango
vecchio querulo ignobile !

And other towns, and yet others, from smiling woodland and
pasture
Send forth their fathers and their sons ;
Guns are seized, and spears and pruning-hooks brandished : the
echoes
Are wakened by the shepherd's horn.

Plucked from the Altar, the ancient banner is borne which at
Valle
Beheld another Austrian rout,
Bidding the heroes hail : at a new sun, at a new peril
The old Venetian lion roars.

Hark ! a faint, far sound on the breeze, ever nearer, distincter
It swells, clangs, clashes tumultuous ;
Sound of weeping and calling, of shrieking, of praying, of goading
To frenzy, insistent, terrible.

'What does it mean ? ' demandeth the foe, who seekéth a parley,
With questioning and startled gaze.
'They are the bells of the people of Italy,' calm came the answer ;
'For our death or for yours they ring.'

Ah, Pietro Calvi, on the plain by Mantua's trenches
When seven years have passed shall Death
Seize thee—thee, who camest in quest of her, e'en as an exile
Steals back in secret to his bride.

As on the Austrian guns, so now on the Austrian gibbet
He gazeth, glad, unflinching, calm,
Grateful unto the foe who condemn him to pass as a soldier
To join the Holy Host of Dead.

Never a nobler soul hast thou launched at Italy's future,
Released from vile imprisonment,
Belfiore, black pit, 'neath th' Austrian gallows : Belfiore,
Bright altar of the martyrs now.

Oh, if ever a man, calling Italy mother, forget thee,
May his adulterous bed bring forth
Such as shall trample him down in the mire ; from the gods of
his household
Thrust out in old age, vile, abhorred !

e a chi la patria nega, nel cuor, nel cervello, nel sangue
 sozza una forza brulichì
 di suicidio, e da la bacca laida bestemmiatrice
 un rospo verde palpiti !

III

A te ritorna, sí come l' aquila
 nel reluttante dragon sbramatasi
 poggiando su l' ali pacate
 a l' aereo nido torna e al sole,

a te ritorna, Cadore, il cantico
 sacro a la patria. Lento nel pallido
 candor de la giovine luna
 stendesi il murmure de gli abeti

da te, carezza lunga su 'l magico
 sonno de l' acque. Di biondi parvoli
 fioriscono a te le contrade,
 e da le pendenti rupi il fieno

falcian cantando le fiere vergini
 attorte in nere bende la fulvida
 chioma ; sfavillan di lampi
 ceruli rapidi gli occhi : mentre

il carrettiere per le precipiti
 vie tre cavalli regge ad un carico
 di pino da lungi odorante,
 e al cidolo ferve Perarolo,

e tra le nebbie fumanti a' vertici
 tuona la caccia : cade il camoscio
 a' colpi sicuri, e il nemico,
 quando la patria chiama, cade.

Io vo' rapirti, Cadore, l' anima
 di Pietro Calvi ; per la penisola
 io voglio su l' ali del canto
 aralda mandarla.—Ahi mal ridesta,

ahi non son l' Alpi guancial propizio
 a sonni e sogni perfidi, adulteri !
 lèvati, finì la gazzarra :
 lèvati, il marzio gallo canta !—

And in the heart, in the brain, in the blood of him who denieth
His country, may some ghastly power
Urge him to suicide! and from his mouth, blaspheming, repulsive,
May a green toad exude its slime.

III

To thee returneth, e'en as the Bird of Jove
When with a struggling snake he hath gorged himself
Sails home on wide, motionless pinions,
Home to the sun and his wind-swept eyrie,

To thee this sacred song of the fatherland
Turns home, Cadore. Swelling melodiously,
The gradual murmur of pine-trees
'Neath the pale beams of the white Moon-Maiden

Breathes o'er the magic sleep of thy waters with
Long-drawn caresses. Thy happy villages
Now blossom with flaxen-haired children :
On the o'erhanging cliff-edges stalwart

Girls cut the hay 'mid laughter and song, their bright
Tresses confined in black scarves, and rapidly
Their blue eyes with keen glances sparkle :
And by precipitous mountain pathways

The carter drives his team of three horses down,
Dragging a load of pine-trunks, and all the air
Is filled with their fragrance, and round the
Weir swarm the woodmen of Perarolo.

Hark, through the mists enwreathing the mountain-tops
Thunders the chase ; and, sure hit, the chamois falls—
Ay, falls as the foe, when our country
Calls on her sons to defend her, falleth.

Pietro Calvi's spirit I seek to snatch
From thee, Cadore, and on the wings of song
Throughout the peninsula send it
Herald-like :—' Ah, to ill purpose wakened,

' Deem'st thou the Alps a pillow encouraging
Slumber and dreams of treach'rous adultery ?
Up, sluggard, and finish thy warfare !
Up, for the cock of the War-God croweth ! '

Quando su l' Alpi risalga Mario
e guardi al doppio mare Duilio
placato, verremo, o Cadore,
l' anima a chiederti del Vecellio.

Nel Campidoglio di spoglie fulgido,
nel Campidoglio di leggi splendido,
ei pinga il trionfo d' Italia,
assunta novella tra le genti.

In piazza di Pieve del Cadore e sul lago di Misurina, sett. 1892.

ESEQUIE DELLA GUIDA E. R.

SPEZZATO il pugno che vibrò l' audace
Picca tra ghiaccio e ghiaccio, il domatore
De la montagna ne la bara giace.

Giú da la Saxe in funeral tenore
Scende e canta il corteo : dicono i preti
—La requie eterna dona a lui, Signore—,

—E la luce perpetua l' allieti—
Rispondono le donne : ondeggia al vento
Il vessil de la morte in fra gli abeti.

Or sí or no su rotte aure il lamento
Vien del mortorio, or sí or no si vede
Scender tra' boschi il coro grave e lento.

Esce in aperto, e al cimiter procede.
Posta la bara fra le croci, pria
Favella il prete :—Iddio t'abbia mercede,

Emilio, re de la montagna : e pia
Avei l' alma, e ogni dí le tue preghiere
Ascendevano al grembo di Maria.—

Le donne dotto le gramaglie nere
Co 'l viso in terra piangono a una volta
Sopra i figli caduti e da cadere.

A un tratto la caligine ravvolta
Intorno al Montebianco ecco si squaglia
E purga nel sereno aere disciolta :

Not until Marius climb o'er the Alps again,
And on the twin seas gazeth Duilius,
Shalt thou be appeased, O Cadore,
Shall we demand from thee Titian's spirit.

Then on the shining, spoil-enriched Capitol
Splendid with new laws ; ay, on the Capitol
Then let him paint Italy's triumph,
Her new Assumption among the nations.

FUNERAL OF THE GUIDE E. R.

SHATTERED the hand that boldly, without fear,
On glaciers swung the ice-axe ! He lies low,
Who tamed the high hills, on yon humble bier.

The train of mourners passes down with slow,
Sad chants from Saxa ; while the priests recite :
' Lord, grant him Thine eternal peace to know.'

' And may he dwell in everlasting light,'
The women make response : upon the breeze
Death's banner floats among the pines. Now quite

Distinct, now faintlier borne, their dirges seize
The listener's ear : now see we not, now see
The choir winding slowly through the trees.

Forth come they now unto the cemet'ry,
And set the bier down 'mid the crosses ere
The priest cries : ' May the Lord have mercy on thee,

' Emil, thou king of all the mountains ! Fair
And pure thy spirit was, and every day
To Mary's bosom duly rose thy prayer.'

Mindful of fallen sons and those who may
Yet fall, the women, 'neath their black veils bowed
To earth, bewail brave lives thus cast away.

Lo, suddenly the mists, whose sombre shroud
Veiled great Mont Blanc, melt from his ample breast
And in the clear sky form deep banks of cloud,

Via tra lo sdruscio de la nuvolaglia
 Erto, aguzzo, feroce si protende
 E, mentre il ciel di sua minaccia taglia,

Il Dente del gigante al sol risplende.

LA CHIESA DI POLENTA

AGILE e solo vien di colle in colle
 quasi accennando l' ardüo cipresso.
 Forse Francesca temprò qui li ardenti
 occhi al sorriso ?

Sta l' erta rupe, e non minaccia : in alto
 guarda, e ripensa, il barcaiolo, torcendo
 l' ala de' remi in fretta dal notturno
 Adria : sopra

fuma il comignol del villan, che giallo
 mesce frumento nel fervente rame
 là dove torva l' aquila del vecchio
 Guido covava.

Ombra d' un fiore è la beltà, su cui
 bianca farfalla poesia volteggia :
 eco di tromba che si perde a valle
 è la potenza.

Fuga di tempi e barbari silenzi
 vince e dal flutto de le cose emerge
 sola, di luce a' secoli affluenti
 faro, l' idea.

Ecco la chiesa. E surse ella che ignoti
 servi morian tra la romana plebe
 quei che fûr poscia i Polentani e Dante
 fecegli eterni.

Forse qui Dante inginocchiassi ? L' alta
 fronte che Dio mirò da presso chiusa
 entro le palme, ei lacrimava il suo
 bel San Giovanni ;

Through a wide rent of which stands forth confessed
In cruel majesty, precipitous,
Cleaving the azure air with threat'ning crest,

The *Giant's Tooth*, sun-smitten, glorious.

THE CHURCH OF POLENTA

SWAYING and solitary, above
The hills yon cypress beckons : chance
Francesca here her burning glance
Once softened to a smile of love.

Sheer stands the cliff, yet threatens not :
The boatman, glancing up on high,
Ponders ; his oars seem wings that fly
From darkling Adria : yonder cot

Smokes, where the peasant for his rude
Repast stirs grain like yellow gold
In the bright cauldron—there, where old
Guido's grim eagle used to brood.

Beauty's the shadow of a flower
O'er which the white moth Poetry
Flutters : as in the valley die
A trumpet's echoes, dieth Power.

Time's flight and barbarous ages naught
Hath conquered, save one thing alone,
That beacons out the past upon
The coming years—poetic Thought.

There stands the church built when, by name
Unknown, beneath Rome's yoke still bowed
Polenta's future lords, endowed
By Dante with eternal fame.

Knelt Dante here in ages gone ?
With lofty brow, which once had seen
God's face, now hidden both hands between,
He wept for his own fair St. John ;

e folgorante il sol rompea da' vasti
boschi su 'l mar. Del profugo a la mente
ospiti batton lucidi fantasmi
dal paradiso :

mentre, dal giro de' brevi archi l' ala
candida schiusa verso l' orïente,
giubila il salmo *In exitu* cantando
Israel de Aegypto.

Itala gente da le molte vite,
dove che albeggi la tua notte e un' ombra
vagoli spersa de' vecchi anni, vedi
ivi il poeta.

Ma su' dischiusi tumuli per quelle
chiese prostesi in grigio sago i padri,
sparsi di turpe cenere le chiome
nere fluenti

al bizantino crocefisso, atroce
ne gli occhi bianchi livida magrezza,
chieser mercé de l' alta stirpe e de la
gloria di Roma.

Da i capitelli orride forme intruse
a le memorie di scalpelli argivi,
sogni efferati e spasimi del bieco
settentrione,

imbestiati degeneramenti
de l' orïente, al guizzo de la fioca
lampada, in turpe abbracciamento attorti
zolfo ed inferno

goffi sputavan su la prosternata
gregge : di dietro al battistero un fulvo
picciol cornuto diavolo guardava
e subsannava.

Fuori stridea per monti e piani il verno
de la barbarie. Rapido saetta
nero vascello, con i venti e un dio
ch' ulula a poppa,

And sunlight flashed out o'er the main
From the vast woods. About him rise
Bright Forms, his guests from Paradise,
And beat upon the exile's brain.

From these low arches angels sang,
And through yon white aisle opening to
The East the psalm *In exitu*
Israel de Ægypto rang.

O many-lived Italian race,
Where'er day conquers night, where'er
Flash gleams of your old glory, there
The Poet's influence may ye trace.

But stretched by open tombs through all
These churches did old men, in frocks
Of grey, with black, dishevelled locks
Defiled by filthy ashes, call

Upon the ghastly, white-eyed, lean
Byzantine crucifix, and pray
For mercy in her evil day
On Rome, the world's deposèd Queen.

From sculptured capitals peered forth,
Carved by some hand that dimly apes
The Grecian chisel, horrid Shapes,
Foul Nightmares of the grisly North,

Monstrosities degenerate,
Born of the lawless East, half seen
Through flickering lamplight, in obscene
Embraces twisted, glared and spat

Upon the prostrate throng : behind
The baptist'ry, beyond the font
A small red devil with horned front
Maliciously gazed down and grinned.

The winter of barbarians roared
Without o'er hill and plain ; the black
Ships, shooting down their wind-swept track,
Each with a howling god aboard,

fuoco saetta ed il furor d' Odino
 su le arridenti di due mari a specchio
 moli e cittadi a Enosigeo le braccia
 bianche porgenti.

Ahi ! ahi ! Procella d' ispide polledre
 àvare ed unne e cavalier tremendi
 sfilano : dietro spigolano allegra
 ride la morte.

Gesú, Gesú ! Spalancano la tetra
 bocca i sepolcri : a' venti a' nembi al sole
 piangono rese anch' esse de' beati
 màrtiri l' ossa.

E quel che avanza il Vínilo barbuto
 ridiscendendo da i castelli immuni,
 sparte—relique, cenere, deserto—
 con l' alabarda.

Schiavi percossi e dispogliati, a voi
 oggi la chiesa, patria, casa, tomba,
 unica avanza : qui dimenticate,
 qui non vedete.

E qui percossi e dispogliati anch' essi
 i percussori e spogliatori un giorno
 vengano. Come ne la spumeggiante
 vendemmia il tino

ferve, e de' colli italici la bianca
 uva e la nera calpestata e franta
 sé disfacendo il forte e redolente
 vino matura ;

qui, nel conspetto a Dio vendicatore
 e perdonante, vincitori e vinti,
 quei che al Signor pacificò, pregando,
 Teodolinda,

quei che Gregorio invidiava a' servi
 ceppi tonando nel tuo verbo, o Roma,
 memore forza e amor novo spiranti
 fanno il Comune.

Fierce Odin's fire and fury rain
On towns that smile betwixt two bright
And glassy seas, and stretch their white
Arms to the Earth-shaker in vain.

Woe upon woe ! For onward sweeps
The Hunnish army, a whirlwind
Of shaggy-coated steeds ; behind,
The gleaner, Death, laughs as he reaps.

Ah, Jesu ! Sepulchres unclosed
Black mouths, and with indignant groans
Lay e'en the blessèd martyrs' bones
To wind and rain and sun exposed.

Down from each still unstormed redoubt
The bearded Lombard comes again,
And with his lance what doth remain—
Ruins, ashes, desert—portions out.

O slaves, despoiled and smitten, yet
One thing—your Church—is left you ! This
Your home, your tomb, your country is :
Here see ye naught, here all forget.

One day shall those who spoil and smite,
Themselves, despoiled and smitt'n, come here.
As at the vintage disappear
Within the seething vats our white

And purple grapes, torn from the vine,
Which, trampled on and crushed, at length
By mingling their peculiar strength
Mature into the perfect wine ;

So here, before that God who said :
' Vengeance is Mine, forgive thy foes ! '
The victors and the vanquished—those,
By Queen Theodolinda led

Through prayer to Christ ; these, made immune
From bonds, O Rome, by Gregory
Thund'ring thy word—united by
Old strength, new love, formed the Commune.

Salve, affacciata al tuo balcon di poggi
tra Bertinoro alto ridente e il dolce
pian cui sovrastra fino al mar Cesena
donna di prodi,

salve, chiesetta del mio canto ! A questa
madre vegliarda, o tu rinnovellata
itala gente da le molte vite,
rendi le voce

de la preghiera : la campana squilli
ammonitrice : il campanil risorto
canti di clivo in clivo a la campagna
Ave Maria.

Ave Maria ! Quando su l' aure corre
l' umil saluto, i piccioli mortali
scovron il capo, curvano la fronte
Dante ed Aroldo.

Una di flauti lenta melodia
passa invisibil fra la terra e il cielo :
spiriti forse che furon, che sono
e che saranno ?

Un oblio lene de la faticosa
vita, un pensoso sospirar quïete,
una soave volontà di pianto
l' anime invade.

Taccion le fiere e gli uomini e le cose,
roseo 'l tramonto ne l' azzurro sfuma,
mormoran gli alti vertici ondegianti
Ave Maria.

luglio 1897.

SANT' ABBONDIO

NITIDO il cielo come in adamante
D' un lume del di là trasfuso fosse,
Scintillan le nevate alpi in sembiante
D' anime umane da l' amor percosse.

Hail, thou, enterraced high between
Bertinoro and that sweet plain,
O'er which, far as the sea, doth reign
Cesena, of brave men the queen !

Hail, little church of this my song !
O many-lived Italian race,
Reborn once more, to this dear place,
That mothered thee of old, now throng

To pray : and let the bell ring clear
Its warning note : from hill to hill
Let the bell-tower, re-risen, still
Peal o'er the land 'Ave Maria.'

Ave Maria ! When down the air
That lowly greeting runs, with brow
Uncovered tiny mortals bow,
Dante and Byron breathe a prayer.

Unseen a slow, sweet melody
Of flutes thro' earth and heaven flows :
Is it perchance the souls of those
That have been, are, and yet shall be ?

Then doth a slow forgetfulness
Of weary life, a dreamy sense
Of deep peace after pain, which vents
Itself in tears, men's souls possess.

All things are silent, far and near
The after-glow fades from the sky ;
Only the swaying tree-tops sigh :
Ave Maria, Ave Maria !

SAINT ABBONDIO

BRILLIANT the sky, as 'twere of diamond made,
Wherethrough unearthly radiance seems to glow ;
Like souls love-stricken, in the far distance fade
The mountains, line on line of sparkling snow.

Sale da i casolari il fumo ondante
 Bianco e turchino tra le piante mosse
 Da lieve aura : il Madesimo cascante
 Passa tra gli smeraldi. In vesti rosse

Traggono le alpigiane, Abbondio santo,
 A la tua festa : ed è mite e giocondo
 Di lor, del fiume e de gli abeti il canto.

Laggiù che ride de la valle in fondo ?
 Pace, mio cuor ; pace, mio cuore. O tanto
 Breve la vita ed è sì bello il mondo !

Madesimo, 1 settembre 1898.

ALLE VALCHIRIE

PER I FUNERALI DI ELISABETTA IMPERATRICE REGINA

BIONDE Valchirie, a voi diletta sferzar de' cavalli,
 sovra i nembi natando, l'erte criniere al cielo.

Via dal lutto uniforme, dal piangere lento de i cherci
 rapite or voi, volanti, di Wittelsbach la donna.

Ahi quanto fato grava su l'alta tua casa crollante,
 su la tua bianca testa quanto dolore, Absburgo !

Pace, o veglianti ne la caligin di Mantova e Arad
 ombre, ed o scarmigliati fantasimi di donne !

Via, Valchirie, con voi la bionda qual voi di cavalli
 agitatrice a riva più cortese ! là dove

sotto Corcira bella l'azzurro Jonio sospira
 con suo ritmo pensoso verso gli aranci in fiore.

Sorge la bianca luna da' monti d' Epiro ed allunga
 sino a Leuca la face tremolante su 'l mare.

Ivi l'aspetta Achille. Tergete, Valchirie, tergete
 dal nobil petto l'orma del pugnale villano ;

Pale blue amid the tree-tops, gently swayed
 By a light breeze, the smoke-wreaths upward go
 From cottage roofs : in many a bright cascade
 Through emerald grass flows the Madesimo.

Red-gowned the Alpine women pass to keep
 Thy feast day, Saint Abbondio ; their song,
 The stream's, the pine-trees' murmur blend in one.

What smileth there down in the valley deep ?
 Peace, peace, my heart ! Fair is the world, and long
 The sleep thou sleepest when brief life is done.

TO THE VALKYRIES

FOR THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS-QUEEN ELIZABETH

GOLDEN-HAIRED Valkyries, ye who delight to spur on
 your horses
 Swimming above the clouds, tresses astream in the wind,

From the monotonous moaning, the dreary drone of the clergy,
 Now, as ye fly past, snatch Wittelsbach's Lady away !

Ah, how terribly Fate thy tottering House o'erwhelmeth !
 How are thy grey hairs, Hapsburg, brought down in woe to
 the grave !

Peace, O ye in the gloom of Arad and Mantua keeping
 Vigil, ye ghostlike shapes, women dishevelled and wild !

Golden-haired even as ye are, O Valkyries, rider of horses
 Even as ye, bear her unto a balmier clime !

Where 'neath lovely Corcyra the azure Ionian crooneth
 Unto the orange groves, dreamily lapping the shore.

Calm o'er the hills of Epirus the white moon riseth, and far as
 Leucas lengthens her torch, tremulous over the waves.

There doth Achilles await her. O Valkyries, purge from her
 noble
 Bosom the stain of the wound dealt by that villainous blade.

e tergete da l' alma, voi pie sanatrici divine,
il sogno spaventoso, lugubre, de l' impero.

Svegliasi ne' freschi anni la pura vindelica rosa
a un dolce accordo novo di tinnienti cetre.

Qual piú soave mai, la musa di Heine risuona :
chi da l' erma risponde Leucade, sospirando ?

Tien la spirtale riva un' alta serena quiete
come d' elisio sotto la graziosa luna.

PRESSO UNA CERTOSA

DA quel verde, mestamente pertinace tra le foglie
Gialle e rosse de l' acacia, senza vento una si toglie :
E con fremito leggero
Par che passi un' anima.

Velo argenteo par la nebbia su 'l ruscello che gorgoglia,
Tra la nebbia ne 'l ruscello cade a perdersi la foglia.
Che sospira il cimitero,
Da' cipressi, fievole ?

Improvviso rompe il sole sopra l' umido mattino,
Navigando tra le bianche nubi l' aere azzurrino :
Si rallegra il bosco austero
Già de 'l verno prèsgo.

A me, prima che l' inverno stringa pur l' anima mia
Il tuo riso, a sacra luce, o divina poesia !
Il tuo canto, o padre Omero,
Pria che l' ombra avvolgami !

CONGEDO

FIOR tricolore,
Tramontano le stelle in mezzo al mare
E si spengono i canti entro il mio core.

And from her soul, ye gracious, ye healing divinities, purge the
Scars of her sorrow, the black nightmare of Empire away !

Then let the stainless rose of Bavaria wake to the music,
Piercing and sweet, of the lyres, unto new harmonies tuned.

Never hath Heine's muse sung sweetlier : whose is the sighing
Voice that re-echoes his notes from the Leucadian steep ?

Peace, unbroken, profound as the calm of Elysian meadows,
Reigns o'er that ghost-haunted shore, silent, sleep-charmed
by the moon.

NEAR A MONASTERY

FROM yon green, which 'mid th' acacia's brown and crimson
leaves endeavours
Yet to linger, though no wind hath stirred, itself a leaflet severs :
And it seems a soul is dying,
Shuddering imperceptibly.

Seems the mist a veil of silver o'er the streamlet softly purling ;
Through the mist the leaf falls, lost amid the water's rapid whirl-
ing.

Ah, what means the feverish sighing
Of the graveyard cypresses ?

Suddenly breaks forth the sun, and o'er the morning damps
prevaileth

And thro' snowy clouds across the azure sky serenely saileth :
See the frowning woods replying,
' 'Tis the spring he heraldeth ! '

Smile upon me ere the winter wraps my soul in melancholy
Darkness ; smile on me, O Poetry divine, O Radiance holy !
Father Homer, hear me crying
Ere the shade o'erwhelmeth me !

CONGEDO

TRICOLOUR blossom,
The stars set in the sea, the sacred fire
Of Poetry is quenched within my bosom.

PART I
OF THE 'CANZONE DI LEGNANO'

(1879)

IL PARLAMENTO

I

STA Federico imperatore in Como
 Ed ecco un messaggero entra in Milano
 Da Porte Nova a briglie abbandonate.
 " Popolo di Milano,, ei passa e chiede,
 " Fatemi scorta al console Gherardo,,.
 Il consolo era in mezzo de la piazza,
 E il messagger piegato in su l' arcione
 Parlò brevi parole e spronò via.
 Allor fe' cenno il console Gherardo,
 E squillarono le trombe a parlamento.

II

Squillarono le trombe a parlamento :
 Ché non anche risurto era il palagio
 Su' gran pilastri, né l' arengo v' era,
 Né torre v' era, né a la torre in cima
 La campana. Fra i ruderi che neri
 Verdeggiavan di spine, fra le basse
 Case di legno, ne la breve piazza
 I milanesi tenner parlamento
 Al sol di maggio. Da finestre e porte
 Le donne riguardavano e i fanciulli.

III

" Signori milanesi,, il consol dice,
 " La primavera in fior mena tedeschi
 Pur come d' uso. Fanno pasqua i lurchi
 Ne le lor tane, e poi calano a valle.
 Per l' Engadina due scomunicati
 Arcivescovi trassero lo sforzo.
 Trasse le bionda imperatrice al sire
 Il cuor fido e un esercito novello.
 Como è co i forti, e abbandonò la lega.,,
 Il popol grida : " L' estermínio a Como.,,

THE PARLIAMENT

I

THE Emperor Frederick was encamped at Como,
And, lo, a messenger, with reins abandoned,
Rode into Milan by the Porta Nuova.
' People of Milan,' so he called in passing,
' Bring me with speed to the Consul Gherardo.'
They brought him to the Consul in the market ;
The messenger bent from his saddle, whispered
A few brief words, and swiftly galloped onward.
Then the Consul Gherardo gave a signal,
' To Parliament ' the trumpets shrilly sounded.

II

To Parliament the trumpets shrilly sounded ;
For not yet had the stately palace risen
On massive pillars, nor was there a tribune,
Nor tower, nor on the summit of the tower
The bell. Amid the blackened ruins, covered
With flowering thorn-trees, there amid the lowly
Wooden houses in the narrow market,
Beneath the May sun, held the men of Milan
Their Parliament. From doorways and from windows
Stood watching them the women and the children.

III

' Ye gentlemen of Milan,' saith the Consul,
' The springtime with its flowers brings the Germans
As oft before. In their own dens the gluttons
Keep Easter, then descend upon the valley.
Through the Engadine two excommunicated
Archbishops have led down the hostile forces.
The fair-haired Empress brought unto her husband
A loyal heart and therewith a fresh army.
Como hath left the league and joined the stronger.'
' Let Como be destroyed,' the people shouted.

IV

“ Signori milanesi,, il consol dice,
 “ l’ imperator, fatto lo stuolo in Como,
 Move l’ oste a raggiungere il marchese
 Di Monferrato ed i pavesi. Quale
 Volete, milanesi ? od aspettare
 Da l’ argin novo riguardando in arme,
 O mandar messi a Cesare, o affrontare
 A lancia e spada il Barbarossa in campo ? ,,
 “ A lancia e spada,, tona il parlamento,
 “ A lancia e spada, il Barbarossa, in campo.,,

V

Or si fa innanzi Alberto di Giussano.
 Di ben tutta la spalla egli soverchia
 Gli accolti in piedi al console d’ intorno.
 Ne la gran possa de la sua persona
 Torreggia in mezzo al parlamento : ha in mano
 La barbata : la bruna capelliera
 Il lato collo e l’ ampie spalle inonda.
 Batte il sol ne la chiara onesta faccia,
 Ne le chiome e ne gli occhi risfavilla.
 È la sua voce come tuon di maggio.

VI

“ Milanesi, fratelli, popol mio !
 Vi sovvien,, dice Alberto di Giussano
 “ Calen di marzo ? I consoli sparuti
 Cavalcarono a Lodi, e con le spade
 Nude in man gli giurâr l’ obediènza.
 Cavalcammo trecento al quarto giorno,
 Ed a i piedi, baciando, gli ponemmo
 I nostri belli trentasei stendardi.
 Mastro Guitelmo gli offerí le chiavi
 Di Milano affamata. E non fu nulla.,,

VII

“ Vi sovvien,, dice Alberto di Giussano
 “ Il dí sesto di marzo ? A i piedi ei volle
 Tutti i fanti ed il popolo e le insegne.
 Gli abitanti venian de le tre porte,
 Il carroccio venía parato a guerra ;

IV

'Ye gentlemen of Milan,' saith the Consul,
'The Emperor, having formed his host in Milan,
Leads on his troops to join those that the Marquis
Of Montferrato and Pavia send him.
What will ye do, ye men of Milan? Will ye
From the new dyke wait idly in your armour,
Or send envoys to Cæsar, or in battle
With lance and sword defy the Barbarossa?'
'With lance and sword!' the whole assembly thundered;
'With lance and sword, the Barbarossa, in battle!'

V

And now stepped forward Albert of Giussano:
By a full shoulder's height he towered over
The folk that stood assembled round the consul.
In his vast strength his figure like a tower
Uprose amid the Parliament. His helmet
Hung in his hand, his chestnut hair was floating
About his mighty neck and ample shoulders.
The sun shone full upon his comely features
And glinted in his hair and eyes reflected.
His voice was as the thunder in the Maytime.

VI

'Burghers of Milan, brothers, ye my people,
Remember ye,' saith Albert of Giussano,
'The first of March, that day whereon to Lodi
Rode our wan Consuls, and to him, with naked
Swords in their hands, swore fealty and obedience?
Upon the fourth of March we rode three hundred,
And humbly kissed his feet, and laid before him
Our beautiful, our six-and-thirty standards.
Master Guitelmo offered him the keys of
Famished Milan. And it naught availed us.'

VII

'Remember ye,' saith Albert of Giussano,
'The sixth of March? He would have all before him,
All at his feet—the soldiers, people, standards.
So forth from the three gates the burghers issued:
Came the Carroccio decked for war; thereafter

Gran tratta poi di popolo, e le croci
Teneano in mano. Innanzi a lui le trombe
Del carroccio mandâr gli ultimi squilli,
Innanzi a lui l' antenna del carroccio
Inchinò il gonfalone. Ei toccò i lembi.,,

VIII

“Vi sovvien? ,, dice Alberto di Giussano :
“Vestiti i sacchi de la penitenza,
Co' piedi scalzi, con le corde al collo,
Sparsi i capi di cenere, nel fango
C' inginocchiammo, e tendevam le braccia,
E chiamavam misericordia. Tutti
Lacrimavan, signori e cavalieri,
A lui d' intorno. Ei, dritto, in piedi, presso
Lo scudo imperial, ci riguardava,
Muto, co 'l suo diamantino sguardo.,,

IX

“Vi sovvien,, dice Alberto di Giussano,
“Che tornando a l' obbrobrio la dimane
Scorgemmo da la via l' imperatrice
Da i cancelli a guardarci? E pe' i cancelli
Noi gittammo le croci a lei gridando
—O bionda, o bella imperatrice, o fida,
O pia, mercé, mercé di nostre donne!—
Ella trassesì indietro. Egli c' impose
Porte e muro atterrar de le due cinte
Tanto ch' ei con schierata oste passasse.,,

X

“Vi sovvien? ,, dice Alberto di Giussano :
“Nove giorni aspettammo ; e si partiro
L' arcivescovo i conti e i valvassori.
Venne al decimo il bando—Uscite, o tristi,
Con le donne co i figli e con le robe :
Otto giorni vi dà l' imperatore.—
E noi corremmo urlando a Sant' Ambrogio,
Ci abbracciammo a gli altari ed a i sepolcri.
Via da la chiesa, con le donne ed i figli,
Via ci cacciaron come can tignosi.,,

Great multitudes of people, each man holding
A cross within his hand. From the Carroccio
The trumpets blared for the last time before him ;
Towards him from the mast of the Carroccio
The city's standard drooped : he touched its fringes.'

VIII

' Remember ye,' saith Albert of Giussano,
' How, clothed in weeds of penitence and sackcloth,
Cords knotted round our necks, our feet unshodden,
Our hair with ashes sprinkled, in the mire
We knelt and grovelled, and, our arms outstretching,
Besought him to have mercy ? All around him—
Yea, every knight and gentleman around him—
Wept at the sight. He stood, erect and silent,
Beside the imperial shield, and gazed upon us
With hard dry, eyes that glittered like a diamond.'

IX

' Remember ye,' saith Albert of Giussano,
' Unto our shame returning on the morrow,
How from the street we spied the Empress gazing
Upon us from a lattice ? T'wards the lattice
We lifted up our crosses, crying to her :
" O Empress, fair-haired, beautiful, O faithful,
O merciful, have mercy on our women ! "
She drew back from the casement. But he bade us
Raze wall and gates of both engirdling ramparts
That so his host might pass arrayed for battle.'

X

' Remember ye,' saith Albert of Giussano,
' Nine days we waited, and they all departed,
The lord archbishop, all the counts and vassals ?
Upon the tenth day came the Ban : " Forth with ye,
O wretches, forth, with women, sons, belongings !
The Emperor doth but eight days' grace allow ye."
And we ran shrieking unto St. Ambrogio,
Embracing there the sepulchres and altars.
Out from the church with women and with children,
Out from the church like scurvy dogs, they chased us.'

XI

“Vi sovvien,, dice Alberto di Giussano
“ La domenica triste degli ulivi ?
Ahi passion di Cristo e di Milano !
Da i quattro Corpi santi ad una ad una
Crosciar vedemmo le trecento torri
De la cerchia ; ed al fin per la ruina
Polverosa ci apparvero le case
Spezzate, smozzicate, sgretolate :
Parean file di scheltri in cimitero.
Di sotto, l' ossa ardean de' nostri morti.,,

XII

Cosí dicendo Alberto di Giussano
Con tutt'e due le man copriasi gli occhi,
E singhiozzava : in mezzo al parlamento
Singhiozzava e piangea come un fanciullo.
Ed allora per tutto il parlamento
Trascorse quasi un fremito di belve.
Da le porte le donne e da i veroni,
Pallide, scarmigliate, con le braccia
Tese e gli occhi sbarrati, al parlamento
Urlavano—Uccidete il Barbarossa.—

XIII

“ Or ecco,, dice Alberto di Giussano,
“ Ecco, io non piango piú. Venne il dí nostro,
O milanesi, e vincere bisogna.
Ecco : io m' asciugo gli occhi, e a te guardando,
O bel sole di Dio, fo sacramento :
Diman da sera i nostri morti avranno
Una dolce novella in purgatorio :
E la rechi pur io !,, Ma il popolo dice :
“ Fia meglio i messi imperïali., Il sole
Ridea calando dietro il Resegone.

XI

'Remember ye,' saith Albert of Giussano,
'That sad Palm-Sunday? Alas, for Jesus' Passion,
It was the Passion of our Milan also.
For from the Church of the four Saints we witnessed
The thrice a hundred towers of our encircling
Walls crash down one by one; last, through the ruins,
Amid thick clouds of dust, appeared our houses,
Shattered and shivered and annihilated:
They looked like rows of skeletons in a graveyard.
Beneath, the bones were burning of our dead ones.

XII

Thus having spoken, Albert of Giussano
Stood silent, and his eyes with both hands hiding
He wept; yes, in the midst of the assembly
He wept and sobbed, as a child weeps. Then slowly
Throughout the whole assembly passed a murmur,
That swelled into a storm like wild beasts roaring.
The women from the doorways and the windows,
Pale and dishevelled, with their arms extended
And staring eyes, shrieked out to the assembly:
'Death unto him, death to the Barbarossa!'

XIII

'And now behold!' saith Albert of Giussano,
'Behold, I weep no more. Our day is coming,
O men of Milan. Victory must attend us.
Behold, I dry my eyes, and at thee gazing,
Fair Sun of God, I make my vow. To-morrow
By eventide our dead in Purgatory
Shall have sweet news of us. Behold, I swear it,
Be I myself the messenger.' But the people
Cried: 'Better imperial messengers.' And smiling
The sun went down behind the Resegone.

NOTES

p. 84.

A SATANA.

The 'Hymn to Satan' was (to quote Carducci's own words, *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 89) 'the spontaneous expression of feelings, absolutely individual, which as it were burst from my heart—really from my heart—one night in September 1863.' He read the poem aloud the following day to friends at a luncheon party (*Chiar.*, *Mem.*, p. 154). It was not published till November 1865. Republished in the *Popolo* of Bologna, 1869, on the opening day (8th December) of the Vatican Council, it caused an immense sensation. Cp. Introduction, p. 8.

The poem was immediately severely criticised by Quirico Filopanti, one of Carducci's greatest friends. He complained (1) that the Hymn was not a poem but an 'intellectual orgy'; (2) it was anti-democratic (*a*) in *form*, since it was unintelligible except to the well-educated, (*b*) in *substance*, since it deifies the Principle of Evil; (3) the hero should not be called Satan, if he is meant to stand for Nature, the Universe, Pan.

Carducci replied: (1) the Hymn is a true lyric at least in this, that it is the spontaneous expression of an overmastering emotion; (2) it is *not* the war-cry of a party, the proof being that it was only published (and that privately) two years after its composition; (3) he certainly intended his Satan to signify Nature and Reason, yet since Asceticism had named these two divinities the World and the Flesh, and since Theocracy had excommunicated them under the name of Satan, he was thoroughly justified in the name.

For correspondence and articles on this poem cp. Card., *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 85, where they are all collected under the title *Polemiche Sataniche*.

In connection with the poem two other passages may be quoted.

In his first lecture on 'The Development of the National Literature' (*Op.*, vol. i. p. 38) he thus points the contrast between Christian Asceticism on the one hand and the World, the Flesh, and the Devil on the other. 'Between spirit and matter, between soul and body, between heaven and earth there is no mean; spirit, soul, heaven is Jesus; matter, body, earth Satan. Nature, the world, society is Satan; emptiness, desert, solitude Jesus. Happiness, self-respect, liberty is Satan; servitude, mortification, solitude Jesus: and this Jesus is so gracious as to descend with pardon and love among the damned, but only on condition that there should first be a Hell in the universe.'

In 'Critica ed Arte' (*Op.*, vol. iv. p. 265) he thus answers Zendrini, who had suggested that the name of Prometheus rather than Satan would have better suited the hero of the poem.

'Prometheus certainly calls up magnificently the struggle between Human Thought and Theology in general: but I had to represent the vitality, the warfare, the victory of Naturalism

- p. 84. and Rationalism within, and against, the Church. Is it true or not that the Catholic Church, or rather all Christian Churches, has and have always condemned and still do condemn as Satanic pride, as works and temptations of the devil, all free thought, science, human and natural feelings, all those things of beauty in fact which I enumerated in my letter to Quirico Filopanti? Is it true or not that Gregory XVI. called steam an invention of the devil? Are you agreed that all this should be identified with Satan? Well, Satan let it be then! Long live Satan! That is the conception and reason of the Hymn to Satan.'

Satana non torna indietro: cp. the words of Christ, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'

Michele: the Archangel. Cp. Rev. xii. 7.

- p. 86. *Re de i fenomeni*: *phenomena* and *forms* I take to refer to the realms of Nature and Art respectively.

- p. 88. *Agramainio, Astarte, Adone*: Agramainio is the Persian Spirit of Evil, perhaps also of purely sensual Love, like Astarte (Ashtaroth identified with Greek Aphrodite, Latin Venus) and Adonis. For Adonis-worship cp. Theocritus, xiv.

Anadiomene: ἀναδιόμενη = rising from the waves. Lebanon and Cyprus were two centres of Venus-worship. Hence Venus was called Cyprian.

Idume: Idumæa, the Greek form of Edom, famous for its palms. Ashtaroth was a national god of Edom and Moab, whose worship frequently supplanted that of Jehovah among the Israelites.

de l'agapi: the 'agapè' or love-feast was the early Christian name for a feast closely connected with the Holy Communion.

i segni argolici: the early Christians destroyed the pagan temples of Greece and Rome or turned them into churches. Satan, identified here with Paganism, continued popular with the lower classes, long after the Roman Empire was nominally Christian.

un femineo sen: the mediæval witch, typical of the power wielded by those skilled in the black arts.

- p. 90. *l'alchimista*: the mediæval alchemist, forerunner of the modern scientist, in times when science was yet undistinguished from magic.

chiostro torpido: many of the most distinguished early seekers after scientific knowledge were monks—e.g. Roger Bacon.

la Tebaide: the Thebaid, deserts of Upper Egypt the favourite resort of hermits—e.g. St. Anthony.

Eloisa: Heloise, niece of the Abbé Fulbert of Notre-Dame in Paris, wife of Abelard (1079-1142). She was an accomplished scholar. After her husband's mutilation she took the veil at Argenteuil.

Maro e Flacco: P. Virgilius Maro, Q. Horatius Flaccus.

Licoride, Glicera: Greek courtesans.

- p. 92. *o monaco*: Arnold of Brescia, a reforming monk of the twelfth century; born at Brescia, educated in France under Abelard. He raised a Republican revolt at Rome, 1143, and was executed, 1155.

Wicleff ed Husse: Wycliffe (1324-84) and John Huss (1369-1415), the English and Bohemian forerunners of the Reformation. The latter was burnt at Constance for heresy.

- p. 92. For the Hussites and their doctrine concerning Satan cp. George Sand's novel *Consuelo*, vol. ii. p. 143.

Savonarola (1452-98): Dominican friar, the famous Florentine preacher, eventually executed for heresy.

Un bello . . . mostro: the rest of the poem describes the steam-engine, symbol of the triumphant power of modern science.

- p. 102. MEMINISSE HORRET.

This poem was written 'in the first days of November 1867' at Florence, then the seat of the Italian Government. On the 3rd of this month Garibaldi, marching on Rome (without the sanction of the Government), was defeated by the Papal troops and the French 'chassepots' allied in the famous battle of Mentana. After the battle the Italian Government, in spite of a promise they had given to leave Garibaldi himself unmolested, caused him to be arrested at Figline, whence he was sent a prisoner to the fortress of Varignano. This treatment of the national hero was deeply resented throughout Italy, and the 'feroce ira' of Carducci's poem expresses very accurately the intense indignation of Italian patriots—at any rate the younger generation—at that time.

The idea of the poem is that the fact of Garibaldi's imprisonment is as incredible and as completely opposed to what ought to be, as are the situations in which he saw in his dream the most famous of great historical patriots.

palazzo: the Palazzo della Signoria at Florence.

Piero Capponi: a Florentine noble, who in 1494, when Charles VIII. of France entered Florence on his way to attack Naples and wished to impose humiliating conditions upon the town, hearing these being read out, 'seized the paper from the hand of the secretary, tore it in pieces before the eyes of the king, adding in excited tones:

"After such dishonourable demands, sound your bugles, and we will sound our bells'" (Guicciardini, *Stor. d'Italia*, i. p. 4). As a result of this bold action Charles relented.

fulvo stranier: Germans.

Ferruccio: Francesco Ferruccio, the Florentine patriot, was mortally wounded, 2nd August 1530, when fighting against an army of Charles v. in defence of his country. After the battle he was led before Maramaldo, to whose insults he replied *sempre animosamente*, and by whom he, though already in a dying condition, was finally stabbed to death.

Gian della Bella: led the Florentine people against the nobles in 1293, and was later exiled, at his own suggestion, to avoid further bloodshed.

The word 'schiaffo,' as Carducci himself explains in a note, does not accurately describe the incident referred to. Frescobaldi met Giano in the Church of San Piero Scheraggio for a conference, lost his temper, laid hold of Giano's nose, and threatened to cut it off.

Santa Croce: the Florentine Pantheon.

zanni: cp. English 'zany' (Lat. 'sannio') = buffoon, fool.

ghetto: properly the Jewish quarter in an Italian city. Here a word of contempt, suggesting dishonest trade.

Machiavello: vulg. for Machiavelli (Niccolò), born 1469, the famous Florentine statesman and man of letters, author of *Il Principe*.

- p. 102. *Scipio*: Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus won the battle of Zama, 202 B.C., and thus finished the second Punic war and destroyed the Carthaginian Empire.

- p. 104. PER GIUSEPPE MONTI E GAETANO TOGNETTI.

These two men, one a mason, the other a tinker, were executed at Rome, 24th November 1868, for having partially blown up the Serristori barrack on 22nd October 1867—in execution of a plan to raise an insurrection in Rome to assist Garibaldi.

The Pope is, of course, Pius IX.

Even Chiarini objected to the first part of the poem as being 'ributtante' (repulsive), and owns himself to have never been convinced by Carducci's apology for its bad taste.

gli orecchi: cp. St. John xviii. 10.

- p. 106. *Sacro Cuore*: the Jesuit College of the Sacred Heart.

Padre Curci: Angelo Maria Curci, author of *Fatti ed argomenti*, in which he replied to Gioberti's *Prolegomeni*. He was 'Prefetto degli studi' at the College, and as such, Carducci implies, interpreted the Gospel to suit the Papal policy of reaction.

Locatelli: Cesare Locatelli was executed in September 1861 on the charge of having stabbed a gendarme during a Liberal demonstration on the occasion of the King and Queen of Naples' visit to Rome in February of that year. It afterwards transpired that he had been innocent, as another man confessed to the deed.

Menabrea: head of the Italian Government, who had, before Mentana, declared the Garibaldians to be rebels. He it was also who in 1868 had suspended Carducci from teaching at Bologna (cp. Introduction, p. 9). Hence the latter's enmity.

l'oro si spenda: 'A few days before the execution the Italian ministry had had paid over at Rome an instalment of the Papal Debt.' (Carducci's note.)

Voltaire's tragedy *Mahomet* is an attack on religious fanaticism.

San Niccola: 'When the death-sentences were being carried out in Rome, the Holy Sacrament remained exposed for twenty-four hours in the Church of San Niccola.' (Carducci's note.)

Sciupati: Chouans, Catholic Royalists who rebelled against the first French Republic and were defeated in Brittany by Hoche, 1795.

- p. 110. *Prima che il fatale*: M. Jeanroy compares Victor Hugo's *Les Châtiments*, i. p. 6:—

Tu veux être au sénat, voir ton siège élevé
Et ta fortune accrue,
Soit ; mais pour bénir l'homme, attends qu'on ait lavé
Le pavé de la rue.

I la Gala: were two brigands who, when proceeding under false passports from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles in a French vessel, were arrested by the Italian authorities at Genoa. Napoleon III., choosing to consider this an insult to the French flag, insisted on their release.

- p. 112. *un onta senza nome*: M. Jeanroy compares Victor Hugo's
 On ne sait ce que c'est. C'est quelque vieille honte
 Dont le nom s'est perdu.

Les Châtiments, p. 88.

For Carducci's general debt to Victor Hugo in this poem cp. Jeanroy, *Carducci, l'homme et le poète*, pp. 110-11.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

Colombo: Columbus, the discoverer of America, was a native of Genoa, as was also Mazzini.

Gracco: Tiberius and Caius Gracchus were the two famous Roman tribunes, sons of Cornelia, the daughter of the great Scipio. Tiberius was tribune 133 B.C., and Gracchus 123, 122 B.C. Both were assassinated for trying to carry agrarian laws unpopular with the Roman aristocracy.

un popol morto: referring to a well-known saying of Lamartine, who called Italy 'La terre des morts.' Cp. G. Giusti's great poem 'La terra de' morti,' so well translated by W. D. Howells in his *Modern Italian Poets*, p. 295.

- p. 114. PER IL QUINTO ANNIVERSARIO DELLA BATTAGLIA DI MENTANA.

'This beautiful ode,' say Mazzoni and Picciola (*Ant. Card.*, p. 36), 'is not entirely original, in so far as it reproduces a lyrical motive, and in great part also the metre, of Giovanni Prati's ode "Anniversario di Curtatone," which begins thus:—

Quando la fredda luna
 Sul largo Adige pende,
 E i lor defunti l'itale
 Madri sognando van,
 Un coruscar di' sciabole
 Un biancheggiar di tende,
 Un moto di fantasimi
 Corre il funereo pian.

E via per l'aria bruna
 Sorge un clamor di festa ;
 "L'ugne su noi passarono
 Dei barbari corsier ;
 Viva la bella Italia !
 Orniam di fior la testa :
 O vincitori o martiri
 Bello è per lei cader.

E chi, evitato il nero
 Tartaro, ancor respira,
 Abbia in retaggio il libero
 Pensier di che morì.
 Seme di sangue provoca
 Mèsse di brandi e d' ira.
 Fatevi adulti, o pargoli,
 Per vendicarci un dì."

nomentani: Nomentum was the ancient name of Mentana.

per le ferite: to be understood quite literally; cp. Carducci's sonnet (No. xxv. *Rime Nuove*), where King Arthur cleaves in two Mordrec's heart with such terrible effect:—

che i rai del sole irrequieti
 Risero *per* l' orribile finestra.

- p. 114. B. Jacobson is therefore inaccurate in translating '*Auf ihre Wunden lächeln*,' etc.

Tartaro: here simply the underworld.

- p. 116. *l' alto Quirinal*: the old palace of the Popes, now the Royal Palace, so called because it stands on the ancient *Collis Quirinalis*. Pio Nono escaped from it during the 1840 revolution.

i cavalier d'industria: were the speculators and fortune-hunters generally, who swarmed into Rome after it had been occupied by the Italian troops and had become once more the capital of Italy.

IL CANTO DELL' AMORE.

For the circumstances in which this was written (in 1877) cp. Introduction, p. 14.

Rocca Paolina: so called because built by the Tuscan architect, Antonio da Sangallo, at the orders of Paul III. (1534-50), the Farnese Pope. Carducci's own note on the genesis of this poem runs, 'Fu pensato in Perugia nella piazza ove già sorgeva la Ròcca Paolina, distrutta dal popolo nel settembre del 1860.' But the demolition of the fortress began by order of the municipality on 23rd December 1848, according to Mazzone and Picciola (*Ant. Card.*), who refer to *La Storia di Perugia*, by L. Bonazzi, Perugia, Buoncompagni, 1879, vol. ii. pp. 603-4.

Bembo: the famous humanist and author, Pietro Bembo, 'who, like Petrarch, Poggio, and Poliziano, may be chosen as the fullest representative of his own age of culture' (J. A. Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy*, vol. ii. p. 297). Born at Florence, 1470, he passed his life successively at the courts of Ferrara (where he had a celebrated liaison with Lucrezia Borgia), Urbino, and Rome, where he became secretary to Leo X. In 1520 he retired to Padua, but was recalled to Rome by Paul III. in 1539. He died in 1547.

Coelo tonantem: Horace, *Od.*, iii. 5, written to celebrate the victories of the Emperor Augustus:—

Coelo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare: praesens divus habebitur
Augustus adiectis Britannis
Imperio gravibusque Persis.

i paschi a' Engaddi e di Saron: i.e. to the fold of the Church. Cp. Song of Solomon, i. 14, ii. 1.

- p. 118. *Molza*: Francesco Maria Molza (1489-1544), a poet who wrote in Latin and Italian. 'He refers in one of his Latin poems to the subjection of Perugia and the work of fortifying it with walls, completed by Paul III.'

Paracleto: the Holy Ghost, whose seven gifts are wisdom, understanding, counsel, strength, knowledge, godliness, fear. 'Die achte Gabe des heiligen Geistes,' says B. Jacobson (G. Card., *Ausg. Gedicht.*, p. 144), 'bedeutet in Italien scherzweise die Dummheit.' But here it must mean the spirit of destruction.

monti de l' Umbria: the fire of love is 'più intenso' in Umbria, because Umbria was the scene of the life and labours of St. Francis of Assisi. Cp. the sonnet 'St. Mary of the Angels,' p. 140.

- p. 120. *Vichi*: here means 'villages'—a Latinism.
tirrene := Etrurian.

Da i campi: 'From the fields, near Trasimene, where the consul Gnaeus Flaminius was defeated by Hannibal (217 B.C.), and from which, with its bones and weapons, ploughed up by the farmer, Rome, though here so tremendously overthrown, still seems to threaten all its foes. This interpretation, though not obvious, we have from the poet himself'—*i.e.* Rome even in defeat could menace her foes, as she proved by her subsequent victory over Carthage (Mazzoni and Picciola, *Ant. Card.*, p. 47).

Come cucùli—strane: cp. 'Le risorse di San Miniato' (*Op.*, vol. iv. p. 29). 'Io, quando m'innamorai a San Miniato, gustai la prima volta e sentii profondamente, e sento ancora nel cuore, la segreta dolcezza e la soave infinita malinconia del canto del cucùli'; and he goes on to quote Wordsworth's 'Ode to the Cuckoo.'

- p. 122. *Perugino*: Pietro Vannucci of Perugia, called Perugino (1446-1524), Raphael's master, and the most famous painter of the Perugian school. His Madonnas always wear the same meek and pious expression.

or son dieci anni: refers to the 'Io scomunico, o Prete' of the epode 'Per Eduardo Corazzini,' written in 1867.

Cittadino Mastai: a familiar and hardly tactful way of addressing Count Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, Pope Pius IX.; born at Sinigaglia, on the Adriatic, 1792; ascended the Papal throne, 1846; and died in 1878, a few months after this poem was written. The history of his reign is almost the history of the Italian people, coinciding as it does with the last phase of their Risorgimento.

- p. 126. INTERMEZZO—9.

The verses translated form the ninth division of a long poem in ten parts. The following is Carducci's own explanation of the name (cp. *Poesie*, p. 533):—

'*Intermezzo* or *Intermedio* is what the fifteenth-century Italians called a brief diversion of canzonette and figure-ballets given between two acts of a dramatic representation: and "Intermezzo" is what I metaphorically called this series of rhymes, which was intended in my thought to mark the passage from the *Giambi ed Epodi* to the *Rime Nuove* and *Odi Barbare*.'

For a helpful analysis of the whole of this difficult poem cp. M. Jeanroy's *Card. l'homme et le poète*, pp. 161-71.

The *Intermezzo* is a satire directed against the Romantic poets, who are in it dubbed the 'poets of the heart,' morbid sentimentalists, expressing their vapid emotions in 'tropi barocchi' (grotesque tropes), who reduce 'life to a clinic and the world to a hospital.'

In contrast to such men he, for his part, says Carducci in these verses, after permitting himself one more sentimental and affectionate reference to the home of his childhood, will then bury his heart in an urn of Parian marble—*i.e.* have done once for all with what may be called the more *personal* sources of poetic inspiration, and give himself up wholly to the composition of poems written according to the rules that governed the production of the ancient Greek artistic masterpieces.

p. 126. *Versilia mia*: the district called the Versilia is the strip of coastland lying between Spezia and Pisa and cut off from the interior of Tuscany by the Apuan Alps. It takes its name from a river.

Carducci, as noticed in the Introduction, was born at Val di Castello, a village about a mile from Pietrasanta, in the heart of the Versilia.

ligure lido: the Versilia itself was Etruscan (*tirren lido*), and just not in the Liguria Cisalpina of the Romans. Nice was in old Liguria, and hence Carducci speaks of Garibaldi's 'audacia tenace *ligure*,' for Garibaldi was a Nizzardo (cp. A. G. Garibaldi, p. 222).

se dalle donne: cp. with this passage the reference to his grandmother Lucia's Tuscan accent in 'Davanti San Guido,' which contrasted so favourably with 'Manzonian' Tuscan:—

La favella toscana, ch' è sí sciocca
Nel manzonismo de gli stenterelli
Canora discendea, co 'l mesto accento
Della Versilia che nel cuor mi sta,
Come da un sirventese del trecento,
Pieno di forza e di soavità.

Serravezza: a small town not far from Pietrasanta, picturesquely situated on the mountain-side among the Carrara marble quarries. Many of Carducci's relations had lived there.

Paro: Paros, one of the Ægean islands, the birthplace of Archilochus, and famous for its marble (much in request by sculptors), which was quarried on Mount Marpeesus (*marpesio fianco*).

Naxos: another of the Ægean islands, where Ariadne, deserted by Theseus, was found by the god Dionysus.

Delo errante: Delos was the most famous of all the Ægean islands, as being the birthplace and the chief seat (with Delphi) of the worship of Apollo (cp. 'Homeric Hymn to Apollo,' ll. 51-88). According to one legend, Delos was a floating island, and only became fixed to the ocean-bed after the god's birth.

Archilochos: Archilochus of Paros (714-676 B.C.), an early Greek poet famous for his satyric iambic poetry.

Cp. Horace, *Ars poet.*, l. 79. 'Archilochum proprio rabies armabit iambo.'

Eveno: Evenus of Paros is the poet referred to. Mackail (*Gk. Anth.*, p. 325) says he was 'an elegiac poet of some note, contemporary with Socrates, mentioned in the *Phaedo*, and quoted by Aristotle; and it is just possible that some of the best of the epigrams (*i.e.* eight in number, in the anthology), most of which are on art, may be his.'

p. 128. *vo' sotterrarlo*: *i.e.* have done with sentiment and turn to the *antichità serena* of old Greece. The death of his son is probably also in his mind, and he feels deprived both of the will and the power to write the poetry of personal emotion. Cp. the lovely little poem 'Brindisi funebre' (*Poesie*, p. 621), which ends thus:—

Ne' lucidi paesi
Ancora esiste amor?
Io giú tra' morti scesi
Ed ho sepolto il cuor.

p. 132. ALLA RIMA.

For the circumstances in which this poem was written cp. Introduction, p. 16, note. The metre Carducci took from Chiabrera, who took it from the French poet, Ronsard. Cp. *Op.*, vol. xvi. p. 394: 'The charming stanza which Chiabrera calls trochaic . . . he certainly owes to Ronsard.

(Quand je voy dans un jardin
Au matin
S'esclorre une fleur nouvelle,
J'accompare le bouton
Au teton
De son beau sein qui pommelle.)

And a Ligurian poet, Ansaldo Ceba, commended him for opening a new path in poetry *Tra la via greca e 'l bel cammin francese.* This, no doubt, is the reason why Carducci himself adopted it in a poem addressed to Rhyme.

il trovadore: the troubadours of Provence, whose most brilliant period was from 1140 to 1250, were essentially *court* poets. Their poetry, which is lyrical and written in Provençal, is remarkable for the extreme strictness of its form and for the intricacy of its rhymes.

Rolando: Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, prefect of the Breton marshes, who was left by the Emperor to guard the passes of the Pyrenees on the retreat of the Frankish army out of Spain in 778, was defeated and killed in the battle of Roncisvalles by a superior force of Basques or Gascons. In the *rhymed* 'Chanson de Roland,' the most famous of the French *Chansons de geste*, Roland has become a legendary hero. He has a sword, Durendal, with which he performs prodigies of valour against 400,000 foes, and a marvellous horn, which, when he blew it, could be heard at a fabulous distance. Roland, his friend Oliver, and the twelve peers of France were, according to the *chanson*, all killed in this, the most celebrated battle of all Romance.

del Cid: Rodriguez Diaz, Cid Campeador (1040-99), the most renowned Spanish warrior of the eleventh century. His story is told in the great *rhymed* Spanish epic 'Poem of the Cid,' which dates from the twelfth century. According to the legend, he included an invasion of France among his other exploits, and his horse, Babieca, lived to be sixty years old.

Rudello: Jaufré Rudel, a famous troubadour. Cp. notes on p. 330.

p. 134.

Peterno Monte: the mountain of Purgatory.

vola a Dio: refers to the flight of Dante with Beatrice through the nine heavens to the Empyrean, described in the *Paradiso*. The rhyme used by Dante was *terza rima*.

un ribelle: because he is the author of the unrhymed *Barbarian Odes*.

un fiore per l'amore: cp. *Op.*, vol. iv. p. 94, where in his letter to Filopanti on the 'Hymn to Satan' he says: 'It is true: in my quiver—to speak like Pindar now that I am in the vein for it—I keep arrows, some sharp, like stings, others poisoned as well . . . for *you* I have nothing but garlands of flowers, flowers born in the pure air of the free mountains.'

p. 136. IL SONETTO.

This may have been suggested by Wordsworth's well-known sonnet on the sonnet beginning 'Scorn not the sonnet, critic,' but more likely by this of Platen's :—

Sonette dichtete mit edlem Feuer
Ein Mann, der willig trug der Liebe Kette ;
Er sang sie der vergötterten Laurette,
Im Leben ihm und nach dem Leben teuer.

Und also sang auch manches Abenteuer
In schmelzend musikalischem Sonette
Ein Held, der einst durch wildes Wogenbette
Mit seinem Liede schwamm, als seinem Steuer.

Der Deutsche hat sich beigesellt, ein dritter,
Dem Florentiner und dem Portugiesen,
Und sang geharnischte für kühne Ritter.

Auf diese folg' ich, die sich gross erwiesen,
Nur wie ein Ährenleser folgt dem Schnitter,
Denn nicht als vierter wag' ich mich zu diesen.

la mantuana ambrosia e'l venosino miel : the Mantuan ambrosia is the verse of Virgil, who was born at Mantua ; the Venusian honey is that of Horace, who was born at Venusia in Apulia. The muses of Tibur are those of Horace, who had a villa at Tibur (Tivoli) on the Sabine Hills, some fifteen miles from Rome.

Torquato : Torquato Tasso (1544-95), poet ; author of the *Gerusalemme liberata* and a famous 'coronal' of sonnets. He is more Virgilian than any other Italian poet.

Alfier : Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803), the greatest Italian dramatist, whose passion for freedom and hatred of tyranny first roused eighteenth-century Italy to a sense of her degradation. He wrote many political sonnets, in one of the best known of which he imagines himself thus addressed by a future liberated Italy :—

O vate nostro, in pravi
Secoli nato, eppur create hai queste
Sublime età che profetando andavi.

As pre-eminently *THE vate d' Italia*, he was Carducci's ideal. Cp. the reference to him in 'Piemonte,' p. 260 ; note, p. 332.

Ugo : Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827), born at Zante of Greek parentage. He was a great patriot and a great poet. His sonnet 'A Zacinto' ends thus :—

Tu non altro che il canto avrai del figlio,
O materna mia terra : a noi prescisse
Il fato illacrimata sepoltura.

sesto io no : cp. Platen's 'nicht als vierter' quoted above, and Dante, *Inf.*, iv. 102, 'fui sesto tra cotanto senno.'

COLLOQUI CON GLI ALBERI.

eversor : a Latinism = *destruggitore*.

p. 138. IL BOVE.

This is Carducci's most famous sonnet. The translation

p. 138. of *pio* in the first line is difficult. Our *pious* does not give the meaning. I have written 'holy' as possibly best suggesting the sense that the ox is dedicated to the service of man in the manner of a priest or saint. This metaphor is further worked out later, where the breath of the ox is compared to incense, its lowing to a hymn. Cp. Keats's 'ocean at its *priest-like* task of pure ablution round earth's human shores.'

p. 140. FUNERE MERSIT ACERBO.

For the title cp. Virg., *Æn.*, vi. 429.

Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.

The poet's brother Dante ('grande e santo nome') committed suicide, 4th November 1857; his son Dante (also named Bruto Augusto), died, aged three, 9th November 1870. Cp. Introduction, p. 10, and Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 179; also Mazz. and Picc., *Ant. Card.*, p. 434, for a full description of the child's death.

The boy died of a fever, and in intervals of consciousness, wrote Carducci, 'chiamava la sua mamma.' The poet describes his son in the same letter as being 'a fine, tall, big boy who seemed a miracle for his age. He was unusually good, strong, and affectionate. How he loved his mother, and what things he would say to her! He used to shout "Salute, o Satana, o ribellione," beating his little hands on the table and stamping on the floor.'

The whole poem, and especially the simple pathos of the close, is very similar to many epitaphs in the Greek anthology, *e.g.* this one:—

χαίρειν τὸν κατὰ γᾶς εἶπας, ξένε, Διογένη με
βαῖν' ἐπὶ σὴν πρᾶξιν τύγχανέ θ' ὧν ἐθέλεις.
'Εννεακαίδεκατῆς γὰρ ὑπὸ στνυγερᾶς ἑδαμάσθην
νούσον καὶ λείπω τὸν γλυκὺν ἄελιον.

SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI.

This sonnet was written in 1877, about the same time as the 'Canto d' Amore.' Cp. Introduction, p. 14.

Questa cupola bella: over the original little chapel of the Portiuncula, which was restored by St. Francis himself, and given to him by the abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Monte Subasio, on condition that it should become the Mother Church of the Order, Pius v. built the great domed Basilica of Sta Maria degli Angeli in 1569. The chapel stands exactly under the dome. The architect was Giacomo Barozzi, called il Vignola.

Laudato sia, signore: quoted from St. Francis' hymn 'Laudes Creaturarum,' written in Umbrian dialect (the 'Canto d' Amore').

Laudatu sî' mi signore, per sora nostra morte corporale,
Da la quale nullu homo vivente po skampare.

p. 142. DANTE.

che ti fè già macro: cp. *Par.*, xxv. 1-3.

il poema sacro
al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra
sì che m' ha fatto per più anni macro.

- p. 142. Carducci's own numerous contributions to the study of Dante (cp. especially *Op.*, vol. viii.), are among the most brilliant productions of modern scholarship.

Lucia, Matelda, Beatrice : the three chief allegorical female figures in the *Divina Commedia*.

For Lucia's prayer (Lucia = illuminating grace) cp. *Inf.*, ii. 103-8. Matelda (the Active Life) bathed Dante in Lethe (*Purg.*, xxxi. 100-5) and in Eunoe (*Purg.*, xxxiii. 127 to end). Beatrice (Theology) escorted Dante through the Heavens.

Federico : the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was defeated by the Lombard League at Legnano between the Olona and the Ticino, 29th May 1176. Cp. note on the poem 'Sui campi di Marengo,' p. 315.

'HO IL CONSIGLIO A DISPETTO.'

Giovenal : Juvenal (flor. 100 A.D.), the great Roman satirist, wrote in hexameters. The Glyconic is a metre used in light lyrical poetry. Cp. Introduction, p. 77.

- p. 144. SOLE E AMORE.

la cattedrale : obviously Milan Cathedral, described again in 'Ideale,' p. 194, on which see note. With the 'il sol benigno' cp. the 'Benigno è il sol' of 'Classicismo e Romanticismo,' p. 170.

'QUI REGNA AMORE.'

The title and the theme are taken from Petrarch's canzone 'Chiare, fresche e dolci acque.'

Qual fior cadea su 'l lembo
qual su le treccie bionde,
ch' oro forbito e perle
eran quel dì a vederle ;
qual si posava in terra, e qual su l'onde ;
qual con un vago errore
girando pareva dir.—*Qui regna Amore.*

- p. 146. ORA E SEMPRE.

Garibaldi represents the man of action, *Now* ; Mazzini of ideas, *Always*. The former was a native of Nice, the latter of Genoa.

Staglieno : lies a few miles north of Genoa, and looks out towards Caprera. Mazzini is buried there.

Caprera : Garibaldi's island home. He is buried there.

TRAVERSANDO LA MAREMMA TOSCANA.

This sonnet was composed in April 1885 in the train between Leghorn and Rome.

- p. 148. PIANTO ANTICO.

Written 1871. See note to 'Funere mersit acerbo,' p. 311.

TEDIO INVERNALE.

Valmichi : Valmiki, reputed author of the Hindoo epic the 'Râmâyâna.' He and Homer are here quoted as typical singers of a golden age.

- p. 154. MATTINATA.

'The poem consists of three *rispetti* (love-ditties) resuming, in artistic form, a motive familiar to popular poetry. The tone is popular as well as the rhymes. The first and last *rispetto* answer to each other in the quartina with rhymes and assonances.'

p. 156. VISIONE.

This is a sonnet in decasyllables, not, as usual, in hendecasyllables. Each line is composed of two *quinari accoppiati* (cp. Introduction, p. 60), the skilful management of which produces the exceptionally beautiful melody. D'Annunzio himself never wrote anything more musical.

PRIMAVERE ELLENICHE (DORICA).

This forms the second of three poems called 'The Springs of Hellas,' and named respectively Æolic, Dorian, and Alexandrine, after three great centres of ancient Greek civilisation, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Alexandria. Theocritus of Syracuse, who wrote bucolic idylls in the Doric dialect in the third century B.C., and lived and composed poetry at different times in all three localities (although he is perhaps pre-eminently Sicilian), is Carducci's model in these poems, which prepare the way, not only by their spirit but by their metre, for the *Barbarian Odes*.

Sicily is the scene of this poem; hence it is the most Theocritean of the three.

il Ionio: the Ionian Sea. For the sea-nymph Galatea cp. Theocritus, xi. Acis was her lover.

Erice: Mount Eryx, now called Monte San Giuliano, towers above Trapani (Drepanum), in the extreme west of Sicily. On its summit there was a famous temple of Aphrodite, Virgil's Venus Erycina.

p. 158. *Ennea*: it was while gathering flowers in the plain of Enna that Persephone was carried off to Hades by Pluto. The story is told in Ovid.

tebano inno: of Pindar's *Olympian Odes* the first is in honour of Hieron, tyrant of Syracuse; the second of Theron of Akragas (Girgenti), who won the chariot race in 472 and 476 B.C. respectively.

Nebrodi monti: the Nebrodian Mountains, the range which is the continuation of the Apennines into Sicily.

—*Oh di Pèlope re*: Carducci translated these two verses literally from Theocritus, viii. 53.

μή μοι γὰν Πέλοπος, μή μοι χρύσεια τάλαντα
εἷη ἔχειν, μηδὲ πρόσθε θέειν ἀνέμων·
ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τᾷ πέτρᾳ τᾷδ' ἄσομαι, ἀγκὰς ἔχων τυ,
σύννομα μᾶλ' ἔσορῶν, τὰν Σικελὰν ἐς ἅλα.

in un bel vel di Beatrice: Lina, the lady to whom the poet addresses the poem, is as ideally beautiful to him as Beatrice was to Dante. She has the Argive or Greek soul, and thus will be able to enter into the spirit of the pagan world to which he is now going to transport her.

p. 160. *Ciprigna*: Aphrodite of Paphos in Cyprus.

nepente: νηπενθές = lit. banishing pain. Cp. Homer, *Od.*, iv. 220, where Helen, wife of Menelaus, pours it into the wine of Telemachus and Peisistratus, who were visiting her husband.

αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον,
νηπενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπιληθον ἀπάντων.

p. 162. *Ila*: Hylas, the page of Herakles, who was enticed by nymphs beneath a stream.

- p. 162. *mele ascreo* : Ascrean honey. Ascrea was a Bœotian town, where Hesiod was born.

Alceo : Alceus of Lesbos (seventh century B.C.), the famous Æolian lyric poet who is said to have invented the Alcaic metre.

- p. 164. RIMEMBRANZE DI SCUOLA.

This poem (in endecasillabi sciolti) is obviously written in the style of Leopardi. Cp., for instance, the latter's *Ricordanze*.

- p. 166. IDILLIO MAREMMANO.

The scene of the poem is the Tuscan Maremma near Bolgheri, Carducci's old home. 'La bionda Maria' died, an old lady (twice married), about the same time as the poet.

- p. 170. CLASSICISMO E ROMANTICISMO.

For the spirit running through this poem cp. Goethe's 'Klassisch ist das Gesunde, Romantisch das Kranke.' Cp. also the attack on the Romantics in 'Intermezzo.'

Celeste paolotta : Paolotta, a member of the sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul.

- p. 172. DAVANTI SAN GUIDO.

The poem is addressed to an avenue of cypresses from the train on the main line between Pisa and Rome. By the railway runs the main road. The avenue stretches inland at right angles to the road in a perfectly straight line to the village of Bolgheri. In length it is three kilometres. A little to the side of the point at which it joins the main road stands the tiny chapel of San Guido, and at the end of the avenue itself a small obelisk has now been placed to commemorate this poem.

The metre of my translation is intended to be scanned by *beat*, not by the number of the syllables in the line, and can only be properly judged if read aloud.

ira non ti serbiam : cp. *Op.*, vol. iii. p. 144, where Carducci, speaking of the games he used to play as a child with other boys, says : 'La nostra repubblica consisteva di ragunanze tumultuose e di battaglie a colpi di sassi e bastoni, con le quali intendevamo riprodurre i più bei fatti de' bei tempi di Roma e della rivoluzione francese.'

- p. 176. *La Titti* : the diminutive for Libertà, who was the youngest of Carducci's three daughters, and was at this time (1874) two years old.

un manzoniano : the poet refers to those men of letters of the school of Manzoni, who were as indiscriminating in their blind admiration of their master as they were unscrupulous in begging lucrative positions from the State, on the strength of upholding Manzoni's ideas, which, as a matter of fact, they either did not understand or grossly travestied. Cp. Carducci's attack on Guerzoni (*Op.*, vol. iv. pp. 204-46), and on Rovani and Ferrari (*Op.*, vol. iii.). 'A proposito di alcuni giudizi su Alessandro Manzoni.'

Nonna Lucia : Lucia Galleni of Serravezza, who married Giuseppe Carducci of Pietrasanta (29th October 1792), grandfather of the poet. She had three children, of whom Michele, the youngest (born 27th March 1808), was the poet's father. For details about Carducci's family cp. G. Pascoli, *Commemorazione di G. Card. nella nativa Pietrasanta*, note, p. 45.

p. 176. *stenterelli*: the *stenterello* was the Florentine mask buffoon. Since the beginning of the century the Italian world of letters had been agitated over the question as to what was or ought to be the national language. Was it to be modelled on that of the *trecentisti*, was it to be left to develop as it liked, or was it to be the Tuscan dialect? Manzoni's theory, formulated in the 'Proposta manzoniana' of 1868, was that the *lingua parlata* of the educated Florentine is Italian at its purest. His followers went to absurd extremes, and held that the best Tuscan was the slang spoken in the back streets of Florence and on the low comic stage. With this 'Manzonianism' Carducci contrasts the pure Tuscan dialect of Nonna Lucia's old folk-songs.

sirventese: as opposed to the 'chanson' of the troubadours the 'sirventese' was a personal or political poem, didactic, sententious, or narrative, with its own peculiar metre.

p. 178. *polledri* (usually *poledri*, *puledri*): symbolise the hopes and aspirations of youth, the ass the stern, dull reality of the present. Or the meaning may be that 'the poet is like the colts which he sees there scampering eagerly after the train as it goes by their pasture, not like the wise ass, who never once takes her eyes off her thistle' (Mr. John Bailey).

SU I CAMPI DI MARENGO.

'The subject of this poem is an episode in the sixth expedition of Frederick I. into Italy, related and commented on by Quinet in *Les révolutions d'Italie*, lib. i. ch. iv.' (G. C.).

This invasion of Italy took place in 1174. Frederick had been repulsed in an attempt to take Alexandria, and his army lay surrounded, on Easter Eve, at the mercy of the Lombard League. 'All seemed finished,' says Quinet, 'but the German Empire was saved through the fascination still exercised by the ancient imperial "right divine." The Italians, who had the Emperor in their power, scrupled to take profit of their advantage to injure him. . . . That enemy, now at their mercy, who placed an impost on every new-born child, who levied a quarter of every worker's pay, thus drying up the sources of life and labour, was he not still perhaps their rightful overlord? And could the slave hinder the passage of his master without making himself guilty of *lèse-majesté*? The spirit of these feudal republicans could not rid itself of this doctrine, skilfully diffused, and at sunrise the Italian army opened its ranks, giving free passage to Frederick and his Germans.'

The form of the poem is, as M. Jeanroy points out, modelled on Uhland's 'König Karls Meerfahrt,' though it surpasses the German poem in every respect.

p. 182. A VITTORE HUGO.

This poem, purposely written in the style of Victor Hugo, which it very successfully recaptures, was recited at a banquet in Bologna on the seventy-ninth anniversary of the great French poet's birth.

The metre, a close imitation of the French Alexandrine, is called *Settenario doppio* or *verso martelliano*.

Impero e imperator: Napoleon III. and the second French Empire, upon which Victor Hugo 'set his foot' in *Les Châtiments*.

- p. 184. *tettòsagi carri*: 'This verse alludes to the conquest of Asia Minor by the Gauls in 278 B.C., one of whose tribes encamped on the ruins of Troy, *εἰς τὴν πόλιν Ἰλίου* (Strabo, xiii.)' (G. C.).

Goffredo . . . Marceau: Godfrey was the crusader king of Jerusalem; Bayard, the 'chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,' was the famous French captain of the wars of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., killed in battle 1524; François Séverin Marceau (1769-96) was the French general who distinguished himself in Vendée and at Fleurus, and was killed at Alten-Kirchen.

Trieste: for Carducci's connection with Trieste, and on the subject of his irredentism generally, cp. Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 212 foll. The poet visited Trieste, and was enthusiastically received there, in July 1878.

Cp. also his articles on the execution of Oberdan (*Op.*, vol. xii.) and his poem 'Saluto Italico' (*Poesie*, p. 850).

La Vittoria di Brescia: this statue of Victory was discovered in the temple of Vespasian at Brescia, 1826. To it is addressed the magnificent Barbarian ode 'alla Vittoria' (well translated by Garnett, *Italian Lit.*, p. 399), which was a favourite poem of the Queen of Italy's.

- p. 186. IL RE DI TULE.

I give this as a specimen of the many translations which Carducci made from the German. The poem is Margarethe's song from Goethe's *Faust*, and though the original is so familiar, I append it here for the sake of comparison:—

Es war ein König in Thule,
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem sterbend seine Buhle
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich,
Gönnt' alles seinem Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er sass beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Vätersaale,
Dort auf dem Schloss am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensglut,
Und warf den heiligen Becher
Hinunter in die Flut.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken,
Und sinken tief in 's Meer,
Die Augen thäten ihm sinken,
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

p. 186. IL POETA.

For the metre see note to 'Alla Rima' (p. 309). The poem should be compared with Théophile Gautier's poem 'L'Art' in *Émaux et Camées*, especially the verses quoted by Carducci himself in the Preface to *Odi Barbare*.

Point de contrainte fausse !
Mais que pour marcher droit
Tu chausses,
Muse, un cothurne étroit.

Fi du rythme commode,
Comme un soulier trop grand
Du mode
Que tout pied quitte et prend.

Sculpte, lime, cisèle ;
Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle
Dans le bloc résistant.

The 'Preludio' of the *Odi Barbare* expresses much the same idea.

p. 188. *co'l naso sempre a l'aria* : obviously reminiscent of Horace, *Ars poet.*, l. 457.

hic, dum sublimis versus ructatur et errat
si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
in puteum foveamve licet, 'Succurrite,' longum
clamet, 'Io cives !' non sit qui tollere curet.

artiere : Dante uses the same metaphor in speaking of Arnaut Daniel (*Purg.*, xxvi. 117).

questi . . .
Fu miglior *fabbro* del parlar materno.

p. 194. PRELUDIO.

Metre : Sapphic. Cp. Introduction, p. 76.

strophe : the chorus in a Greek play was written in strophe and anti-strophe (turn and counter-turn), but besides being sung it was also *danced* to music.

evia : cp. Horace, *Od.*, iii. 25, 9, for the picture.

non secus in iugis
exsomnis stupet *Euias*
Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam
Thracen et *pede barbaro*
lustratam Rhodopen.

IDEALE.

Metre : Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74.

Hebe (Ἥβη) : Greek goddess of youth, wife of Herakles after his apotheosis.

p. 196. *La dolce fanciulla di Jesse* : the Virgin Mary. The cathedral is that of Milan. As so often in Carducci, a parallel prose passage provides a commentary to the poem. Cp. *Op.*, vol. i. p. 258 (in a lecture on Petrarch delivered July 1874), where he pictures the Pope and Emperor like two luminaries setting ; while between them rise 'il nome e l' idea

- p. 196. d'Italia,' which any one studying the fourteenth century might compare, he says, 'al duomo di Milano . . . una selva di guglie. . . . Sta su tutte più snellamente aerea e splendida d'oro la guglia che sostiene la Vergine : e questa, se ai vicini non pare dispiccarsi tanto su le altre e tra le altre, apparisce ai lontani solenne e sublime dominatrice dell' immenso e leggiadro tempio tutto e solo fatto per lei.'

a l'albe : the May-dawns are the happy future, the November sunsets the sad past. The light of the Ideal shines on both, just as the statue crowns both the black and the white marble spires.

NELL' ANNUALE DELLA FONDAZIONE DI ROMA.

Metre : Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74.

This poem was written after Carducci's second visit to Rome in March 1877, and was at first entitled 'The 21st of April of the Year 2630 after the Foundation of Rome.'

solco di Romolo : Rome was founded 753 B.C. *il solco* refers to the furrow ploughed by Romulus to mark the bounds of his city wall.

Cp. Ovid, *Fast.*, iv. 819, 835 :

apta dies legitur, qua moenia signet aratro . . .
augurio laeti iaciunt fundamina cives
et novus exiguo tempore murus erat.

Flora di nostra gente : Flora was the goddess of flowers and spring. Cp. *Juvenilia*, 'Canto di primavera' (*Poesie*, p. 49).

Te allor, cinti la chioma
De l'arbuscel di Venere,
Canterem, madre Roma ;
Te del cui santo nascere
Il lieto April s'onora,
Te della nostra gente arcana Flora.

Non più la vergine tacita : the Pontifex Maximus and the Virgo Maxima (chief of the Vestal virgins) used to ascend the Capitol to the temple of Jupiter on the Ides of every March to offer prayers for the salubrity of the coming year.

Cp. Horace, *Od.*, iii. 30, 8.

dum Capitolium
scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.

- p. 198. *Chi disconosceti* : 'He alludes,' says Picciola (*Ant. Card.*, p. 111), 'to Theodore Mommsen, who tried to depreciate the importance and efficacy of Latin civilisation, and denied to Italy and Rome the sense of art and poetry.'

Ecco, a te questa Italia ritorna : i.e. on 20th September 1870, when Rome once more became capital of a united Italy.

- p. 200. ALLE FONTI DEL CLITUMNO.

Metre : Sapphic. Cp. Introduction, p. 76. The metre of my translation is modelled on that of Swinburne's 'Sapphics,' and imitates the Greek cadence, which is more suited to English than the 'needy knife-grinder' type.

Carducci visited the Clitumnus in June 1876, and this poem was published in October of that year. It is considered by

p. 200. many to be his masterpiece, and certainly almost every side of Carducci, the man and the poet, finds expression in it.

Among references to the Clitumnus in Latin literature, Pliny's *Letters*, viii. 8, is the *locus classicus* of which constant use is made in this poem. The Clitumnus is a small stream rising on the 'Colle Pissignano,' not far from Spoleto in Umbria. Pliny describes its water as being 'so pellucid and crystalline that you can count the coins and the pebbles thrown into it, shining on the bottom.' 'Its banks,' he adds, 'are clothed with quantities of ash-trees and poplars, the green outline of which is reflected on the clear surface as though they were plunged in the stream. . . . Near by is situated an ancient and venerable temple, in which stands the god Clitumnus himself, robed and adorned with the Roman toga. His oracles (*sortes*) attest that he is a powerful and prophetic deity. Scattered round are several small chapels with as many gods, each with his own cult, his own name, some with their own fountains.'

Other references from the classical poets (Virgil, Propertius, Silius Italicus, Statius, Juvenal, and Claudian) are collected by D. Ferrari, *Saggio d'interpretazione*, pp. 21-4.

Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv. 66, 67, thus refers to the Clitumnus :—

But thou, Clitumnus, in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes : the purest god of gentle waters !
And most serene of aspect and most clear ;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters.

And on thy happy shores a Temple still
Of small and delicate proportions keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee : beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness : oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps :
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

dal monte : Colle Pissignano, the 'modicus collis antiqua cupresso nemorosus et opacus' of Pliny, *op. cit.*

adusta : burnt up, dried up by the sun, as opposed to the round, smiling face of the child.

de' bei giovenchi . . . nivei : the *albi greges* of Virgil (*Georg.*, ii. 146). Cp. also Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome*, 'Horatius.'

Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer.

piangente salcio : the weeping willow symbolises humility, a virtue unknown to pre-Christian ages, and stands for romantic poetry generally.

p. 202. *fatali canta carmi*: cp. the 'praesens numen atque etiam fatidicum' of Pliny, *op. cit.*

tre imperi: the three empires were the Umbrian, Etruscan, and Roman. The *vels* (velite) was a light-armed soldier. *Duelli* archaic for *bella*=wars.

la forte Etruria crebbe: cp. Virg., *Georg.*, ii. 533.

sic fortis Etruria crevit.

le congiunte ville (villa, Dantesque=town): were the allied Etruscan cities who attacked Sutrium, a town friendly to Rome, in 311 B.C. In the following year Quintus Fabius, the consul, led a Roman army against them. He penetrated the Ciminian forest (silva Ciminia), hitherto believed impassable, and occupied the Ciminus Mons, whence he descended and conquered the Etruscans. 'Itaque a Perusia et Cortona et Arretio, quae ferme capita Etruriae populorum ea tempestate erant, legati pacem foedusque ab Romanis petentes indutias in triginta annos impetraverunt' (cp. Livy, ix. ch. 32-7).

Gradivo: Gradivus (from *gradior*=to march) pater, a surname of Mars. *A gran passi*=*magnis itineribus*, by forced marches.

Trasimeno: Lake Trasimene in Etruria, where in 217 B.C. the Roman consul Flaminius suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of Hannibal, the Carthaginian.

Mevania: Propertius's 'nebulosa Mevania' (lib. iv. 1, 23), now Bevagna, an Etruscan town near the Clitumnus.

'ingentem pascens Mevania taurum' (Sil. Ital., *Pun.*, vi. 647).

Nar: a tributary of the Tiber.

Todi: Tuder, an Etruscan town, called by Silius Italicus 'Gradivicola' (*Pun.*, iv. 222).

Annibal diro: 'dirus' was a favourite epithet of Horace for Hannibal—e.g. *Od.*, iii. 6, 36: 'Hannibalemque dirum.' At Spoleto (cp. Livy, xxii.) Hannibal, who had gone there after Trasimene, was repulsed with great loss.

p. 204. *Nel sereno gorgo*: cp. Pliny (*op. cit.*), 'eluctatusque, quem facit, gurgitem lato gremio patescit purus,' etc.

sepolta foresta: refers to the reflection. Cp. Shelley's

Wherein the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there,

and Pliny's reference to the reflection quoted above.

Camesena: Camesna=Camena, perhaps the same as the Italian muse. Who she was is uncertain. Servius (on Virg., *Æn.*, viii. 330) and Macrobius (*Sat.*, i. 7, 19) both refer to her. Cp. Mazz. and Picc., *Ant. Card.*, p. 124, for a long note on the subject.

p. 206. *Non più perfusi*: cp. Virg., *Georg.*, ii. 146:

hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
victima, saepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa deûm duxere triumphos.

- p. 206. —*Portala e servi*: cp. Matt. xvi. 24.
Fuggîr le ninfe: cp. 'Primavere Elleniche,' p. 160.

A Christo in faccia irrigidî ne i marmi
 Il puro fior di lor bellezze ignude.

una strana compagnia: i.e. the early Christian ascetic who, as the poet had already exclaimed in the 'Hymn to Satan':—

Con sacra fiaccola
 I templi t'arse
 E i segni argolici
 A terra sparse.

Most of the marble in Roman churches is the spoil of the old Roman temples. The greatest Vandals were the Popes.

strappâr le turbe: a literal interpretation of Luke xii. 53.

maledicenti: this stanza refers to the Christian anchorite and to the Flagellant orders.

- p. 208. *de l' Ilisso . . . del Tibro*: the two rivers stand for Athens and Rome respectively.

E tu, pia madre: cp. Virg., *Georg.*, ii. 173:

salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
 magna virûm; tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
 ingredior sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

Il vapore: the locomotive, as in the 'Hymn to Satan,' symbolises the advance of modern science and industry.

IN UNA CHIESA GOTICA.

Metre: Asclepiad. Cp. Introduction, p. 77, (2). The Gothic church was probably San Petronio in Bologna.

- p. 210. *Anche ei . . . Allighier*: cp. *Vit. Nuov.*, v. 'Un giorno avvenne, che questa gentilissima sedea in parte, ove s'udiano parole della Regina della gloria, ed io era in luogo, dal quale vedea la mia beatitudine.'

gemmeo pallore: cp. *Vit. Nuov.*, xix., 'Canzone prima.'

Color di perla quasi informa, quale
 Conviene a donna aver, non fuor misura.

The word *femina* D. Ferrari calls 'non bello' in this context as applied to Beatrice, of whom Dante says (*Vit. Nuov.*, xxvi.), 'Non è femmina, anzi è uno de li bellissimi angeli del cielo.' *Femina* is a mere sex appellation.

il candido vel: Dante represents Beatrice as wearing a white veil in *Purg.*, xxx. 30.

sopra candido vel cinta d'oliva.

Fiesole: Villani (*Cronica*, i. 7) tells how Fiesole, the village on the hills north-east of Florence, was founded by King Atalante, great-great-grandson of Japheth, the son of Noah. The same historian connects its destruction with the foundation of Florence after the failure of the Catilinarian conspiracy, 63 B.C. Cp. also Dante, *Par.*, xv. 126. *Apollo*=the sun.

E. Dante ascendere: cp. *Vit. Nuov.*, xxiii., where, however, it is not in a church that Dante sees Beatrice transfigured.

p. 212. *raggiante in pario marmor* : cp. Horace, i. 19, 5.

Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius.

Bacchilide : of Ceos. Bacchylides was a nephew of Simonides, and one of the great Greek lyric poets. Flourished about 470 B.C.

SIRMIONE.

Metre : Pythiambic (1). Cp. Introduction, p. 79.

With this poem compare Tennyson's well-known lines :—

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row !
So they rowed, and there we landed—'O venusta Sirmio !'
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers
grow,
Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
'Frater Ave atque Vale'—as we wandered to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio,

and Catullus, xxxi., beginning :—

Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle.

Sirmio is a small peninsula on the southern shore of the Lago di Garda.

il Benaco : Benacus was the Latin name for the Garda Lake.

Baldo : a mountain to the east of the lake. *Monte Gu (monte aigü)* lies to the north of Salò.

p. 214. *regine barbare* : the Rocca di Garda, rising above the town of Garda, is crowned with the ruins of a castle, in which Queen Adelaide, wife of Lothaire and afterwards of Otho the Great, was imprisoned by Berengar II., Marquis of Ivrea, in the tenth century A.D.

Valerio Catullo : Valerius Catullus (87-47 B.C.), the greatest of the Roman lyric poets, who had a villa on the peninsula of Sirmio. Cp. his poem above quoted.

Lesbia : the lady who inspired most of Catullus's best poems, generally identified with the abandoned Clodia, sister of P. Clodius Pulcher, Cicero's enemy.

mentr' ella stancava : this couplet is almost literally translated from Catull., lviii.

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc in quadriviis et angiportis
Glubit magnanimi Remi nepotes.

Cintia : = Cynthia, the moon.

p. 216. *Peschiera* : a town on the south-east of Lago di Garda, at the point where the Mincio, flowing from Mantua, Virgil's birth-place, enters the lake. The swans symbolise the songs of Catullus. Cp. Virg., *Ecl.*, ix. 29.

p. 216. *Bianore*: Bianor or Ocnus (cp. Virg., *Æn.*, x. 198; Dante, *Inf.*, xx. 55), son of Tiberis and Manto, mythical founder of Mantua, which he named after his mother.

la torre Scaligera: there is a ruined castle of the Scaligers of Verona at Sirmio, in which tradition says that Dante stayed while taking refuge with Bartolommeo della Scala, one of that family, during his exile, about 1303.

—*Suso in Italia bella*—: quoted from *Inf.*, xx. 61.

Suso in Italia bella giace un laco
al piè dell' alpe, che serra Lamagna
sopra Tiralli, ch' ha nome Benaco.

PER LA MORTE NAPOLEONE EUGENIO.

Metre: Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74.

'The first verses of the Ode on Napoleon . . . he wrote in the interval between two examinations at the University, after reading in the papers the account of the young prince's death. He went out to Zanichelli's bookshop, asked for a map of Ajaccio, examined it a moment, sent for an illustrated paper, which contained a picture of the house where Buonaparte was born, and then returned home and finished the ode between that same evening and the next morning' (Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 211).

This poem illustrates Carducci's favourite theory, which is first definitely put forward in the epode on the death of Corazzini, that there exists a historical Nemesis which visits the sins of the fathers upon the children. He warmly repudiated the suggestion that this Nemesis was only the avenging Deity of the Fourth Commandment under another name. The Prince Imperial's death, he says (*Op.*, vol. xii. p. 40), is an instance of the working of 'a great historical law, which is the sanction of justice and morality. Whoever interrupts justice, whoever puts his own will in the place of the national will, . . . violence in the place of law, that man . . . sows the seeds of revolutions and reactions which will break out against himself, involving in his own ruin the dynastic representatives of usurpation and violation.' Examples of such men were the two Emperors Napoleon, both of them victims eventually of their own lawless ambitions, both of them involving in their own fall the ruin of their respective sons.

In 'Miramar' (*Poesie*, p. 854) and in 'Alle Valchirie' (p. 286) the same notion of an avenging Nemesis is used with great effect. M. Tommasini-Mattiucci suggests that the poet took the idea from Cattaneo (cp. his *Il pensiero di C. Cattaneo e di G. Mazzini nelle poesie di G. Carducci*, pp. 22-7).

Questo: Napoléon Eugène, Prince Imperial, enlisted in the British army, and was killed in a skirmish in the Zulu war in South Africa, June 1879.

He was the only son of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, and was twenty-three years old at the time of his death.

L'altro: Napoleon II., King of Rome, son of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise of Austria. After his father's abdication he was removed, a child of four, by Metternich to Schönbrunn in Austria, and kept in more or less close confinement till his death, 22nd July 1832. In Austria he was known as Francis, Duke of Reichstadt, and was only twenty-one when he died.

- p. 216. The tragedy of his life is the subject of Rostand's great play *L'Aiglon*, and the poems of Victor Hugo abound in references to the Eaglet and to Napoleon I. (the Eagle).

come pallido giacinto : cp. Virg., *Æn.*, xi. 69.

ambo a le madre lungi : after the fall of Napoleon, Marie Louise became Duchess of Parma, whither she retired, leaving her son to his fate. She was, however, actually present at his death-bed.

The Empress Eugénie was living in exile at Chiselhurst in Kent at the time of her son's death in Africa.

- p. 218. *Ortensia* : Hortense Beauharnais, wife of Louis Napoleon, mother of Napoleon III.

re di Roma : his father conferred the title 'King of Rome' upon Napoleon II. immediately after he was born.

Sevastopoli : the fall of Sevastopol, 8th September 1855, brought the Crimean war to an end. Napoleon III. was never more powerful than at this time, and his joy was crowned by the birth of his heir, 16th March 1856.

La Colonna : this column stood in the Place Vendôme at Paris. It was erected by Napoleon I., and was plated with bronze made from cannon captured at Austerlitz. Cp. Victor Hugo, *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, p. 29.

Le moule en était fait d'une de ses pensées
 Dans la fournaise ardente il jetait à brassées
 Les canons ennemis.

It was destroyed by the Commune in 1871. In this passage it symbolises the glory of France, and more especially of the Buonaparte family.

Ma di dicembre : on 2nd December 1851 Napoleon III., then President of the second French Republic, effected the *coup d'état* by which he seized the imperial throne. 'His son,' says Carducci (*Op.*, vol. xii. p. 41), 'would not have gone to be butchered by Zulus if the father, in order to make himself Emperor, had not had the poor children shot in front of the Café Tortoni, as they were coming home from school, playthings in hand.' Cp. Victor Hugo's 'Souvenir de la nuit du 4' in *Les Châtiments*, p. 81.

The 18th of Brumaire (9th November 1799) was the date of Napoleon the First's *coup d'état*, when he turned out the Directory and made himself First Consul.

Neither *coup d'état* was accomplished without bloodshed ; both were recorded by 'Nemesi al suo ferreo registro.'

Aiaccio : Ajaccio, capital of Corsica, the native town of the Buonaparte family.

Letizia (Lat. *laetitia*=joy) : Letizia Ramolino married Carlo Buonaparte in 1767. She was a beautiful and clever woman. Her children were Napoleon I., Emperor of the French ; Joseph, King of Spain ; Louis, King of Holland (father of Napoleon III.) ; Jerome, King of Westphalia ; Lucien, Prince of Comino ; Elisa, Princess of Lucca and Piombino ; Maria Paolina, Duchess of Guastalla, wife of Prince Camillo Borghese ; and Carolina Maria Annunciata, Queen of Naples (wife of Murat).

fra il mare e Dio : 'I intended by these lines,' says the poet (*Op.*, vol. xii. p. 42), 'to raise in relief as background to

- p. 218. the ruined Buonapartes, the Great Unknown—God, in whom the Corsican believed, when practically all France and the larger part of fashionable Europe abandoned Him to the consumption of the lower classes or reserved Him in certain cases for theatrical ornamentation ; when Science, speaking through Laplace to the very face of the First Consul, rejected Him as an unnecessary hypothesis.’
- p. 220. *da l’Americhe* : Jerome Buonaparte-Paterson, son of Jerome, King of Westphalia, died in Baltimore, Napoleon III. at Chiselhurst, the Prince Imperial in South Africa.

A GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

Metre : Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74.

This ode was written, 3rd November 1880, for the thirteenth anniversary of the battle of Mentana (cp. note on p. 303), the occasion being the unveiling of a monument at Milan in memory of those who died in the battle.

Il dittatore : Garibaldi had been Dictator in Sicily and Naples before handing over his conquest to Vittorio Emanuele in October 1860. The word is purposely used here to call up memories of the hero’s greatest victories.

The two first stanzas describe the march from Monterotondo, whither the Garibaldians had retired after the battle, to Passo Corese on the night of 3rd November 1867. The retreat began at eight o’clock. Carducci’s account draws for its facts on two sources, the *Life of Garibaldi* by Guerzoni and Mario’s *Life of Garibaldi*. In the latter the retreat from Mentana is thus described : ‘The General rode at the head of the mournful (*lugubre*) procession silent and alone. No one spoke, nothing was heard but the tramp of slow footsteps, while the leaden-coloured sky formed an appropriate atmosphere to the picture.’ Carducci purposely chooses onomatopœic words.

Ponta dei secoli : in this Dantesque phrase Carducci refers to the meeting between Charlemagne and Pope Leo III. at Nomentum in 800 A.D., at which the union between Church and State (Pietro e Cesare) was ratified by the renewal of the Donation of Constantine, and from which dates the subjection of Italy for so many centuries to either one power or the other. Garibaldi’s defeat at Nomentum (Mentana) was, nevertheless, a *moral* victory, because an assertion of the right of the Italians to be masters of Rome.

Aspromonte : near Reggio, where Garibaldi was arrested on 29th August 1862 by the Italian Government for leading an unauthorised expedition against Rome. Cp. note on p. 303.

narra Palermo e Roma : Garibaldi’s two most famous achievements were the defence of Rome in 1849, and his conquest of Sicily, ending with the capture of Palermo in 1860.

Capitolio : a Latinism = Campidoglio.

Camillo : M. Furius Camillus, the saviour of ancient Rome from the Gauls, 390 B.C.

- p. 222. *ne’ turbini de l’alpe* : for the sentiment of these last two verses cp. Carducci’s speech ‘Per Giuseppe Garibaldi’ (*Op.*, vol. i. p. 340), delivered in 1882, and this passage in particular : ‘His nation freed and restored to their ancient rights, the

- p. 222. neighbouring nations conciliated, peace, liberty, happiness assured, the hero disappeared : men say he was taken up into the councils of the Gods of his Fatherland. But every day when the sun rises over the Alps through the smoky morning mists, and sets in the haze of twilight, it reveals among the pine-trees and the larches a mighty wraith, whose garment is red, whose golden locks float in the wind, and whose glance is serene as that of heaven itself. The foreign shepherd gazes in wonder, and says to his children, "That is the Hero of Italy, who keeps guard over the Alps of his country."

SCOGGIO DI QUARTO.

Metre : Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74.

For English readers the best description of the historic event commemorated in this great poem is to be found in chap. xi. of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, to which I refer them.

striscia di sassi : Quarto lies on the coast some three miles south of Genoa. The rock, above which now stands a memorial pillar, juts out a few yards into the bay. From it Garibaldi embarked on the night of the 5th of May 1860 in order to invade and conquer Sicily.

Boschi di lauri : the gardens of the Villa Spinola (now the Villa Cosci), where Garibaldi was staying. In these gardens the Thousand assembled.

- p. 224. *vedova dolorosa* : the poem was written just after Garibaldi's death, 2nd June 1882.

la spada di Roma : i.e. the sword he used at Rome in 1849. Garibaldi is here described in his most characteristic costume, donned for the first time on this occasion. 'Loose grey trousers of a sailor cut, a plain red shirt, no longer worn like a workman's blouse as in '49, but tucked in at the waist, and adorned with a breast-pocket and watch-chain, a coloured silk handkerchief knotted round his neck, and over his shoulders a great American *puncio* or grey cloak, . . . across his shoulder his heavy sword, with the belt attached to it' (Trev., *op. cit.*, p. 205).

Pisacane : the Neapolitan patriot who, in accordance with plans laid down by Mazzini, sailed from Genoa in June 1857 to Sapri in a hopeless attempt to raise a revolt in Naples. His tiny force was easily beaten, and he himself was eventually killed ; but he lives for ever in Mercantini's famous poem 'La Spigolatrice di Sapri.'

Eran trecento : eran giovani e forti
e sono morti.

The *presago genio* is Mazzini, who was a Genovese.

Aroldo : as elsewhere in Carducci = Lord Byron, so called after his own *Childe Harold*.

Missolongi : = Mesolongion in Greece, where Byron died of a fever in April 1824 while helping the Greeks in their war of independence against the Turks. Byron went to live at Genoa in September 1822.

Vittoria fu il sacrificio : this illustrates the other side of Carducci's doctrine of the historical Nemesis. Selfish ambition brings ruin, but self-sacrifice is certain to be eventually rewarded with victory.

p. 226. *Stella di Cesare* : Venus was the star of the Cæsars, because they claimed descent from Aeneas, son of Anchises and Venus.

d'Enea la prora : for Aeneas's arrival at the mouth of the Tiber cp. Virg., *Æn.*, vii. 29 foll.

Pallante : I have taken the name to refer to Pallas, son of Evander, who was slain by Turnus. Cp. *Æn.*, x. 488. The reference, however, may be to the Pallanteum or fortress built by Evander on the Palatine, afterwards the site of Rome, sixty years before the Trojan war. In this case, though, Pallanteo rather than Pallante might have been expected, and *appo* (= near) is hardly accurate.

ALLA REGINA D'ITALIA.

Metre : Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74.

King Humbert and his Queen, Margherita, paid an official visit to Bologna on 4th November 1878. On that occasion Carducci was offered the Cross of Savoy—at the Queen's special desire, so Benedetto Cairoli told the poet—but refused it. Taunted by the *Fanfulla*, a Bologna paper, for the churlishness of his action, he immediately replied with this ode, to show that 'one can be a knight without in all one's days ever having worn a cross' (*Op.*, vol. iv. p. 338).

The best commentary on the whole of this poem is Carducci's article 'Eterno Femminino Regale' (*Op.*, vol. iv. p. 335). See also Introduction, p. 14.

Onde venisti : the same conceit occurs in *Juvenilia*, 'Beatrice' (*Poesie*, p. 126).

Che padri avventurosi
Al secol ti donaro ?
Che tempi ti portaro—così bella ?

ardue ròcche : the feudal castles of the Middle Ages. The Queen was half Saxon by birth, and hence the poet imagines he sees in her some princess of Teutonic romance.

ritmo monotono : the monotonous chant of the *Chansons de geste*, with their tales of heroes and bloody battles, at which female listeners grew pale.

brevi dì : the last years of the thirteenth century, the most flourishing period of the free Communes of mediæval Italy. In Dante's Florence all citizens were members of a guild, and intelligent appreciation of the arts was general. By *trionfo d'Amore* the poet refers to the particular Florentine pageant called 'la festa del dio d'Amore.' Cp. Villani, *Cron.*, vii. p. 89.

O nuvola : cp. Dante, *Canzoniere*, *Ballata* ii.

Deh, nuvoletta, che in ombra d'Amore
Negli occhi miei di subito apparisti,
Abbi pietà del cor che tu feristi,
Che spera in te, e desiando muore.

Laddove tu mi ride.

p. 228. *strophe alcaica* : Alceus, the Greek lyric poet of Mitylene in Lesbos (flor. 611 B.C.), a noble by birth, was driven into exile by a popular uprising. He attempted, unsuccessfully, to

- p.* 228. return by force of arms, and the best of his odes were those inciting his brother exiles to battle—odes called by Horace *minaces*.

tre volte: why *three* times the poet explains in a letter to Achille Bizzone (*Op.*, vol. iv. p. 356). The reasons were: (1) because the Queen loved and knew by heart the *Barbarian Odes*; (2) she persuaded the Minister of the Interior to offer the poet the Cross of Savoy; (3) she was a very beautiful and gentle lady.

'Il liuto e la lyra,' another fine Alcaic ode, was addressed by Carducci to the Queen (*Poesie*, p. 863).

ALLA STAZIONE.

Metre: Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74.

sbadigliando: lit. = yawning. Carducci admitted that the metaphor was too bold.

- p.* 232. ALLA MENSA DELL' AMICO.

Metre: Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74. This poem I have translated into quantitative English Alcaics.

Bromio: Bromios = Bacchus, god of wine.

Orazio: Q. Horatius Flaccus, the Augustan poet.

- p.* 234. EGLE.

Metre: Elegiac. Cp. Introduction, p. 73.

L'Appia: the old Appian Way, which connected Rome with Brundisium (Brindisi), is lined all across the Campagna with ruined tombs.

CANTO DI MARZO.

Metre: Iambic. Cp. Introduction, p. 78.

Carducci read Wordsworth. Perhaps the idea of this poem was suggested to him by the latter's little lyric 'Written in March.' The two poems are worth comparing.

- p.* 238. PER LE NOZZE DI MIA FIGLIA.

Metre: Alcaic. Cp. Introduction, p. 74.

Carducci's daughter Beatrice was married, 20th September 1880, to Carlo Bevilacqua, who lived at a place called La Maulina, near Lucca, where he farmed land. From Bologna this was *oltre Apennino*, and right in the middle of the Tuscan Hills, near Carducci's native Versilia.

Camena: the Italian muse. The two following stanzas refer to the *Iambics and Epodes* period.

- p.* 240. *la sua bandiera garibaldina*: cp. Introduction, p. 13, footnote 1.

PRESSO L'URNA DI PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Metre: Elegiac. Cp. Introduction, p. 73.

Carducci read and loved Shelley. He wrote a discriminating and appreciative essay on him as preface to a translation of the *Prometheus Unbound* by E. Sanfelice (*Op.*, vol. xii. p. 489). He there speaks of Shelley's 'love for the liberty of the nations, for human society, for the life of the poor and oppressed. His socialism is the crowning point of his loftiest idealism. Like the mystic pelican, he tears open his young breast with the strength of genius, and pours forth in floods the blood of his poetry to assuage the thirst of a parched-up age.'

p. 240. *Lalage* : the name is taken from Horace, *Od.*, i. 22.

Clio : the Muse of History.

p. 242. *la bella isola* : the Islands of the Blessed, believed by the ancients to lie beyond the Pillars of Hercules in the Atlantic, and to be the paradise of heroes after death. Cp. Tennyson's *Ulysses* :

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.

The names that follow are all those of heroes and heroines in classical and romantic poetry, grouped in pairs : *Achilles*, the hero of Homer's *Iliad* ; *Siegfrid* of the Norse saga and of the *Nibelungenlied*, the German national epic.

Ofelia : Ophelia, the heroine of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

Ifianassa : Iphigenia, the heroine of two tragedies by Euripides.

Rolando : Roland, the hero of the 'Chanson de Roland.' Durendal was the name of his sword.

Ettore : Hector the Trojan, hero of Homer's *Iliad*.

Andromache : the wife of Hector, nursing her son Astyanax (cp. Homer, *Il.*, vi. 482).

Alda : la belle Aude, wife of Roland, *immota*, because when Charlemagne told her of her husband's death she fell dead without saying a word.

Lear : the hero of Shakespeare's play ; *Ædipus* of Sophocles's two plays, *Ædipus Tyrannus* and *Ædipus Coloneus*. *Ædipus* answered the questions of the Sphinx, and thus saved Thebes.

Cordelia : the daughter of Lear, who remained faithful to him in misfortune, as did *Antigone* to her father *Ædipus* after his self-mutilation and exile.

Helen : of Troy, for whom the Trojan war was fought, committed adultery with Paris ; *Iseult* did likewise with *Tristan*, according to the old romance. King Mark of Cornwall was her husband.

p. 244. *la regina scota* : Lady Macbeth ; *Clytemnestra*, the heroine of *Æschylus*'s trilogy—the Lady Macbeth of ancient Greek tragedy.

Each of the above pairs have something in common in the circumstances of their lives or deaths which suggests their association one with the other.

O lontana alle vite : compare these lines with the following from Swinburne's 'Hesperia' (*Poems and Ballads*, First Series, p. 199) :—

From the bountiful, infinite west, from the happy memorial
places,

Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the
dead,

Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable
faces

And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and
sunset is red.

Some of the music of which I have tried to echo in my translation.

Wagner : Carducci is thinking especially of the operas *Tristan* and *The Ring*.

- p.* 244. *Teti*: Thetis was a sea-goddess. Carducci makes Sophocles rescue Shelley from her, because it was a pocket edition of Sophocles that the latter was reading when he was drowned, the book being found open in his pocket. Trelawny, however, says it was Æschylus.

O cuor de' cuori: Trelawny plucked Shelley's heart out of the flames of the funeral pyre, burning his hand in so doing, and after burying the ashes in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, put up the following inscription over the grave:—

Cor Cordium

Natus iv Aug: MDCCXCII.

obiit viii Jul: MDCCCXXII.

'Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.'

As a matter of fact, the heart was not buried with the ashes.

l'aureliana cerchia: the Aurelian wall—near the Porta S. Paolo—under which lies the English cemetery at Rome. Cp. Shelley's 'Adonais,' describing this spot.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand.

- p.* 246. NEVICATA.

Metre: Elegiac. Cp. Introduction, p. 73.

CONGEDO.

Metre: Sapphic. Cp. Introduction, p. 76.

- p.* 250. NOTTE D' ESTATE.

Translated from Klopstock's 'Die Sommernacht' (1766), the metre of which is:—

— — — —, — — — —, — — — —,
— — — —, — — — —, — — — —,
— — — —, — — — —,
— — — — —

Wenn der Schimmer von dem Monde nun herab
In die Wälder sich ergiesst, und Gerüche
Mit den Düften von der Linde
In den Kühlungen wehn,

So umschatten mich Gedanken an das Grab
Der Geliebten, und ich seh' in dem Walde
Nur es dämmern, und es weht mir
Von der Blüte nicht her.

Ich genoss einst, o ihr Todten, es mit euch?
Wie umwehten uns der Duft und die Kühlung,
Wie verschönt warst von dem Monde
Du, o schöne Natur.

- p.* 254. JAUFRÉ RUDEL.

The best commentary on this poem is Carducci's own lecture on Jaufré Rudel (*Op.*, vol. x. p. 243). There he translates the brief biography of Rudel from the thirteenth-century Provençal (*p.* 253). It runs as follows:—

'Jaufré Rudel, prince of Blaye, was enamoured of the princess of Tripoli, without ever having seen her, for the great

p. 254. good and courtesy which he heard concerning her from the pilgrims who came back from Antioch. He made in her praise many a lovely poem with lovely melodies. To the intent to see her he crossed himself and took ship. But when on the sea a grave illness seized him, so that his companions feared that he would die on board. They managed, notwithstanding, to bring him to Tripoli, and laid him in an inn like as one dead. Men told the countess, and she came to his pillow and took him in her arms. At sight of her he recovered the power to see, hear, and smell, and praised God and thanked Him for having preserved his life till that moment. And thus he died in the arms of the countess. She caused him to be buried with honour in the house of the Templars, and herself took the veil the same day for the grief which she felt at his death.'

For a specimen of Rudel's poetry cp. *Le Parnasse Occitanien ou choix de poésies originales des troubadours* (Toulouse, 1819), p. 19. The editors of which add, 'Les pièces de Rudel sont au-dessous du médiocre.'

Petrarch in the 'Trionfo d'Amore' refers to Rudel as

Giaufré Rudel ch' usò la vela e il remo
A cercar la sua morte.

Of poems by other poets dealing with Rudel, the best—though inferior to Carducci's—and the best known is Heine's 'Geoffroy Rudél und Melisande de Tripoli' in his *Romancero*. Besides this may be mentioned poems by Uhland ('Sängerliebe'), Browning, Swinburne, and Gaston Paris. Carducci (*op. cit.*) thinks that the story of Rudel inspired Leopardi's *Consalvo*.

Rudello: Geoffrey Rudel, the troubadour, was prince of Blaye, the Blaira of the Romans, a town standing on the right bank of the Garonne, inherited from his grandfather, the Count of Angoulême. He lived about the middle of the twelfth century, and made his voyage to see the Countess of Tripoli in 1162.

Tripoli: in Syria (not Africa), ruled by counts who were vassals to the King of Jerusalem.

la nota canzone: of this *canzone*, which he translates (*op. cit.*, p. 268). Carducci says 'no skill in versification could match the exquisite construction of its stanzas of nine-syllable lines, so beautifully varied and corresponding to one another in the cesuras, with the same rhymes throughout the canzone and with the repetition—to indicate the dominant thought—of the word *lonh* (far) in every stanza.'

It should be noticed that Carducci's own poem is in *novenari* (which I thought it essential to preserve in my translation), and hence the success with which he adapts the two quotations he makes from the original canzone to the metre and the mood of his own verses.

Melisenda: she was daughter of Raymond I., Count of Tripoli, and Odierna, daughter of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem. She had been betrothed in 1161 to Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, who at the last moment jilted her. Tales of her beauty, the fame of which was increased by her misfortune, spread to Provence, and Rudel fell in love with her from hearsay.

- p. 256. *Signor che volesti*: the original, as translated by Carducci, runs, 'Dio, che fece quanto viene e va e formò questo amore di lungi, mi dia potere, chè il cuore io ne ho, di vedere in breve l'amore di lungi.'
- p. 258. *Co' l bacio d' amore*: no doubt an echo of the lines describing that most famous kiss in literature (Dante, *Inf.*, v. 134-5).

questi, che mai da me non fia diviso
la bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.

PIEMONTE.

Metre: Sapphic. Cp. Introduction, p. 76.

For the circumstances in which the poem was written cp. Introduction, p. 18.

Su le dentate: the close relation of sound to sense in the first two stanzas should be noticed.

- p. 260. *Aosta*: Aosta is the Augusta Praetoria Salassorum of the Romans. It possesses an arch put up in honour of the Emperor Augustus, and is surrounded by walls. From the military point of view it commands both the little and great St. Bernard passes.

Ivrea: stands on the Dora. In 1002 Arduin, Marquis of Ivrea, was elected first King of Italy by the Diet of Pavia. He later retired to a monastery, and died 1015. Carducci greatly admired him as a patriot defender of Italy against the foreigner.

Biella: this manufacturing town has sometimes been called the Manchester of Italy.

Cuneo, Mondovì: both Piedmontese towns.

Suol d'Aleramo: i.e. Montferrato, the stronghold of the Aleramici, marquises of this district in the Middle Ages. For further reference to them cp. *Bicocca di San Giacomo*, stanzas 10-13 (*Poesie*, p. 962).

Superga: close to Turin, where Victor Amadeus II. built a basilica to celebrate his victory over the French on 8th September 1706.

Torino: Turin was the capital of Piedmont and the seat of the House of Savoy.

Asti: a large town on the Tanaro (*sonante fiume*), now chiefly famous for its wine. After the fall of the Western Empire it was one of the most powerful republics in North Italy. It offered a famous resistance to Alaric the Visigoth, and was captured and burnt after a brave defence by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1155. It then came into the possession of the Visconti of Naples till the middle of the sixteenth century, when it passed to Savoy. Alfieri was born there in 1779. Cp. note on p. 310.

carme novo: the song of Alfieri was new because he was the first to preach without disguise the freedom of Italy.

ond' ebbe nome: his name, 'Alfieri,' was derived (wrongly) by the poet himself from the Latin *Aquilifer*, the Eagle—i.e. Roman standard-bearer. Cp. his famous sonnet beginning:—

L'adunco nostro, il nerboruto artiglio
le poderose rapide sonanti
ali, e il fiso nel sole ardito ciglio
son dell' aquila prodi alteri vanti,
da tal nobile augello io 'l nome piglio.

p. 260. *Umile paese*: cp. for the epithet *umile* Virg., *Æn.*, iii. 522, and Dante, *Inf.*, i. 106.

d' Arquà e Ravenna: Petrarch was buried at Arquà, Dante at Ravenna.

p. 262. *il popolo dei morti*: cp. note, p. 305.

un re: Carlo Alberto, who succeeded Carlo Felice on the throne of Piedmont and Savoy in 1831. As Prince of Carignano he had been made Regent in 1821 on the abdication of Vittorio Emanuele I., and his vacillation between a liberal and reactionary policy was the chief cause of the failure of the insurrection, led by Santarosa, in that year.

In 1848 after the success of the five days' revolt in Milan, he granted Piedmont a constitution and declared war on Austria. He was a pale-faced dreamer, fanatically religious, whose character remains one of the enigmas of history.

Anno de' portenti: 1848. Carlo Alberto declared war on 25th March. He was a very bad general, and hopelessly mismanaged the campaign. On 30th May he won a doubtful victory at Goito against the Austrians under Radetzky; but the battle had no other result than the surrender of Peschiera, which the Piedmontese had been besieging since 11th April.

la stagione più bella: the years 1859-60.

italo Amleto: Mazzini called Carlo Alberto 'the Hamlet of the monarchy.' His inability to make up his mind on any fixed course of policy was at the root of all his misfortunes. This stanza and the following six describe the King at the battle of Goito.

p. 264. *il lago di Virgilio*: either the small lake formed by the Mincio at Mantua, Virgil's birthplace, or the Lago di Garda.

del Trocadero: in 1823 Carlo Alberto (not yet king), in order to prove to all the world that he had entirely given up his Liberal ideas, fought for France against the Constitutionals in Spain, and was present at the taking of the Trocadero, the great fortress outside Cadiz, where he fought with great bravery. For this many Italian Liberals never forgave him.

brumal Novara: in March 1849 Carlo Alberto was absolutely crushed by the Austrians at Novara (called misty because of the fogs which rise from the marshes surrounding it). After the battle the King, whose spirit was broken, abdicated in favour of his son, and retired to Oporto in Portugal, where he died a few months later (29th July 1849).

di Nizza il marinaio: is Garibaldi, of whose celebrated defence of Rome against the French in 1849 Carlo Alberto had just time to receive news before his death. For the sanguinary encounters that took place round the Villa Corsini on the Janiculum, which was the key to Rome, cp. Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, chap. ix.

Santorre of Santarosa: had been Minister of War during Carlo Alberto's regency in 1821, and leader of the revolution, which he carried on even after Carlo Alberto had deserted him. When the revolution failed he escaped from Italy, and fell fighting for the Greeks in their war of independence against the Turks at Sphacteria, near Navarino, on 9th May 1825.

p. 266. CADORE.

Metre: Alcaic and Pythiambic (1). Cp. Introduction, p. 79.

This poem was the outcome of a visit Carducci paid to Cadore and the neighbourhood in the summer of 1892. He

- p. 266. wrote the poem at Misurina, and published it in September on his return to Bologna (cp. Chiar., *Mem.*, p. 316). Pieve di Cadore is a village in the Italian Dolomites, situated on the great road which runs through Cortina in the Val d' Ampezzo across the Austro-Italian frontier to Belluno, and so on to Venice. The two mountains Antelao and Pelmo lie to the north and east of it, and in the valley below runs the river Piave. The place is famous as the birthplace of Titian, of whom there is a statue in the market-place, and as the scene of a heroic resistance against the Austrians under Nugent on the part of Pietro Fortunato Calvi and a band of patriots in the 1848 revolution.

Sei grande: Tiziano Vecellio, the great Venetian painter, is the person addressed.

quel che Roma: this is the Emperor Charles v., called Flemish because born at Ghent in Flanders, whose troops sacked Rome, 1526. His portrait was painted by Titian, whom he loaded with honours. According to the well-known story, on one occasion in Titian's studio, when the painter had dropped his brush, Charles picked it up for him, saying, 'You deserve to be waited on by an Emperor.'

marmi austriaci: Titian lies buried at Venice in the church of Sta Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, under a marble tomb erected by order of the Austrian Emperor, Ferdinand I.

- p. 268. *quel povero marmo*: a small marble tablet placed on the wall of one of the houses in the market-place at Pieve di Cadore to commemorate P. Calvi and his companions.

Pietro Calvi: an ex-officer of the Austrian army, was sent by Manin after the declaration of the Republic at Venice in March 1848 to defend Cadore and the Italian frontier against the Austrians under Nugent. The latter, after receiving the surrender of Udine, entered Cadore on 2nd May, and were repulsed by Pietro Calvi and his small force. (Carducci takes the details of this engagement from the *Guida storico-alpina del Cadore*, by O. Brentari.) An armistice of three months was arranged, which the Austrians, after receiving reinforcements, did not scruple to break. The Italians were beaten, and Calvi took refuge in Switzerland. In 1853, in one of the fruitless insurrections arranged by Mazzini, Calvi returned to Cadore, and roused the countryside, in hopes of cutting off communications between Vienna and Lombardy. He successfully resisted the Austrians for a few days, was then betrayed into their hands, imprisoned, tortured, and finally executed in July 1855 at *Belfiore*, the place of execution outside Mantua. For an account of his trial and death cp. Stillman's *The Union of Italy*, pp. 276-8.

San Marco: i.e. Venice, whose fleet was built out of logs floated down the Piave from Cadore.

l'Echinadi: are the *Curzolari* islands, near which was fought the battle of Lepanto, when the Venetians beat the Turks, 1571.

Le Marmarole: the name given to that range of the Eastern Alps among which Cadore is situated; often introduced by Titian into the background of his pictures.

- p. 270. *Rusecco*: at Valle, near the stream Rusecco, in 1508 the men of Cadore defeated an invading army sent by the Emperor Maximilian of Austria.

p. 270. *Auronzo*: and the other names following are those of villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Pieve di Cadore. Most of the houses in these villages still have old wooden balconies filled with flowers.

p. 272. *le campane*: the Austrians sent an officer to offer to Cadore the same terms as Udine had already accepted. Galeazzi refused, and when asked why the bells were ringing replied, 'Quelle campane suonano o la vostra o la nostra agonia.'

le fosse di Mantua: Belfiore, to the west of Mantua, where many Italian patriots were executed.

p. 274. *al cidolo*: for an explanation of this word Carducci refers in a note to the *Storia del popolo cadestino*, compilata da Giuseppe Ciani (Padua, Sicca, 1856), Part I. bk. i. pp. 11-13. The *cidolo* is a building constructed right across the Piave, near to Perarolo. It serves to hold up the trunks and logs floating down the river.

Ferve: expresses the busy scene of men with iron hooks and poles springing about among the floating logs, to loosen those that have stuck in rocks or on the banks and send them on again downstream.

Ahi mal ridesta: Italy is addressed. This is an outburst of irredentism quite in the manner of the *Iambics and Epodes* period.

p. 276. *Mario*: Caius Marius, the great Roman general, of obscure birth, seven times consul, who beat the Cimbri and Teutones at Aix and then at Vercelli 101 B.C., thus saving Italy from a barbarian invasion.

Duilio: Caius Duilius, consul 260 B.C., when he won a great naval victory over the Carthaginians in the first Punic war—the first naval victory ever won by the Romans.

assunta: used with a reference to Titian's famous picture, 'The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary,' in the Accademia delle belle Arti at Venice.

p. 278. LA CHIESA DI POLENTA.

Metre: Sapphic. Cp. Introduction, p. 76.

Carducci explains in a long note to this poem (*Poesie*, p. 1033) his reasons for writing it. The church is San Donato of Polenta, 'mentioned in a document of the year 976 and built in the eight century. A few years ago it was desired to raze it to the ground and build a new one; but Don Luigi Zattini . . . informed the Cav. Ant. Santarelli, inspector of excavations and monuments in the province of Forlì.' As a result of protests that thus arose, it was determined to restore the church. On hearing that Dante may possibly have visited the church while living in exile at Ravenna, the Government declared it a public monument, and voted money to help in the work of restoration, which with the aid of private subscriptions was completed 'except for the apse to the right as one enters, and the campanile.'

Carducci already knew Polenta well when in June 1897 he was invited to visit again 'his little church, as he called it.' As his own contribution to the work of restoration he published this poem on 9th October 1897.

For the effect its publication had upon the public cp. Introduction, p. 19.

Pardüo cipresso: this cypress, which used to be called the

- p. 278. cypress of Conzano or Polenta, 'was (as Carducci informs us in a note) struck to the ground by lightning on the afternoon of 21st July 1897. Another was planted in its place on 26th October.'

Francesca : the famous Francesca of Rimini, for whom cp. Dante, *Inf.*, v. 73 foll. She was a daughter of Guido Vecchio da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna (died 1310), and aunt of Guido Novello, Dante's host. Cp. Toynbee's *Dante Dict.*, p. 247.

Perta rupe : the rock of Polenta, an isolated hill on which stands or stood the castle ; it 'does not threaten' the church but protects it.

L'aquila del vecchio Guido Covava : cp. Dante, *Inf.*, xxvii. 40-3 :

Ravenna stà, come stata è molti anni :
l' aquila da Polenta la si cova,
sì che Cervia ricuopre co' suoi vanni.

The old Guido was grandfather of Dante's host. Benvenuto da Imola in his commentary on Dante (tom. ii. p. 305) says the arms of the Polenta family showed an eagle half argent on a field azure, half gules on a field or. He adds that *covare* implies that Guido's rule was beneficent.

di luce a' secoli affluenti : Franzoni compares Horace, *Od.*, iv. 11, 18 :

quod ex hac
luce Maecenas meus adfluentes
ordinat annos.

surse ella : i.e. in the eighth century probably. The family of Polenta did not become famous till their hospitality to the exiled Dante (1302) was repaid by his immortalising them in his poem.

il suo bel Giovanni : cp. Dante, *Inf.*, xix. 16.

Non mi parean ampi nè maggiori,
che quei che son nel mio bel San Giovanni
fatti per loco de' battezzatori.

The reference is to the baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence, in which Dante was baptised. Cp. also *Par.*, xxv. 8.

- p. 280. *da' vasti boschi* : implies, as was probably the fact, that the country was then covered with forests.

fantasmi dal Paradiso : Dante probably wrote the *Paradiso* at Ravenna.

il salmo 'in exitu' : Psalm cxlii., of which these are the opening words, quoted by Dante, *Purg.*, ii. 46.

'In exitu Israel de Egitto'
Cantavan tutti insieme ad una voce,
Con quanto di quel salmo è poscia scritto.

Itala gente : Italy was many-lived because of her many 'risorgimenti' in the course of her long history. Franzoni, with reference to Dante and the remaining lines of this stanza, says, 'History proves that when the study of the Great Poet flourished again, the ideals of the country flourished again also.'

p. 280. *Ma su' dischiusi* : the rest of the poem traces the civilising and humane influence of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages and earlier. This stanza refers to those who in the centuries immediately following the foundation of the Church forsook the barbarous society in which they lived to enter monasteries, etc.

bizantino crocefisso : the traditional Byzantine Christ is accurately described in the lines that follow. The people in the church have fled thither to pray for Rome against her barbarian invaders—a poetical anachronism, as the church was not built till after the three barbarian invasions described.

Da i capitelli : 'The capitals,' says Carducci in a note, quoting from an article in the *Cittadino* of Cesena, 'form the most interesting and characteristic part of this historic monument. They are carved out of local stone, some cubiform, others in squares with blunted edges, variously ornamented with conventional foliage, geometrical designs, bands woven into quaint patterns, grotesque figures of monsters and animals, all in very rough low relief. Some figures more like monkeys than men, a kind of hippogriff, a horrible sea-crab, specially attract attention.' 'One of the columns,' says Gigli, quoted by Franzoni, 'behind the little baptistery, rising to the right of the entrance, displays on its capital the little devil of the fifteenth stanza.'

scalpelli argivi . . . settentrione . . . oriente : the poet refers here to the sculpture of Greece, Germany, and the East respectively.

subsannava : on this word Carducci (cp. *Poesie*, p. 1035) has the note, 'I dared to italianise the Latin verb *subsannare*, the meaning of which is perfectly clear in the Vulgate version of the Bible: Sprevit te et subsannavit te virgo filia Sion (*Reg.*, IV. xix. 21). Other ecclesiastical writers have used it . . . and Juvenal has it, vi. 306, and Persius, i. 61. . . '

p. 282. *Rapido saetta* : this and the following stanza refer to the invasion of Africa and Italy by Genseric and the Vandals, A.D. 428.

Odino : = Odin or Wotan, the chief god in Scandinavian mythology.

Enosigeo : = Homeric *ἐννοσίγαιος*, epithet of Poseidon, Roman Neptune, god of the sea, and means 'earth-shaker.' The two seas are the Adriatic or Ionian and the Western Mediterranean.

Ahi! Ahi : this stanza describes the invasion of Italy by Attila and the Huns A.D. 452.

il Vinilo barbuto : the Lombards, called originally Vinili or Vendeli, invaded Italy under their King, Albuin, in A.D. 568. They came from Scandinavia and North Germany about the mouth of the Elbe.

immuni : i.e. which had escaped previous invasions.

Teodolinda : Queen Theodolind, a Frankish princess, by converting her husband Autarin, the second King of the Lombards after Albuin, introduced Christianity generally among the Lombards ; while *Gregory the Great* (elected Pope 590), by championing the rights of the oppressed Romans, facilitated the merging of conquerors and conquered, whence after many years sprang the free Communes of Upper Italy.

p. 284. *Bertinoro* : in the Emilia between Forlì and Cesena.

p. 284. *Cesena*: is the city (cp. Dante, *Inf.*, xxvii. 52)—

a cui il Savio bagna il fianco
così com' ella sie' tra il piano e il monte,
tra tirannia si vive e stato franco.

Dante ed Aroldo: both Dante and Byron refer to the Angelus in very well-known lines. Cp. Dante, *Purg.*, viii.

Era già l'ora che volge il disio
ai naviganti, e interisce il core
lo dì ch' han detto ai dolci amici addio;
e che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
che paia il giorno pianger che si muore:

and Byron, who imitates these lines, *Don Juan*, iii. 102-3.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-dream stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! Oh, that face so fair!

Cp. also stanza 108, a literal translation of the lines quoted above from Dante.

SANT' ABBONDIO.

This was the last sonnet written by Carducci.

p. 286. ALLE VALCHIRIE.

Metre: Elegiac. Cp. Introduction, p. 73.

The late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who is the subject of this poem, was assassinated by an anarchist (an Italian) on the shore of the lake at Geneva, 10th September 1898. On the 23rd of the same month Carducci published this poem in the *Rivista d'Italia*.

Valchirie: the Valkyries were goddesses of the storm and battle, daughters and messengers of Odin, chief of the Scandinavian gods. Consequently here Carducci mixes his mythology, and purposely, since he wishes to suggest the extraordinary mixture of classical and romantic passions which united in the personality of the Empress.

Wittelsbach: the Empress Elizabeth, Duchess of Bavaria, was the second daughter of Maximilian Joseph, reigning Duke of Wittelsbach. She was born 24th December 1837, and married the present Emperor Francis Joseph 24th April 1854.

p. 286. *Absburgo*: i.e. the Hapsburg or imperial House of Austria. Besides the assassination of his wife, the murder of his brother Maximilian, Emperor of Brazil, and the suicide of his only son and heir Rudolf are the chief tragedies in the tragic life of the present Emperor of Austria.

Mantova e Arad: in this couplet Carducci is again introducing his idea of a historical Nemesis (cp. note, p. 323). Professor B. Croce (*Critica*, January 1903) considers it dragged in here ('s' inseriscono freddamente i distici terzo e quarto') and an unfortunate illustration of Carducci's political rancour. This was undoubtedly not Carducci's intention; the rest of the poem is more than sufficient to excuse him from any charge of desiring to be vindictive. These lines, far from spoiling, add greatly to the beauty of the poem, by suggesting the same sort of atmosphere of inexorable destiny as gives grandeur to the tragedies of Æschylus. He is here sadly, not exultantly, registering the fulfilment of his own prophecy, written thirty-seven years before.

Tu vuoi di sette popoli
Stringere, Asburgo, le discordi vite?
la colpa antica ingenera
error novi e la pena: informe attende
ella, e il giusto giustizio
provocato da gli avi in te distende.

E d' Arad e di Mantova
Si scoverchiano orribili le tombe:

'The shades watching in the darkness of Mantua and Arad' are those of the widows of the Italian patriots executed in the early fifties at Belfiore, near Mantua, and of the Hungarian patriots massacred in '48 by the Austrian general Haynau at Arad, a town on the river Moros in Hungary.

Qual voi di cavalli agitatrice: the Valkyries are always represented as riding horses, on which they carried dead heroes to Valhalla. The Empress was an expert horsewoman, perhaps the finest in Europe. She rode to hounds, among other places, in Ireland.

Corcira: at Corfu (ancient Corcyra) the Empress had a palace called the Achilleion (now the property of the German Emperor), which was her favourite resort. She named it after Achilles, who was her favourite hero, 'because he personifies for me the Greek spirit, . . . and despised all kings and all traditions. . . . Nothing was sacred to him but his own will: he lived only for his dreams, and his sorrow was dearer to him than his whole life' (quoted by Franzoni from Christomanos, *Das Achilles-Schloss*. Wien, Verlag v. C. Gerold's Sohn, 1896). *Epiro*=Epirus, now Albania.

Leuca: Leucas is an island in the Ionian sea, south of Corcyra, at whose southern extremity the Greek poetess Sappho (circ. 600 B.C.) threw herself from a rock into the sea.

p. 288. *il sogno spaventoso*: the Empress's marriage was not a happy one; she hated the Viennese Court and its etiquette, and spent her life in escaping from it by travel in different European countries.

- p. 288. *Vindelica rosa*: lit. = Vindelician rose. Bavaria forms part of what was once the Roman province of Vindelicia.

Musa di Heine: Heine was the Empress's favourite poet. Among the statues in the gardens of the Achilleion there was one of Achilles and one of Heine, the latter in a small Greek temple. Heine's statue was removed by the German Emperor when he came into possession of the palace.

chi da Perma risponde: the reference is to Sappho (cp. note on Leucas above).

- p. 292. CANZONE DI LEGNANO.

This uncompleted poem was written between the years 1876 and 1879. It was to have consisted of three parts, and to have been a sort of *chanson de geste*—i.e. heroic narrative poem, in stanzas of equal length, about the free Communes of mediæval Italy.

Mazzoni and Picciola (*Ant. Card.*, p. 183) say fragments of the second part were discovered among Carducci's papers. One of these fragments described a mother blessing her son starting for the war. The second part would doubtless have described the battle.

In a note to the poem Carducci disclaims any intention to be entering into rivalry with Berchet and Mamiani. 'Of this short poem, which I began to write three years ago out of love for historical truth and mediæval epic, I now publish a part as a protest against certain theorists, who in the name of truth and liberty would like to condemn poetry to the forced labour of describing life as it is lived to-day and would close to it the spheres of history, legend, and myth. But it is open to the poet, if he has the desire and the ability, to go to Persia and India as well as to Greece and the Middle Ages. The ignorant and the unsympathetic are not obliged to follow him' (*Poesie*, p. 1047).

After the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa's unsuccessful assault on Alexandria (for which see introductory note to 'Sui campi di Marengo,' p. 315) he retired to Pavia to await reinforcements, which at the beginning of 1176 he went to meet at Como. At this point the poem begins.

Carducci draws for his facts (in which he is very accurate) on the *History of Milan* by Giulini.

Console Gherardo: he should be called not consul but *podestà*. Conte Gherardo was appointed by the Emperor first *podestà* of Milan.

due scomunicati Arcivescovi: the Archbishop of Magdeburg and Cologne. Pope Alexander III., who supported the League, had excommunicated them.

la bionda imperatrice: her name was Beatrice.

Como: Como, Montferrato, and Pavia all deserted the League and joined the Emperor.

- p. 294. *Alberto di Giussano*: a man of gigantic stature, who was captain of the 'Company of Death,' having sworn to die or conquer.

Calen di marzo: March of the year 1162, when Frederick, in his second Italian expedition, took and destroyed Milan.

Carroccio: Villani (*Cron.*, bk. vi. ch. 75), describes the Florentine *carroccio* as follows:—'The *carroccio* was a waggon on four wheels, painted red all over, and on it rose

- φ. 294. two tall red masts, from which waved the great standard of the arms of the Commune . . . it was drawn by a pair of oxen covered with red cloth, which were exclusively reserved for this purpose, and the driver was a free citizen of the Commune . . . the people escorted it to the battle, and to the duty of guarding it were deputed the best and bravest and strongest of the foot-soldiers of the city, and round it was mustered the whole force of the people.'
- φ. 296. *otto giorni*: the destruction of Milan really lasted five days, 26th-31st March 1162.
- φ. 298. *il Resegone*: 'A geographical inexactitude' (*Ant. Card.*, p. 195); 'the sun, for the Milanese, cannot sink behind Mount Resegone, which is to the east of Lecco.'

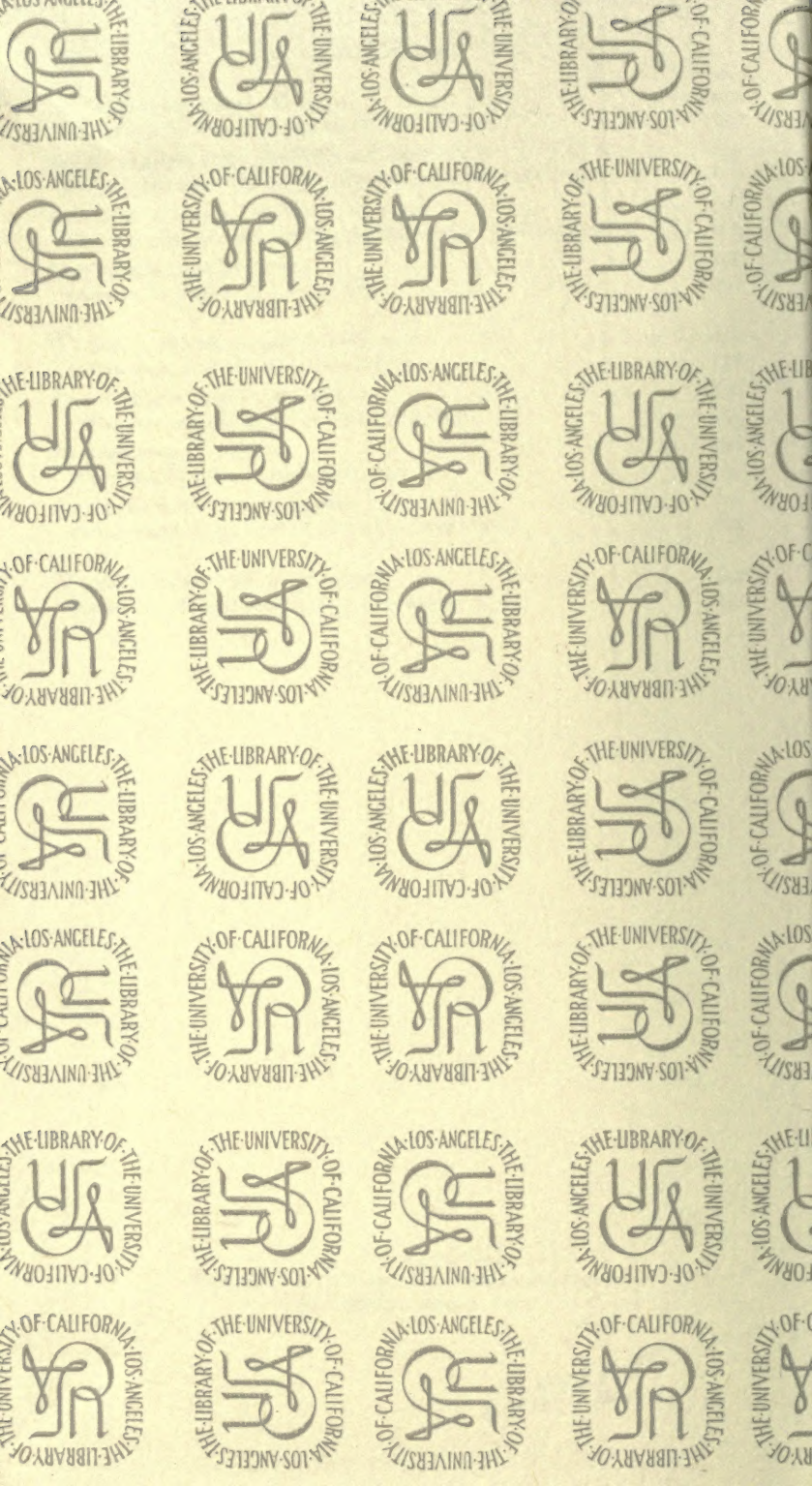
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